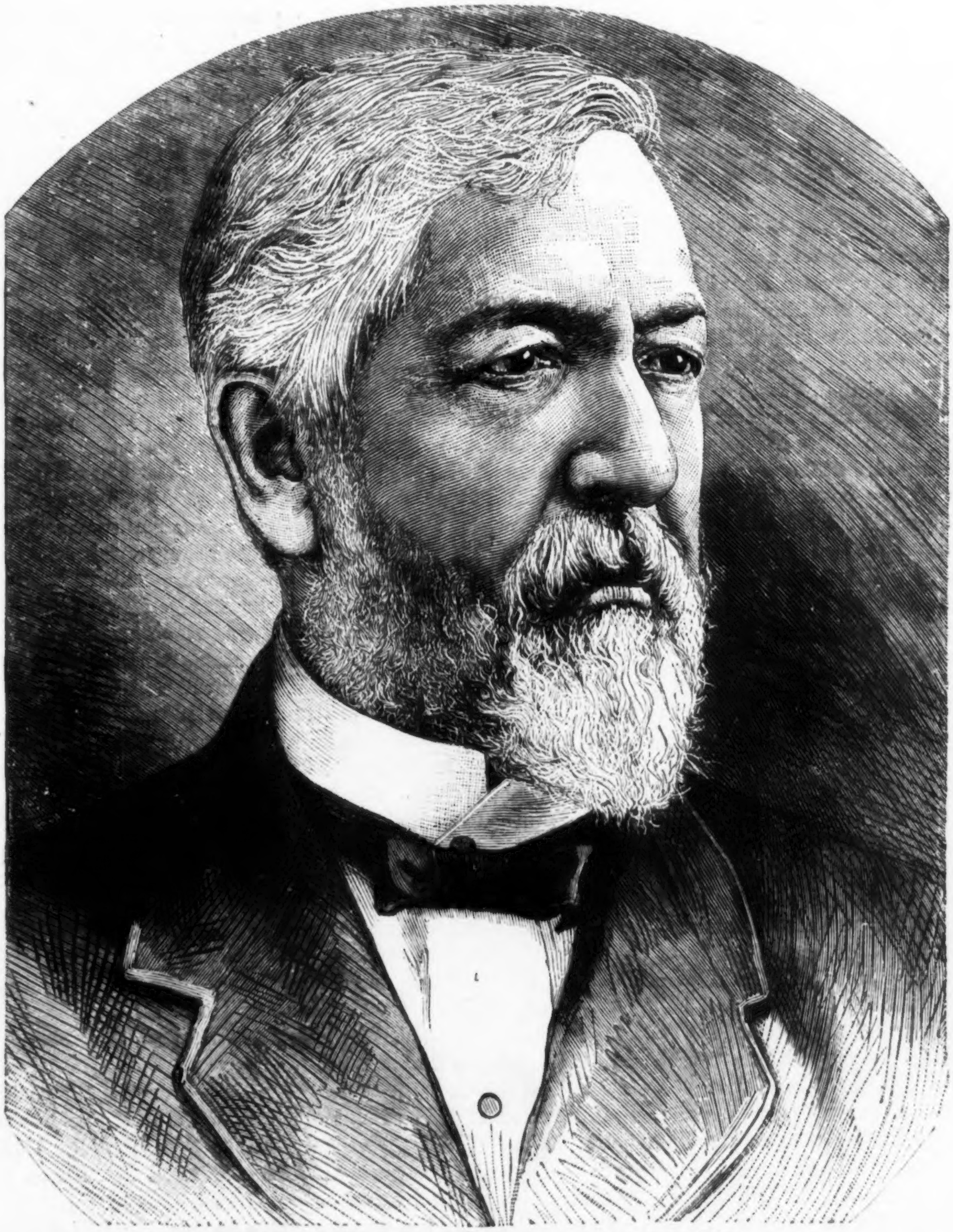
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1884. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF 1884, AND THE CANDIDATES.

THERE have been seasons of great party enthusiasm, when, on one side or the other, some citizen was put forward by the popular voice, with such hearty assurance of support that the politicians were carried away by the current, and placed him on the ticket as the candidate. Then the country was roused by political meetings,



JAMES G. BLAINE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

XUM

processions, banners and songs, in hall, log-cabin or wigwam. The caricaturist plied his task to turn the enthusiasm into ridicule, as the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a short one. The elections in the days of Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln, were of this exciting character, and so frequently has this been the case that the calmer portion of the community, especially the sober business men, who never wish the quiet ways of commerce disturbed, looked with fear and anxiety to the Presidential-election year. New enterprises were deferred, the buildings projected remained on paper on the architects' plans; publishers shook their heads at authors' tempting manuscripts. The excitement attending a Presidential election often extended over the greater part of the year, and created some stagnation; but while business was proverbially dull, money flowed freely, drained from officeholders and wealthy sympathizers with the cause.

The canvass of 1884 presents a very different spectacle. No man in either of the great parties seemed to be so clearly indicated by popular will as to be regarded as the candidate of the people, and in the uncertainty prevailing in regard to the expediency of putting forward one in preference to another, each party deferred the time of holding its convention.

The earlier months of the year accordingly passed in uneventful quiet; trade and industry pursued their usual course, undisturbed by the appeals of noisy politicians, such as too frequently draw away the worker from his legitimate avocations.

The lines separating the two great parties, the Republican and Democratic, were no longer sharply drawn. There is no longer any great national question separating them; neither party was willing to take sides either for Free Trade or for Protection, which is really the only question in which there is great division of opinion, and a different policy advocated. Both parties would rather trifle with the subject than meet it boldly.

In both parties, too, there is strong discontent against party rule, and in both, differences are bitter and violent. The question with the conventions was to present candidates who would unite the conflicting elements and draw out the great impulsive body of voters, the men who take no active part in politics, who often do not vote at all, but whose votes, decided upon at a late day, often turn the scale, and defeat all calculations.

When, in June, the delegates of the Republican party from every State and Territory met in the Exposition Building at Chicago, the four strong candidates before the body were soon recognized in Arthur, Blaine, Logan and Edmunds.

Mr. Arthur had filled the Presidential chair in a manner to command general respect. He was personally popular, and would undoubtedly draw much of the independent vote. It was soon evident, however, that he had not a majority, and was not even the leading candidate. When the Convention was called to order, by Chairman Henderson, to proceed to the all-important balloting, the votes showed that James G. Blaine, of Maine, led all other names. He received on the first ballot 334½ votes, Arthur, 278; Edmunds, 93; Logan, 63½. On the second ballot Blaine's vote rose to 349, on the third to 375, exceeding that for Arthur by one more than a hundred. Minor candidates were then dropped, and their adherents cast their votes for Blaine, who received 544 votes. The result was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, was then nominated by acclamation for the office of Vice-President.

President Arthur at once telegraphed his congratulations to the successful candidate, and promised his support.

James Gillespie Blaine thus presented by the Republican party to the American people as its candidate for the Presidency, is of the old Irish Presbyterian stock of Pennsylvania; he was born in Union Township, Washington County, where his ancestors were pioneers. The stone house where his grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of Pennsylvania, lived, still stands, as well as the church where he worshiped. Colonel Blaine served during the war; and, during the terrible Winter at Valley Forge, as Commissary, labored with all zeal and no little ability to obtain supplies for the starving army. His son married a Miss Gillespie, a Catholic lady, and late in life embraced her faith, and lies beside her under the shadow of the more modern Catholic Church. James G. Blaine, adhering to the faith of his family, entered Washington College at the age of thirteen, and was soon prominent as a scholar, a leader in athletic sports, popular with his classmates, and with all the collegians. He was neat in person, frank, generous, sympathetic, ready in debate, and constantly selected as umpire. After being graduated in 1847, he became professor at Blue Licks Springs, Kentucky, in a Western military institute established there.

After a few years spent here, he returned to his own State and began the study of the law. On his marriage with Miss Stanwood, a lady whose acquaintance he had formed in Kentucky, he was persuaded by her to make Maine, her native State, his home. In 1853 he took up his residence in Augusta, and has dwelt there constantly since. He soon was proprietor and editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, an organ of the Whig party, and acquired great political influence, which he increased while editor of the *Portland Daily Advertiser*.

He was active in organizing the Republican party in Maine, and in 1858 was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature, where he, after two years, presided as Speaker; fitting himself by parliamentary knowledge and discipline for a higher senate.

In 1862 the Kennebec district chose Mr. Blaine as its Representative in Congress. He was there recognized as an able and industrious man, and was very soon placed on the Post Office and Military Committees, and on the Committees on Appropriations and on Rules.

When he spoke, he handled his subject with such ability and such evidence of close and careful study, that he was heard with attention, and his speeches were often scattered broadcast over the country.

To his constituents his course was so thoroughly acceptable that he was constantly elected by them as long as he continued to be a candidate. He rose so rapidly in favor in the House of Representatives that he was by large majorities chosen Speaker of the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses. "In that position his quickness of perception, decision of manner, thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and usages, and impartial and judicial mind, added to his clear voice and impressive presence, made him a truly great presiding officer."

When the Democratic majority in the House in 1874 placed the Speakership in its hands, Mr. Blaine became the bold, brilliant, versatile leader of the opposition on the floor.

A vacancy in the Senate arose in 1876, when Senator Morrill, of Maine, accepted the Portfolio of the Treasury. To fill the vacancy in the Senate of the United States, the Governor of Maine selected Mr. Blaine for the unexpired term.

In the United States Senate, Mr. Blaine sustained the reputation he had won in the more popular chamber, and the Legislature of Maine chose him at the next opportunity to continue to represent the State in the Upper House at Washington.

He has ever favored a clear, decisive policy. His voice was raised in favor of restricting Chinese emigration, against the Electoral Commission Bill, a sorry compromise, utterly distasteful to such a mind; and against the coinage of any dollar but an honest silver one.

Strong in debate, strong in popular appeal, an active worker, in cabinet and the field, with voice and pen, Mr. Blaine has been for many years one of the most prominent men of his party, a strong man with strong friends and bitter opponents.

In the Presidental canvass of 1876 his name was one of the most prominent before the Republican Convention, and he obtained 351 votes, lacking only 27 to secure the nomination. Four years later, in the Chicago Convention, he received 284 votes on the first ballot, and retained his strength during many succeeding trials.

When the election of General Garfield was assured, the President-elect invited Mr. Blaine to Washington, and made him the unexpected offer of the State Department under the new administration.

Ambitious though he was, Mr. Blaine hesitated to accept the high position till he felt assured that it would be well regarded, and give strength to the new management of affairs, so imperatively demanded, by the country.

In the short administration of President Garfield, before he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, Mr. Secretary Blaine had initiated a strong foreign policy for our Government, seeking to keep in American hands the control of the Interoceanic Ship Canal at Panama, and to create a union among the Spanish-American States, that would, under the influence of the United States, check civil and inter-state wars, and open the way for a new era of progress for those republics, which, since they threw off the Spanish yoke, have rarely enjoyed a five years' epoch of peace. His policy alarmed many, who beheld in it only certain war with England, and endless complications with our Latin neighbors.

It arrayed the timid against him, and at the present time imbues many minds with the idea that he is an unsafe man to be intrusted with the country's destinies.

During the prolonged sufferings of President Garfield, the management of public affairs was virtually in the hands of the Secretary of State. On the accession of Mr. Arthur, Mr. Blaine remained for a time in the State Department, but as their views of public policy by no means coincided, Mr. Blaine retired.

His leisure has been devoted to the preparation of a work giving the political history of the country during the last quarter of a century.

In his letter accepting the nomination Mr. Blaine says, in regard to the tariff:

"Revenue laws are, in their very nature, subject to frequent revision, in order that they may be adapted to changes and modifications of trade. The Republican party is not contending for the permanency of any particular statute. The issue between the two parties does not have reference to a specific law. It is far broader and far deeper. It involves a principle of wide application and beneficent influence against a theory which we believe to be unsound in conception and inevitably hurtful in practice. In the many tariff revisions which have been necessary for the past twenty-three years, or which may hereafter become necessary, the Republican party has maintained, and will maintain, the policy of protection to American industry, while our opponents insist upon a revision, which practically destroys that policy. The issue is thus distinct, well defined, and unavoidable. The pending election may determine the fate of protection for a generation. The overthrow of the policy means a large and permanent reduction in the wages of the American laborer, besides involving the loss of vast amounts of American capital invested in manufacturing enterprises. The value of the present revenue system to the people of the United States is not a matter of theory, and I shall submit no argument to sustain it."

On the topic of our intercourse with other nations he says:

"Our foreign relations favor our domestic development. We are at peace with the world—at peace upon a sound basis, with no unsettled questions of sufficient magnitude to embarrass or distract us. Happily removed by our geographical position from participation or interest in those questions of dynasty or boundary which so frequently disturb the peace of Europe, we are left to cultivate friendly relations with all, and are free from possible entanglements in the quarrels of any. The United States has no cause and no desire to engage in conflict with any power on earth, and we may rest in assured confidence that no power desires to attack the United States.

"With the nations of the Western Hemisphere we should cultivate closer relations, and for our common prosperity and advancement we should invite them all to join with us in an agreement that, for the future, all international troubles in North or South America shall be adjusted by impartial arbitration, and not by arms. This project was part of the fixed policy of President Garfield's administration, and it should, in my judgment, be renewed. Our foreign policy should be an American policy in its broadest and most comprehensive sense—a policy of peace, of friendship, of commercial enlargement.

"The name of American, which belongs to us in our national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism. Citizenship of the republic must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it. The American citizen, rich or poor, native or naturalized, white or colored, must everywhere walk secure in his personal and civil rights. The republic should never accept a lesser duty, it can never assume a nobler one, than the protection of the humblest man who owes it loyalty—protection at home, and protection which shall follow him abroad into whatever land he may go upon a lawful errand."

His views on the Mormon question are decided:

"Religious liberty is the right of every citizen of the republic. Congress is forbidden by the Constitution to make any law "respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." For a century, under this guarantee, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, have worshiped God according to the dictates of conscience. But religious liberty must not be perverted to the justification of offenses against the law. A religious sect, strongly intrenched in one of the Territories of the Union, and spreading rapidly into four other Territories, claims the right to destroy the great safeguard and muniment of social order, and to practice as a religious privilege that which is a crime punished with severe penalty in every State of the Union. The sacredness and unity of the family must be preserved as the foundation of all civil government, as the source of orderly administration, as the surest guarantee of moral purity.

"The claim of the Mormons that they are divinely authorized to practice polygamy should no more be admitted than the claim of certain heathen tribes, if they should come among us, to continue the right of human sacrifice. Ths law does not interfere with what a man believes; it takes cognizance only of what he does. As citizens, the Mormons are entitled to the same civil rights as others, and to these they must be confined. Polygamy can never receive national sanction or toleration by admitting the community that upholds it as a State in the Union. Like others, the Mormons must learn that the liberty of the individual ceases where the rights of society begin."

Mr. Blaine is now in his fifty-fifth year. Although above medium height, he is so compactly and powerfully built that he scarcely seems tall. His features are large and expressive; he is slightly bald, and his neatly trimmed beard is prematurely gray; his brows are lowering—his eyes keen. On the floor of Congress he manifested marvelous power and nerve. His voice is rich and melodious; his delivery is fluent and vigorous; his gestures are full of grace and force; his self-possession is never lost. He has appeared on the stump in almost every Northern State, and is an exceedingly popular and effective campaign orator. His faculties have a keen edge; his memory

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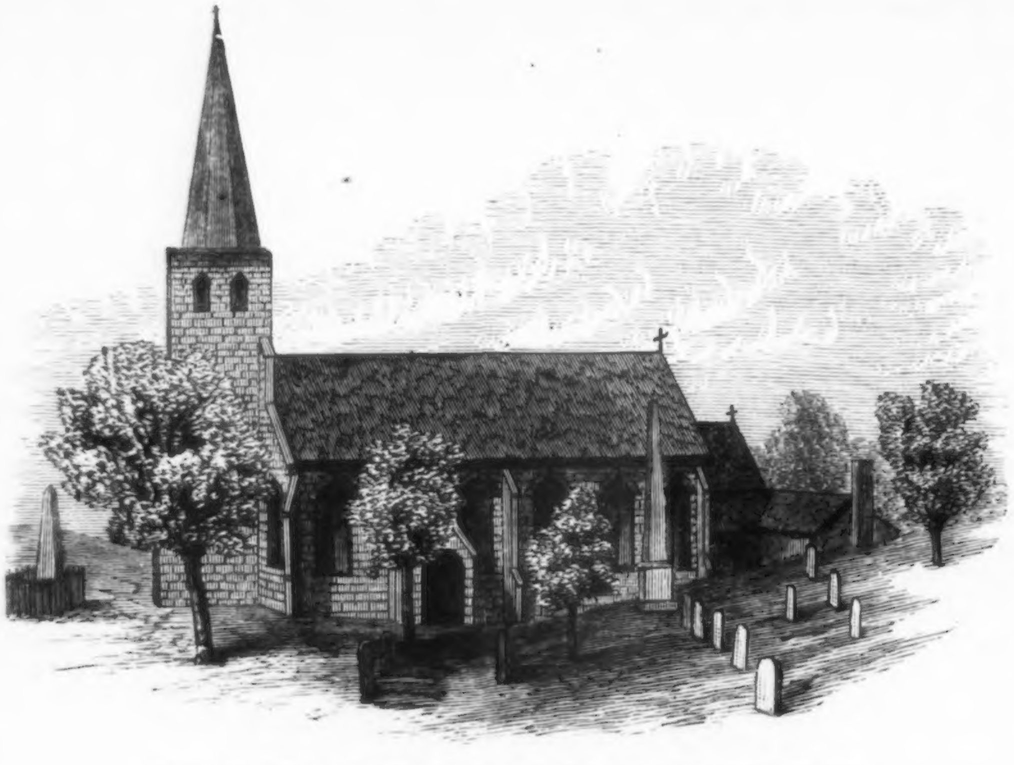
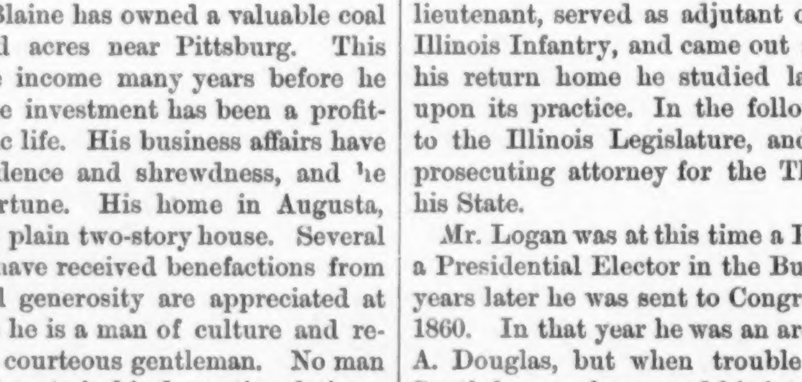


CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BROWNSVILLE, WHERE BLAINE'S PARENTS LIE.

is remarkably retentive; and his practical knowledge of men and affairs has a broad range. This comprehensive knowledge, broad rather than deep, is one of the secrets of his popularity. He knows men from one end of the country to the other, and he knows what they are thinking about. He has kept abreast with the average thought of his time—not above it or below it.

For twenty years Mr. Blaine has owned a valuable coal tract of several hundred acres near Pittsburg. This yielded him a handsome income many years before he entered Congress, and the investment has been a profitable one during his public life. His business affairs have been managed with prudence and shrewdness, and he now has a handsome fortune. His home in Augusta, near the State House, is a plain two-story house. Several institutions in the State have received benefactions from him, and his charity and generosity are appreciated at home. In his own house he is a man of culture and refinement, a genial host, a courteous gentleman. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children, and they fear him no more than they fear one of their own number. Mrs. Blaine is the model wife and mother, and more is due to her strong judgment, quick perception, and heroic courage, than the world will ever know.

The eldest son, Walter Blaine, is a graduate of Yale College and of the Law School of Columbia College. He is a member of the Bar of several States, and has been creditably engaged in public life in Washington. The second son, Emmons Blaine, is a graduate of Harvard College and the Cambridge Law School. The third is James G. Blaine, junior, a lad of fourteen. The three daughters are named Alice, Margaret and Harriet. The eldest was married more than a year ago to Brevet-colonel J. J. Coppinger, of the United States Army.

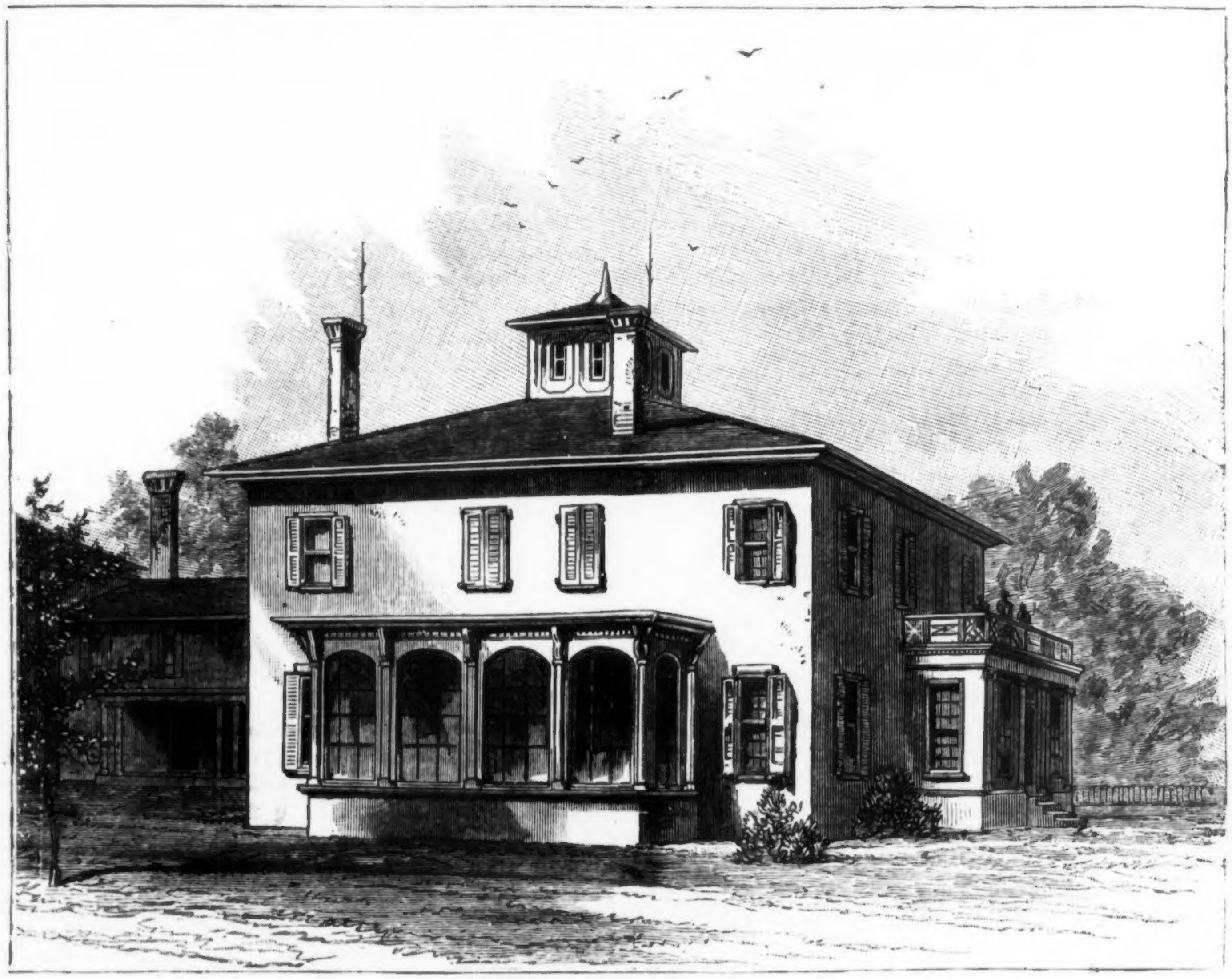


BLAINE'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE, AUGUSTA.

Gen. John A. Logan, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, is, in the highest sense, a self-made man. He was born near Murphysboro', Jackson County, Ill., February 9th, 1826. His father was a native of Ireland, and his mother, of Tennessee. He enjoyed slight educational advantages, his father affording most of the boy's early instruction. His first public service was in the Mexican War. He enlisted as a private, became lieutenant, served as adjutant of his regiment, the First Illinois Infantry, and came out as quartermaster. Upon his return home he studied law, and in 1851 entered upon its practice. In the following year he was elected to the Illinois Legislature, and subsequently served as prosecuting attorney for the Third Judicial District of his State.

Mr. Logan was at this time a Democrat, and was chosen a Presidential Elector in the Buchanan campaign. Two years later he was sent to Congress, and was re-elected in 1860. In that year he was an ardent advocate of Stephen A. Douglas, but when trouble was threatened in the South he openly avowed his intention to see Mr. Lincoln inaugurated if elected, even if he was obliged to shoulder a musket and go to Washington. His military experience and patriotism sent the young Congressman into the army soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. He was at Washington, attending the special session of 1861, when, early in the Summer, a Michigan regiment came through on the way to the front. The ardent son of Illinois enlisted in its ranks as a private, and participated in the first battle of Bull Run. He was among the last to leave that field. He then hastened back to Illinois to raise a regiment of his own.

Colonel Logan took the field with the Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, in September, with McClernand's brigade. He had a horse shot from under him at the battle of Belmont. He was engaged at Fort Henry, and in leading the assault at Fort Donelson he was badly wounded. For gallant and effective service he was steadily promoted. He greatly assisted Grant in the Northern Mississippi campaign of 1862; and as major-general of Volunteers commanded the Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, under McPherson, in the movement against Vicksburg, in 1863. Besides brave fighting at Port Gibson, he rendered noble service at Champion Hills. He succeeded General Sherman in command of the Fifteenth Corps, in November, 1863, and made Huntsville, Ala., his headquarters. He joined the Grand Army, which was to march through Georgia next year, and distinguished himself at Resaca, Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain. At the battle of Atlanta he succeeded McPherson, on the latter's fall, and with marked magnetism rallied the Union forces. After Sherman fairly started for the sea, General Logan came North to make speeches for Lincoln and Johnson. He rejoined Sherman at Savannah, and shared in the grand review at Washington, in May, 1865.



BLAINE'S RESIDENCE, AUGUSTA, ME.

Having declined President Johnson's offer of the mission to Mexico, General Logan returned to the civil service of his country as a Congressman, being re-elected to his old seat in 1866. He remained there until his election to the Senate, in 1871. Among the most conspicuous of his acts in these four years was a powerful speech on reconstruction, which was reprinted and widely disseminated as a campaign document. General Logan was also one of the managers of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. The Republicans did not control the Legislature of Illinois in 1877, and Judge Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected as an Independent to succeed Mr. Logan in the Senate. But two years later General Logan was chosen to succeed Richard J. Oglesby, who is this year the Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Logan's term expires next March. He has taken an active part in the debates of the Senate, and has been noticeably a friend of the soldiers during his public career. At the present time he stands at the head of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and second on the Judiciary Committee.

The nomination of Blaine and Logan, when flashed across the ocean, was regarded as ominous in England. Seldom has the press of that country taken so decided a position in regard to any question of American politics as it did in regard to the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, regarding him as a very type of Jingoism, though the outspoken projects of Mr. Blaine, if in their ultimate working unpleasant or detrimental to England, had none of the darkness-loving, insidious and overreaching characteristics of Beaconsfield.

Blaine's election, however, does not depend on the visionary fears of a foreign nation, but on the ability of the Presidential ticket to appease the dissensions in the ranks of the Republican party, evoke its strength, and bring to the polls the large and, sad to say, increasing body of citizens who find politics so base that they abstain from exercising the elective franchise, and deliberately wrong their country by leaving the elections in the hands of those least fit to control them.

In a Presidential election it may, indeed, in truth, be said, that one discontented with a ticket has no alternative; he must either vote for it or abstain from voting; for, if he dislikes the candidate, he cannot vote

XUM

for a candidate whom he would prefer. The Constitution places him in this position. He votes, not directly for President, but for a prefunctory body called Presidential Electors.

Immediately upon the close of the Chicago Convention it was evident that a large and influential body of Republicans would not support the ticket. Many influential Republican papers — *Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the Springfield *Republican*, *Boston Advertiser* and *Transcript*—openly announced that they would not support Blaine and Logan. Meetings of Independent Republicans were held, and though no steps were taken to nominate a new ticket, it was evident that they were anxiously awaiting the action of the Democratic Convention, averring their inclination to support its ticket if the candidate was objectionable. In the case of Greeley, the Democrats accepted the candidate of the discontented Republicans; now the case was reversed, and the latter looked hopefully for such a Democratic nominee as they could heartily support.

The Democratic Convention met also at Chicago, in July, and when those whom the party in each State selected to deliberate on a choice of candidates assembled to exchange views as to the men most likely to rouse the enthusiasm of the party-adherents and meet the general wishes of the country, they proved to be composed of elements as irreconcilable as those which constituted the Republican Convention, where men took part in the deliberations and acts, but denounced the final result.

The leading candidate soon showed himself in the person of Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York, a man comparatively unknown, and with no national record. Yet on the first ballot, out of 820 votes, he received 392, representing every State except eight; the vote of New York, 72, being cast solid for him under the unit rule, although a strong minority in New York opposed him. Next to Cleveland stood Bayard, of Delaware, with 170 votes; and Thurman, of Ohio, with 87; the remaining ballots were given to Randall, McDonald, Carlisle, Flower, and Hoadly.

Efforts to unite the opposition on any candidate failed, and on the second ballot Cleveland received 683 votes, Bayard 87½, and Hendricks 45½. Cleveland was therefore declared the nominee of the Democratic party. The Convention, by a unanimous vote, chose Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, as the party candidate for the second place on the Presidential ticket, his own State being the last to cast its vote for him.

This Convention showed the breaking away of the old party lines, in the presence of General Butler as a Democratic delegate, and aspirant to the Presidential nomination at the hands of a party to which he had been a stranger for twenty years. It was evident, too, that the old war influence had exhausted itself, neither party putting forward a military candidate for the office of Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The nomination of Cleveland was received with little enthusiasm among the Democratic masses, and from the first a strong feeling adverse to him was manifested. He had been raised to the Governorship of New York by a kind of convulsive movement, but several of his acts had arrayed against him a deep hostility in the labor organizations. A disposition to underhand dealing, with a view to save his reputation with some classes, while gratifying others, had made many suspicious of him. Accordingly journals which had habitually placed the Democratic nominees at the head of their columns and advocated their support, took no notice of the nomination of Cleveland. This defection was very noticeable in New York, and, imperiling his success there, makes his election doubtful in the extreme.

On neither side, as it will be seen, does the candidate receive general, hearty, enthusiastic support.

Stephen Grover Cleveland is of New England origin. His great-grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, born February 9th, 1744, in East Haddam, Conn., carried on business as a hat-maker in Norwich for the greater part of an active life. He was a stanch anti-slavery Republican, and introduced into the Connecticut Legislature the first bill to abolish slavery. He died in New Haven in 1815. His son Charles, born in 1772 in Norwich, became a city missionary in Boston, and was widely known as "Father Cleveland." A daughter, the youngest of thirteen children, married Dr. Samuel H. Cox, whose son, Arthur Cleveland Cox, is now Episcopal Bishop of Western New York. Aaron Cleveland's second son, William, the grandfather of the Governor, was a silversmith by trade, and lived for the greater part of his life at Beacon Hill, on the outskirts of Norwich. He died at Black Rock, Buffalo, in 1837. His second son, Richard Falling Cleveland, was the Governor's father. He was born in Norwich, June 19th, 1804. He was graduated from Yale in 1824, and entered the ministry, first at Baltimore, where he married a daughter of Abner Neal, of that city. There were nine children of this marriage, of whom the present Governor of New York was the fifth.

The little village of Caldwell, in Essex County, N.J., a few miles southwest from Paterson, was Stephen Grover Cleveland's birthplace. The house where he was born is still standing. When young Cleveland was three years old the family removed to Fayetteville, in Onondaga County, N. Y. Here the boy attended the village school. When he was fourteen years old he became very eager to be sent to some academy. But his father, being a country clergyman with a large family and a small income, felt unable to meet such an expense. Accordingly, the future Governor of New York began life, so to speak, in the country store, at $50 for the first year. Upon the death of his father young Cleveland turned toward the City of New York to seek his fortune. For two years he taught there in the Asylum for the Blind, and then went to Buffalo, the home of his uncle, Allan.

It was Cleveland's wish to study law. By persistent effort he obtained from the firm of Rogers, Brown & Rogers a place as office-boy, with permission to use the law library. He was paid a few dollars a week for his services. Out of this scanty sum he had to board and clothe himself. The walk to and from his uncle's was a long one, and the young clerk's first Winter was memorably severe.

After his years of patient study he was admitted to the Bar, but remained with the firm to perfect himself in his profession. At the age of twenty-five he was made Assistant District-attorney for Erie County, and obtained a field for displaying his real legal ability. His popularity was such, that in 1865 he was nominated for District-attorney, and was beaten by a small majority. He then began practice in connection with J. V. Vanderpoel, but in 1870 accepted the nomination for Sheriff of Erie County, and was elected.

After the close of his term he resumed practice, and had won the confidence of a large body of clients in the best commercial and financial positions.

Buffalo had suffered from municipal misgovernment, and in 1881 Mr. Cleveland was proposed as a reform candidate. Buffalo is usually Republican by from 2,000 to 5,000 majority, and Mr. Cleveland's election on the Democratic ticket by a majority of 5,000 was simply a tribute to his personal popularity and personal integrity.

His career as Mayor in checking all extravagance and corruption gave him a reputation that spread, and was actively spread over the State. He was soon talked of as an available candidate for Governor, and even for President.

In September, 1882, he received the Gubernatorial nomination. He received a full Democratic vote, and in addition, the ballots of numbers of discontented Republican, who had become heartily weary of the rule of machine politicians. Cleveland's majority as Governor was nearly 200,000.

This unexampled success made it clear that he would be brought forward at the next National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency.

As Governor of the State, he has not retained the popularity of the party which nominated him. His vetoes were numerous, and some, like that of the Five-cent Fare Bill, which had in view the benefit of the laboring classes, drew upon him great unpopularity. Other acts of his administration have been severely criticised; and errors of judgment are, doubtless, to be expected in one suddenly raised without previous legislative or administrative experience to the Governorship of a great State. All admit that he has been unremitting in his labors, and has guarded, as far as he knew, the State Treasury from all spoliation, and insured economy in the public service.

His election combined all sections of the Democracy, but he at an early period in his administration came into open collision with the Tammany branch of the party, from which now he cannot expect any hearty support.

In person the Governor is little above the medium height, well proportioned and portly. His thin, dark hair is tinged with gray, and his eyes are dark. He wears no whiskers, but a heavy, dark mustache. Notwithstanding the number of preachers in his family, he has not been prominent in religious matters, and has, since his manhood, devoted nearly all his time to the law. He is a bachelor.

His ways of life are methodical and democratic. From the Executive Mansion at Albany he usually walks to the Capitol. He is an agreeable companion, and easily approached by all men.

Thomas A. Hendricks, the nominee for the Vice Presidency, has been before his party and the country several times both in connection with the first and second places on the Democratic ticket. In the National Convention, held in Tammany Hall, New York, in 1868, when a member of the United States Senate from Indiana, he was strongly supported for the nomination for the Presidency. On the twenty-first ballot he received 132 votes, and General Hancock 135½. It seemed probable that Mr. Hendricks would be the choice of the Convention, but the name of Horatio Seymour was brought forward and unanimously agreed upon. In 1872, owing to the death of Mr. Greeley, the vote of the Democratic Presidential electors of that year was divided, and Mr. Hendricks received forty-two out of the sixty-three votes. Previous to the assembling of the Convention of 1876 in St. Louis, Mr. Hendricks was very prominently brought forward for the first place on the ticket, but events shaped themselves differently than had been anticipated by many, Mr. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency, and Mr. Hendricks for the second position.

Mr. Hendricks began his political career as a member of the Legislature of Indiana in 1845. In 1850 he served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and in the following year he was elected a member of Congress from Indianapolis. Having served two terms, in 1855 he retired and accepted an appointment by President Pierce as Commissioner of the Land Office of the United States, in which position he was continued by President Buchanan, resigning in 1859. In 1860 he ran as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana. In 1863 Mr. Hendricks was chosen a member of the United States Senate, where, during his term of service, he was regarded as the Democratic leader. He served on the Committees on Claims, Public Buildings, Judiciary, Public Lands, and Naval Affairs. In 1868 he was again a candidate for Governor, but was defeated. Four years later, however, he was successful in the election.

Mr. Hendricks will be sixty-five years old on the 7th of September next. He is a native of Ohio, born in Muskingum County. When he was three years old his parents removed to Indiana. He was graduated at South Hanover College in 1841, studied law two years at Chambersburg, Pa., and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. He entered at once upon a successful career as a lawyer. He is a communicant in the Episcopal Church.

Such is the personal history of the gentlemen who now stand before the American people to receive their suffrages, and not for many years has there been a time when the result has been more uncertain. With Independent Republicans openly deserting the candidate nominated by a Convention in which they were fully and fairly represented, and as openly announcing their intention to vote for the nominee of another political party; with many Democrats regarding their own party nomination with indifference and distrust, some even forming Blaine and Logan clubs to enlist fellow-Democrats in the Republican ranks, the wisest prophets hesitate to speak with any degree of assurance.

The cry has generally been "Principles, not Men," but in this case it is the reverse; the personal character, ability and temper of the candidates are evidently weighing more with thousands of citizens.

If we look to the platforms, we find that they both lack anything that appeals to the deep national feelings of the people. Both parties, of course, claim to be the embodiment of honesty, and represent their opponents as the leeches who are draining the lifeblood of the country, but in some points both indulge in vague phrases, and the Democratic Convention distinctly refused to accept the Free Trade platform of General Butler.

The Republican platform says:

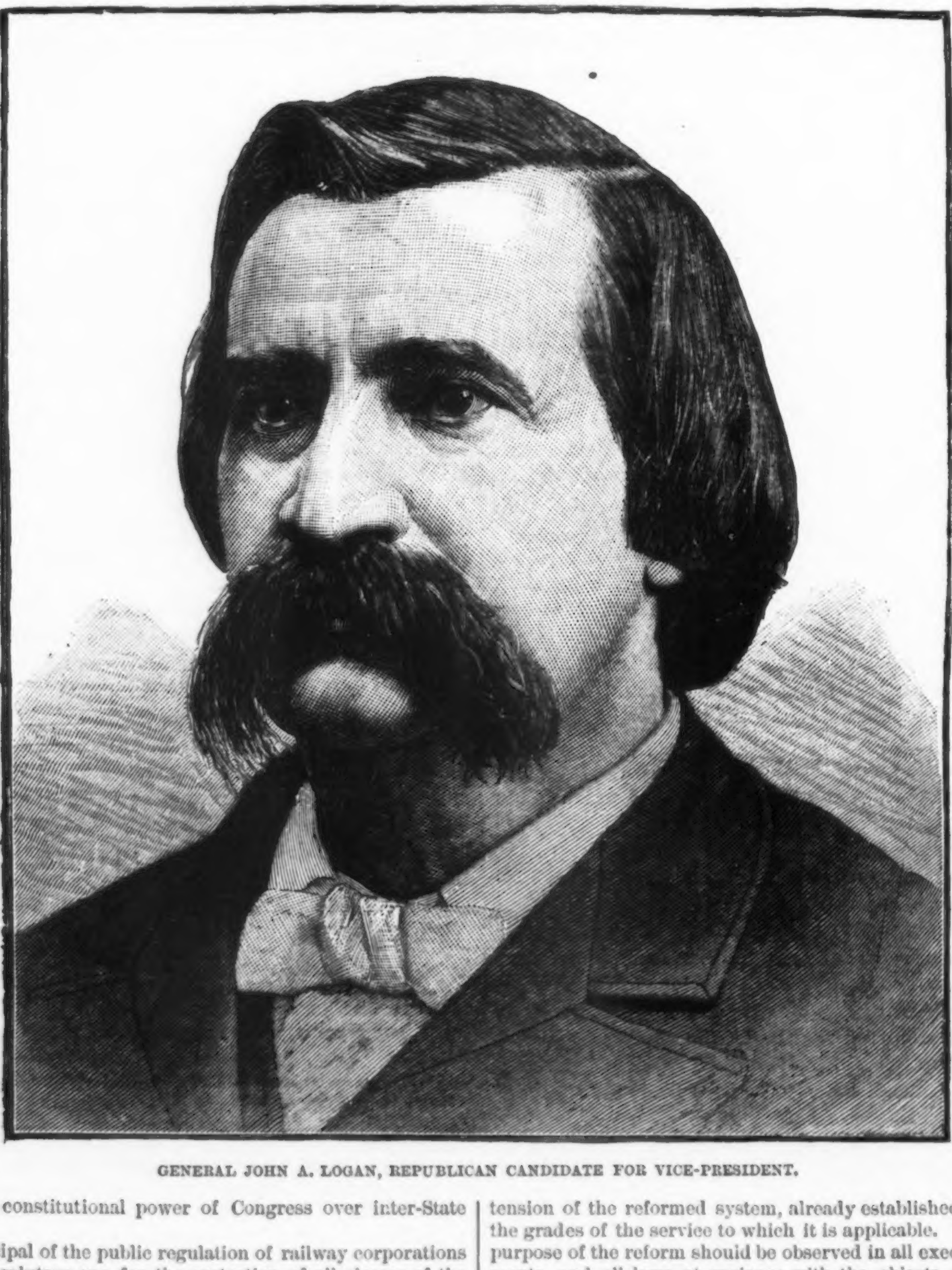
> "It is the first duty of a good Government to protect the rights and promote the interests of its own people; the largest diversity of industry is most productive of general prosperity, and of the comfort and independence of the people. We, therefore, demand that the imposition of duties on foreign imports shall be made, not for revenue only, but that in raising the requisite revenues for the Government, such duties shall be so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries, and protection to the rights and wages of the laborer, to the end that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, may have its just reward, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity.
>
> "Against the so-called economical system of the Democratic party, which would degrade our labor to the foreign standard, we enter our earnest protest. The Democratic party has failed completely to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus.
>
> "The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff, and to reduce the surplus, not by the vicious and indiscriminate process of horizontal reduction, but by such methods as will relieve the taxpayer without injuring the laborer or the great productive interests of the country.
>
> "We recognize the importance of sheep-husbandry in the United States, the serious depression which it is now experiencing, and the danger threatening its future prosperity; and we therefore respect the demands of the representatives of this important

XUM

agricultural interest for a readjustment of duty upon foreign wool, in order that such industry shall have full and adequate protection.

"We have always recommended the best money known to the civilized world, and we urge that an effort be made to unite all commercial nations in the establishment of an international standard which shall fix for all the relative value of gold and silver coinage.

"The regulation of commerce with foreign nations and between the States is one of the most important prerogatives of the General Government, and the Republican party distinctly announces its purpose to support such legislation as will fully and efficiently carry out the constitutional power of Congress over inter-State commerce.



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

"The principal of the public regulation of railway corporations is a wise and salutary one for the protection of all classes of the people, and we favor legislation that shall prevent unjust discrimination and excessive charges for transportation, and that shall secure to the people and to the railways alike the fair and equal protection of the laws.

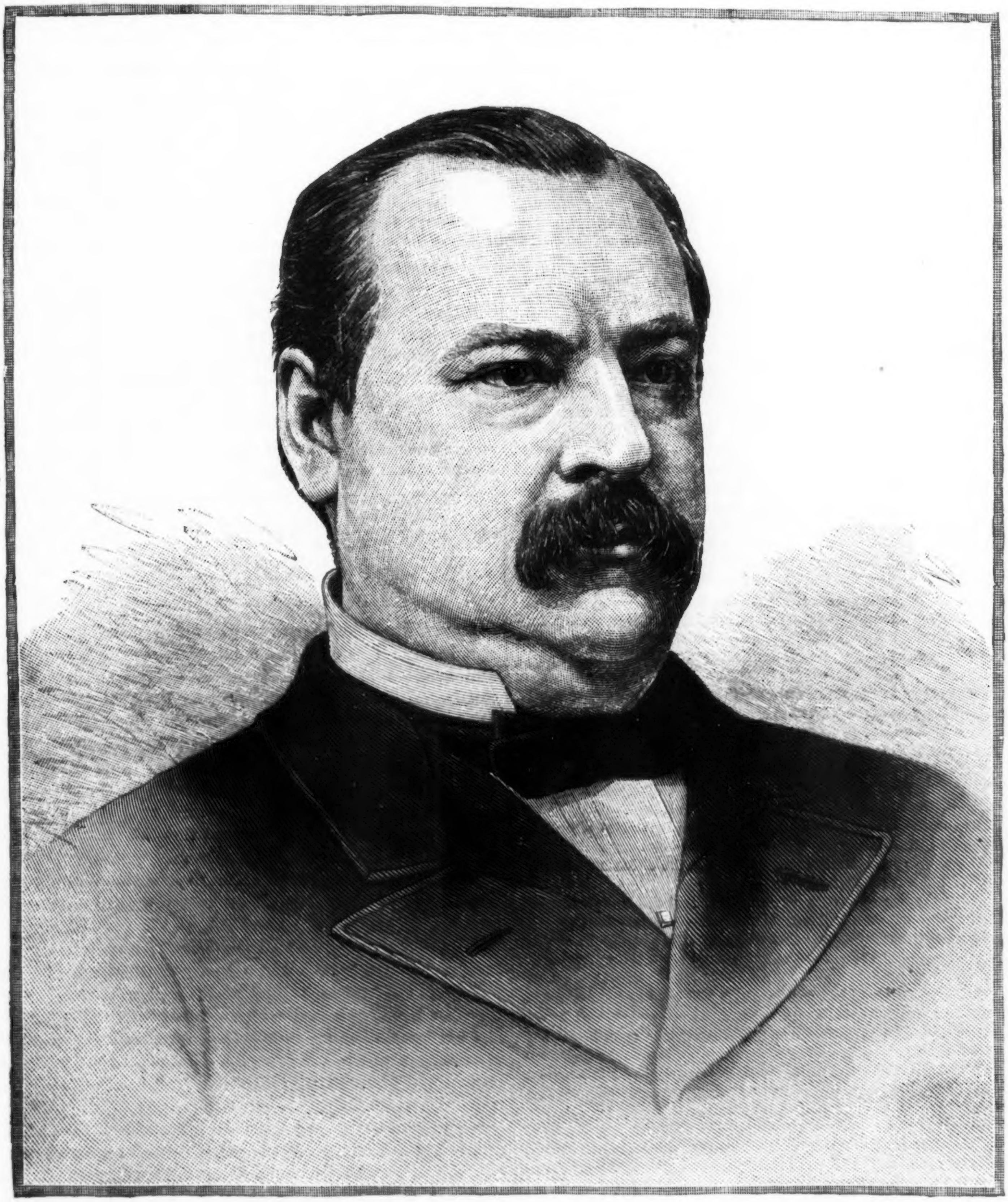
"We favor the establishment of a national Bureau of Labor, the enforcement of the Eight-hour law, and a wise and judicious system of general education by adequate appropriations from the national revenues, wherever the same is needed. We believe that everywhere the protection to a citizen of American birth must be secured to citizens of American adoption, and we favor the settlement of national differences by international arbitration.

"The Republican party, having its birth in a hatred of slave labor and in a desire that all men may be free and equal, is unalterably opposed to placing our workingmen in competition with any form of servile labor, whether at home or abroad. In this spirit we denounce the importation of contract labor, whether from Europe or Asia, as an offense against the spirit of American institutions, and we pledge ourselves to sustain the present law restricting Chinese immigration, and to provide such further legislation as is necessary to carry out its purposes.

"The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reformed legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.

"The public lands are a heritage of the people of the United States, and should be reserved, as far as possible, for small holdings by actual settlers. We are opposed to the acquisition of large tracts of these lands by corporations or individuals, especially where such holdings are in the hands of non-resident aliens, and we will endeavor to obtain such legislation as will tend to correct this evil. We demand of Congress the speedy forfeiture of all land grants which have lapsed by reason of non-compliance with acts of incorporation, in all cases where there has been no attempt in good faith to perform the conditions of such grants.

"The grateful thanks of the American people are due to the Union soldiers and sailors of the late war, and the Republican party stands pledged to suitable pensions for all who were disabled, and for the widows and orphans of those who died in the war. The Republican party also pledges itself to the repeal of the limitation contained in the Arrears Act of 1879, so that all invalid soldiers shall share alike, and their pensions shall begin with the date of disability or discharge, and not with the date of their application.



GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

"The Republican party favors a policy which shall keep us from entangling alliances with foreign nations, and which shall give the right to expect that foreign nations shall refrain from meddling in American affairs—the policy which seeks peace and can trade with all powers, but especially with those of the Western Hemisphere.

"We demand the restoration of our navy to its old-time strength and efficiency, that it may, in any sea, protect the rights of American citizens and the interest of American commerce; and we call upon Congress to remove the burdens under which American shipping has been depressed, so that it may again be true that we have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored, and a navy which takes no law for superior force.

Resolved, That appointments by the President to offices in the Territories should be made from the bona-fide citizens and residents of the Territories wherein they are to serve.

Resolved, That it is the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectually suppress the system of polygamy within our Territories, and divorce the political from the

XUM

ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon Church, and that the law so enacted should be rigidly enforced by the civil authorities, if possible, and by the military, if need be."

The Democratic platform :

"The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interested. But, in making a reduction of taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather promote their healthy growth. From the foundation of this Government taxes collected at the custom-houses have been the chief source of revenue, and they must continue to be. Moreover, many industries have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance, so that any change of law must be at every step regardful of labor and capital thus involved. The process of reform must be subject in the execution to the plain dictates of justice, that all taxation shall be limited to the requirements of economical government. The necessary reduction can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country.

"Sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the Federal Government economically administered, including pensions, the interest and principal of the public debt, can be got under our present system of taxation from custom-house taxes on a few imported articles, being heaviest on articles of luxury, and becoming lighter on articles of necessity.

"We therefore denounce the abuses of the existing tariff, and subject to preceding limitation, we demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of the Government economically administered.

"The system of direct taxation, known as the internal revenue, is a war tax, and so long as the law continues the money derived therefrom should be devoted for the relief of the people from the remaining burdens of war, and be made a fund to defray the expense of the care and comfort of worthy soldiers, disabled in the line of duty, in the wars of the republic, and for the payment of such pensions as Congress may from time to time grant to such soldiers, a like fund for the sailors having been already provided, and any surplus should be paid into the treasury.

"We favor an amicable continental policy, based upon more intimate commercial and political relations with the fifteen sister republics of North, Central and South America, but entangling alliances with none.

"We believe in honest money, all the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss.

"Asserting the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the Government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all citizens, of whatever nationality, race, color or persuasion, religious or political.

"The selection of Federal officers for the Territories should be restricted to citizens permanently resident therein.

"We oppose sumptuary laws, which vex the citizens and interfere with individual liberty.

"We favor honest civil service reform and the compenstion of United States officers by fixed salaries; the separation of Church and State, and the diffusion of free education by common schools, so that every child in the land may be taught the right and duties of citizenship.

"While we favor all legislation which will tend to the equal distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses, we hold that the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law, and believe that labor is best rewarded where it is free and most enlightened. It should, therefore, be fostered and cherished.

"We favor the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor, and the enactment of a law by which labor organizations may be incorporated, and of all such legislation as will tend to enlighten the people as to the free relations of capital and labor.

"We think that the public lands ought, so far as possible, to be kept as homesteads for actual settlers; that all unearned lands heretofore imprudently granted to railroad corporations by the actions of the Republican party should be restored to the public domain, and that no more grants of lands should be made to corporations, or shall be allowed to fall in the ownership of alien absentees.

"We are opposed to all propositions which, upon any pretext, will convert the General Government into a machine for collecting taxes to be distributed among the States or the citizens thereof."

The principles thus put forward are not so inharmonious as to justify the existence of two great parties; but the parties exist, and it will be for the good sense and sound patriotism of the American people to decide by the ballot-box whether the Federal Government shall for four years more remain in the hands of those who have held it for twenty years, or whether the good of the country demands that, in the interest of reform, it should now pass to other hands.

No party has ever held power so long as the Republican. Its success precipitated the long-threatened Civil War, a war which it carried through successfully. It has since controlled the destinies of the American people, holding the Presidency and the Senate, and for most of the period the House of Representatives. Its power has declined; it shows signs of weakness and dissension.

On the other hand, the Democratic party lacks men who have attained prominence or displayed great executive talent, and its occasional partial successes have been almost inevitably neutralized by great political blunders.

Besides the candidates of the two great political parties, there are and will be others in the field, who are likely to draw away votes from one side or the other.

A Prohibitionist Convention, held at Pittsburg, July 24th, nominated, for President, Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas; and for Vice-President, Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland; while General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, is recognized as the candidate of the Greenback and Labor party.

AMONG THE DUSTBUGS AND THE BONEJINTERS.

By Henry Cleveland Wood.

These words had for my ears such a peculiar and unusual sound, that they immediately arrested my attention, and aroused my—well, my interest, I may add, as I am not feminine in gender, and possess few of the prevailing characteristics of that estimable sex.

The words were uttered by old Aunt Dinah, who informed Charley and me at the supper-table that there was to be a fierce and mighty race between the Dustbugs and Bonejinters on that very evening, and she had hastened the present meal on account thereof, that she might fully participate in the enjoyable affair.

"The very thing," cried Charley, in his impetuous, eager way. "We will go. I am sure you have never seen anything of a similar nature?" he added questioningly.

"I feel convinced of that fact also," I responded, "for both words are quite foreign to my vocabulary. I have not even the remotest idea of their significance."

"You have expressed such an interest in the manners and customs of our emancipated race, that the present opportunity will be an excellent one for studying some of their most pronounced traits and peculiarities, and you must not miss it."

"But pray enlighten me! What is it all about?" I queried. "I disclaim any approach to curiosity whatever, but my thirst for knowledge in the present case is of a gnawing and unrestful character. Appease it, I entreat you."

"I am astonished," said Charley, in tantalizing deliberation, "utterly so, at your profound ignorance. I thought writers knew everything."

"It is a common fallacy," I responded. "Their mission is to learn everything; so add your quota of information to my neglected education."

"Well," began Charley, obligingly, laying aside his knife and fork while the explanation is being given, "there is no race under the sun, you will understand, who are fonder of amusements, or of holding religious assemblages, than the Americanized negro, who enters with the same exuberant enthusiasm into each, and when the two can be successfully united, as is frequently the case, the bosom of the dusky African is replete with unalloyed happiness, for they enter into these pleasures and pursuits with an utter intensity that would satisfy the most æsthetic of souls.

"By reason of this characteristic, fairs, picnics, suppers, concerts, tableaux, and Christmas-trees (which latter are held as many times during the year as occasion and the condition of the church treasury requires), are things of frequent occurrence ; the proceeds being devoted either to repairs about the church, or to purchasing fuel, and oftentimes toward raising funds for the minister's salary, which, like many other things in this life, occasionally proves uncertain.

"A race between the Dustbugs and Bonejinters is rarely resorted to, unless some considerable sum of money is desired ; consequently it has not become so common as the other amusements, by means of which the church is supplied with the necessary earthly dross, to keep the machinery in smooth running order.

"On such an occasion it is a mooted question as to whether town or country possesses the most means and liberality, and often the excitement runs high and fierce between the two factions, much to the pecuniary benefit of the cause jointly espoused.

"The Dustbugs embrace all who are tillers of the soil, or are rural in their pursuits, while the Bonejinters represent the mechanics, or those who dwell in the town. Both words are coined from the ingenious verbosity of the negro brain.

"This, I believe, is the best and most extensive definition I can give at present," he concluded, laughingly.

"It is sufficient," I responded, with a grateful smile. "The 'Encyclopedia Britannica' could not have been more satisfactory, and I am exceedingly anxious to witness the race. It will afford me much entertainment, I feel assured, and therefore my obligations to you will be all the more profound."

"In the words of Mr. Toots, 'It's of no consequence,'" said Charley.

When we had finished supper, Charley lighted the incense which he burned almost incessantly, not before, but *in*, his worldly idol—a pipe—and we started on our walk, as the event was to transpire in an opposite quarter of the town, and we wished to enjoy the fine evening to its fullest extent.

Long before we were in sight of our destination the numerous squads of gayly-dressed and hilarious colored individuals of all ages and sizes, and the distant hum of many powerful voices, admonished us that we were taking the proper direction, and after a few minutes' walk our objective point was attained.

The present jubilant occasion was for the purpose of paying off the remainder of the debt hanging over a new church just finished, and which was a very pretty and substantial brick edifice.

The scene was already beginning to grow animated, early though it was, for a popular vote was then being cast by the two factions, regarding the likeliest pair of damsels that should represent them, a considerable number of candidates aspiring to this highly flattering position ; while many fascinating arts were being openly practiced to secure the coveted nomination, each female acting as her own energetic lobbyist.

Finally a decision was rendered by each party, and the two successful representatives were at once provided with conspicuous and exalted seats above the crowd and facing each other. Both were arrayed in their most brilliant apparel, which was yet further heightened by innumerable odds and ends of gay ribbons and bright flowers. These damsels were expected to wield their softest blandishments in behalf of the party who had conferred so distinguished an honor upon them, and coax as much money as possible from the pockets of the dusky gallants who paid tribute and homage both at each respective shrine.

Every now and then the amounts collected were summed up and compared, and the results proclaimed by two, elected for that purpose, whereupon there would be either joy or dicomfiture, as one or the other of the parties would be ahead or in the rear, as the case might be. Then the contest would wax fiercer, as those who were successful strove to hold the ascendency, while the others made as equally strenuous efforts to reach and distance their antagonists, which was frequently done, so strongly did the bitterness of defeat work upon the liberality of the outstripped foe, and for a time confusion, exultation, and chagrin, held each their sway.

Shortly after our arrival a colored farmer of some means, carried happiness to the hearts of all the Dustbugs, and corresponding annoyance to the Bonejinters, by contributing quite a beneficent sum of money to aid the former party. The latter had immediately scattered numerous persuasive adherents through the building, and were quickly recovering from this severe shock. So successful were their efforts, indeed, that when the amounts were again compared there was only a small balance in favor of the Dustbugs, whereupon an enthusiastic Bonejinter, amid a thundering applause from his party, relieved the deficiency by extracting the required sum from the depths of his wallet, which he returned to his pocket in a sadly collapsed condition.

The self-satisfied air with which he walked off plainly indicated that this sacrifice was not without its sweet reward, and that the present destitution he had voluntarily brought upon himself was of little moment, when compared with the honor of his party, thus preserved by a heroic act.

Our presence was not forgotten or overlooked, and a vigilant Bonejinter soon had us under his protection, being positive that our sympathies all lay with his party, and despite our protestations of utter neutrality, we were straightway conducted into the presence of his society's representative, who modestly requested a small donation from each of us, which she received with many smirks and bows.

Scarcely had we left her presence when we were immediately seized upon by a zealous partisan of the other faction, who petitioned our aid in their behalf, and gave us a similar presentation to his party's choice.

On each platform beside the representative stood the "Speaker," either of whom certainly possessed volubility if not eloquence, and many very amusing little speeches were made on each side by these ebon-hued orators, every word being eagerly devoured by a crowd of open-mouthed admirers gathered around them.

This office is also a greatly coveted one, and reflects much honor on the possessor, who must be a garrulous individual of much persuasive power and gifted with considerable native wit as well, for in these accomplishments lies much of the ultimate success of his party.

Whenever anything was uttered that struck an auditor as being appropriate or good, that one at once gave vent

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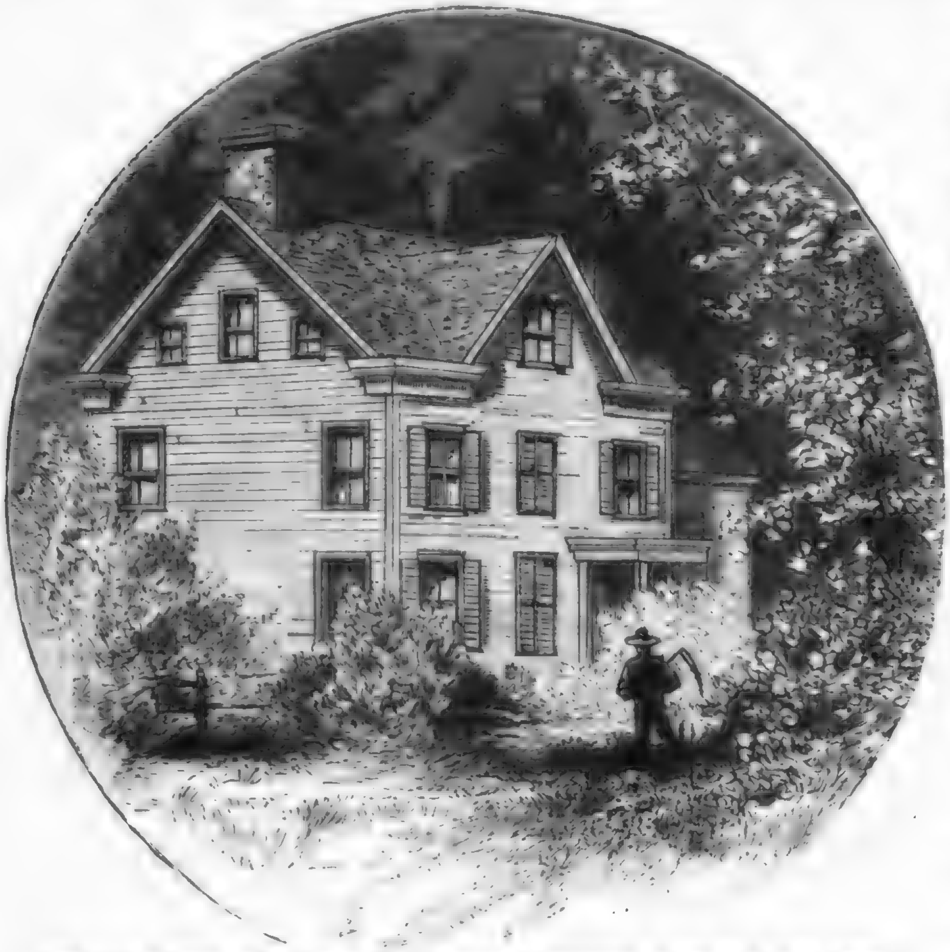


THE OLD PARSONAGE, CALDWELL, N. J., WHERE GOVERNOR CLEVELAND WAS BORN. SEE PAGE 257.

to an ejaculation similar to these expressions : "Go frum dat." "I believes yer." "On de right paff (path) now." "Told de trufe (truth) dat time." "Yes, honey !", "Jest so my sweet ole calacamfus."

This last word I learned, on questioning Charley, was derived from the bloom of the flowering shrub, the fragrant calacanthus, whose powerful perfume is highly esteemed by them.

We stood in the vicinity of these speakers for some time, that we might hear the strange, and withal highly amusing, dialect of this exotic race, who in redundancy and originality of expression have no equals.

This dialect, too, is rapidly disappearing, as education and communication with the enlightened world afford means of improvement heretofore unknown in their shadowed history, and as their imitative powers are fine, they readily learn when the opportunity offers, although this same imitative quality frequently gives rise to the ludicrous mistakes which they often make.

"I'll tell yer what, my bredren (brethren) an' ladies, talkin' 'bout Noer—warn't he a Bonejinter, and didn't he bild de ark ? S'posen he hadn't been a Bonejinter, what would a' cum ob all dese poor Dustbugs dat we sees crawlin' round yere ? Jist tell me dat, if yer kin ! De las' one ob yer owe Mister Noer fur dis wurk of savin' yer frum de big freshet, so jog along dis way an' plank down de cash."

Loud applause from the Bonejinters and silence among the Dustbugs. The silence was but momentary, however.

"S'posen Noer was a Bonejinter," replied his antagonist, quickly recovering his equanimity, and picking up the gauntlet that had been thrown to him, "what ob dat ? S'posen he did bild de ark, what ob dat ? Whar would he a' bin, and all dese udder poor triflin' Bonejinters, if de Dustbugs hadn't fotch him cabbages an' taters an' bacon, fur to lib on till de rain wus ober ? Tell me dat, will yer !"

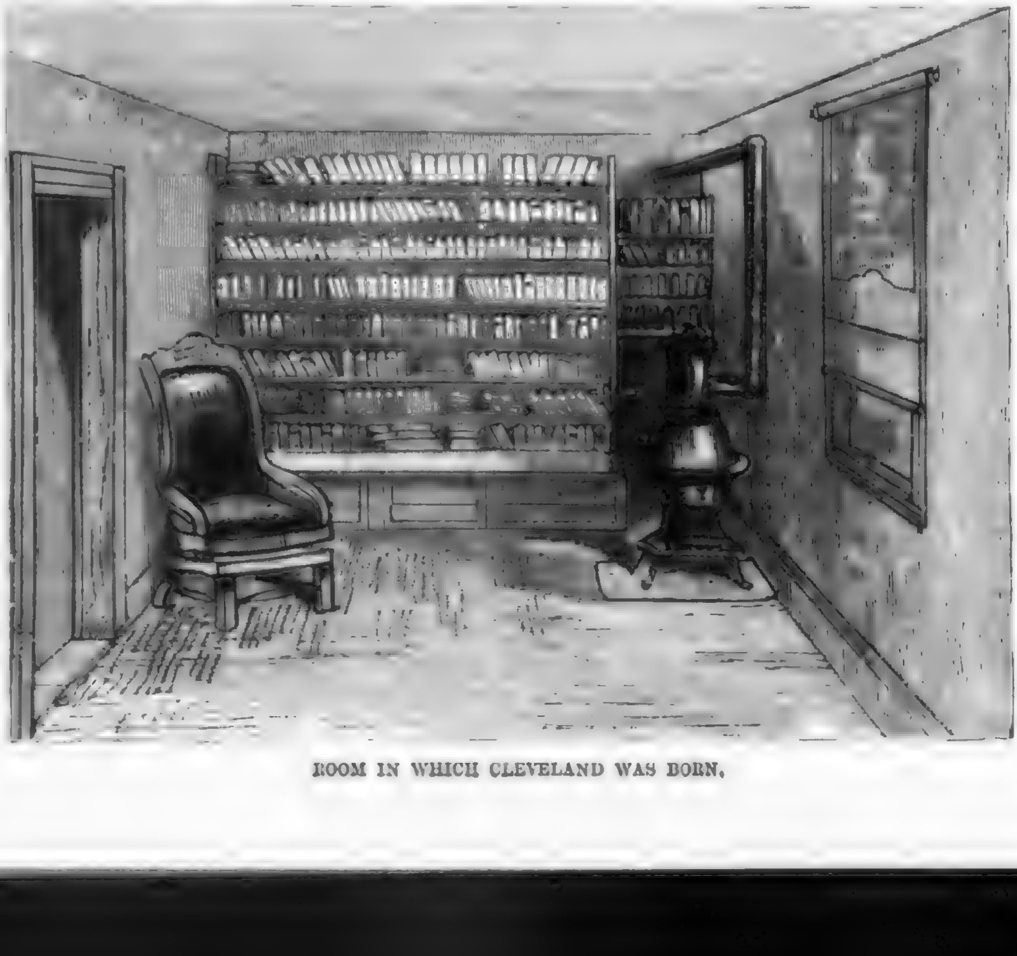
Immense applause from the Dustbugs, and complete annihilation of the Bonejinters, at this unexpected retort.

Just a short while before the speaker of the Dustbug faction had been expatiating on the antiquity of his party, referring back to Adam and Eve, who, he informed his delighted adherents, were the very fountainhead of the Dustbugs.

"Didn't dey eben lib all de time in de gardin ?" he said ; "an' if dey wasn't Dustbugs, I'd like fur yer to show me one. Dey didn't do nuffin else but walk round an' hoe a little corn, an' tend to de sweet-tater crop, an' spade up de beds fur plantin'."

"Jist hold on dar," interrupted the opposing orator. "Whar did dey git dem hoes and spades frum ?"

"Why, de Lord made 'em, and gib 'em to Adam and



ROOM IN WHICH CLEVELAND WAS BORN.

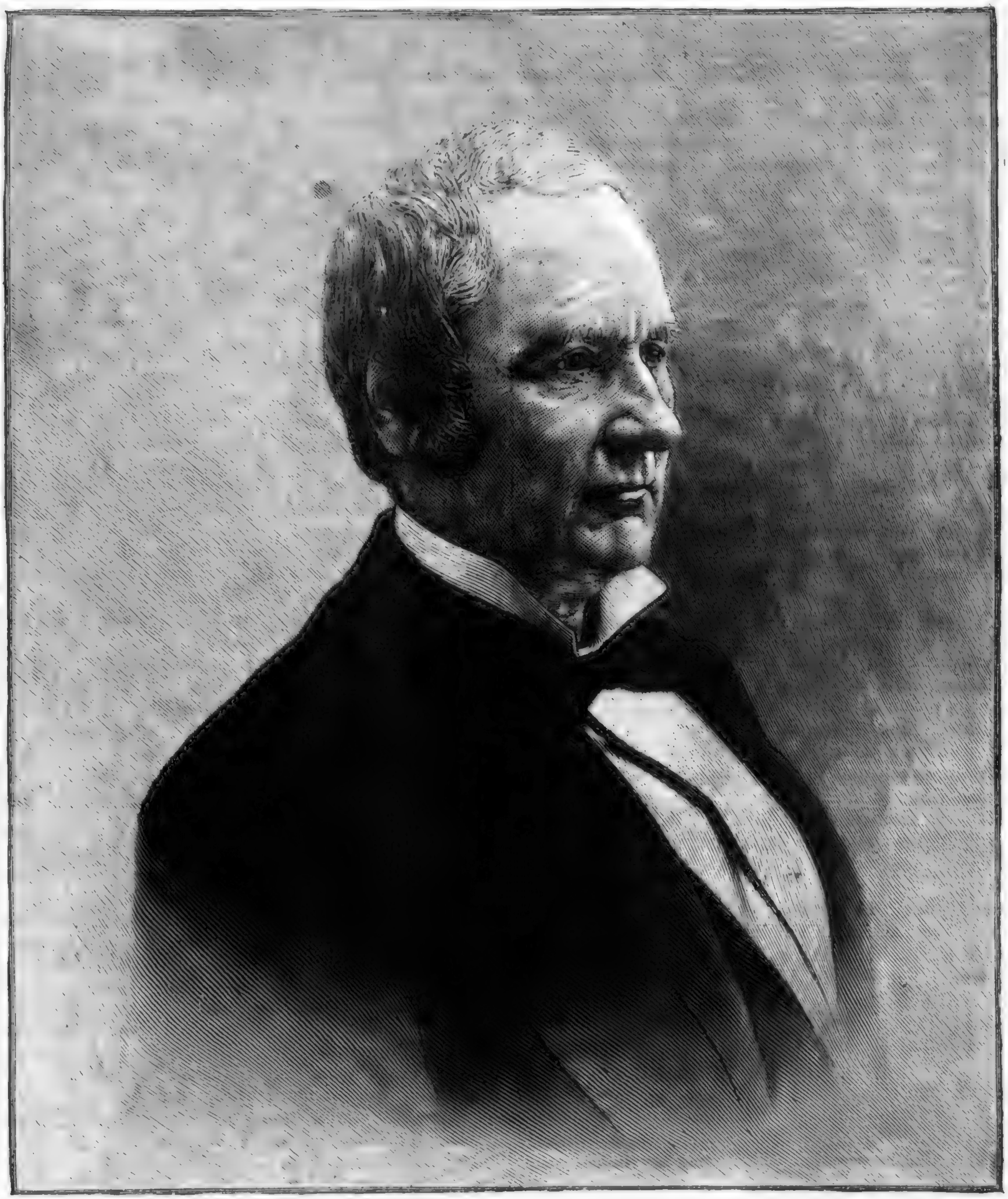
Eve, ob course," answered the other, without hesitation.

"Den you jist shut up, an' don't say nuffin more 'bout de Dustbugs," continued the orator of the Bonejinters' persuasion, grinning broadly at the success of the trap into which his antagonist had so readily fallen. "If de Lord made dem hoes and spades, we've got Him on our side, too."

So a continued fire of Afric repartee was kept up between the two speakers, but all with the greatest good-humor, and loudly applauded by the highly delighted audience.

"I dunno what dat fellow is anyway," said the Dustbug orator, pointing to his opponent. "He's too green to be a genuron (genuine) Bonejinter, and too lazy to belong to our party."

"No honest genemon (gentleman) would eber call dat nigger *green* nohow," retorted the other, "fur sut (soot) rubbed on would look like whitewash—yah! yah!"



THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

At one of the countings, the Dustbugs were "twenty-five cents shorts," as the speaker announced, of being up with the Bonejinters' total. At this announcement a very corpulent old negress drew from her capacious pocket a large white bundle, and deliberately unrolled a long stocking, from the toe of which she extracted several nickels and passed them over to the Dustbug coffers, then complaisantly returned the novel portemonnaie to its resting-place.

Later in the evening several small sums of money were produced from various brilliant bandanna 'kerchiefs, in one corner of which each had been securely tied, and was sometimes guarded by as many as three intricate knots.

Even the children yielded up their cherished nickels to swell the general fund, but did it with a willingness and display of ivory teeth that plainly bespoke the delight it afforded them, together with an exaggerated idea of the great aid their contributions had effected, that was highly comical.

Excitement would run high after each proclamation, and even Charley and I became infected with the general interest manifested, and watched the frequent fluctuations of the race with great and undisguised concern.

"After this I shall always regard with due leniency *habitués* of the turf," I said, laughingly, as I passed over a quarter of a dollar to aid in supplying the deficiency of the Bonejinters' treasury, on a recent count.

"Fortunately for me, I only had a small amount of change in my pocket when we came," responded Charley, "and that is about exhausted now, so I am safe from further temptation."

The church was by this time quite crowded, and becoming more so each moment, fresh arrivals constantly presenting themselves, some of them having walked a distance of six or seven miles from the neighboring farms, and as my curiosity was sufficiently satisfied, I signified my willingness to return home, which we accordingly did after a pleasant and entertaining hour among the Dustbugs and Bonejinters.

THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."

REX RIDEAU married Nannie Hawthorne on the 10th of November, 1875, at St. Thomas's Church. "Reception after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's father on Fifth Avenue "— *vide* the *Court Journal* of America.

Miss Hawthorne became engaged to Rex Rideau during her third season, and became his wife just prior to her fourth. She was twenty-three, and surpassingly beautiful! A woman with a complexion like a pearl, Greek features, large brown dove's eyes, with silky, sweeping lashes, a mouth of perfect sweetness, and a low, broad brow.

Rex Rideau, "The Apollo," was so called by his club-fellows, because of his absolute likeness to the Greek marble face of the god; and great was the howl and wail over the dual capture: a masculine howl on behalf of the ladies, a feminine wail *àpropos* of the gentlemen. That which appeared to sharpen the blow among the men was the fact that Rideau was a widower, having perpetrated matrimony at the age of twenty-seven, some ten years ago, but having only enjoyed conjugal felicity for the brief space of eight months; and that which drove the steel home to the feminine breast with added bitterness was the recollection that Nannie Hawthorne had never even once been heard to descant upon the immaculate charms of "The Apollo."

As Cora Hartley summed up the affair to a select coterie, "Nan Hawthorne had always had the best men buzzing around her; and, of course, she had ended by not marrying a man like other men, but the very god of Olympus! And here they are now, my dears, as lover-like as the hour they sailed down St. Thomas's aisle to the heart-melting strains of 'Ever of Thee'!"

By "here" Miss Hartley meant the Ocean House, Newport, and to narrow the term as much as possible, "here" is a certain large, comfortable sitting-room, whose two big windows give in the direction of the ocean. Before one of them a lounge is drawn up, and on it sits Nannie Rideau, her white fingers busy with some colored silks.

"Nannie, I say" — half-tenderly, half-impatiently— "put up that stuff and—and pay attention to me!"

"What a baby!" Down goes the rose without its heart and all the silks, and Mrs. Rideau goes over to her husband, and prisoning his face in her shapely hands, stoops and kisses him where he sits. "There!" she looks, half-shyly, down at him; "am I not good?"

"You are delicious, generous, all that I would have you, my queen! You grant me favors almost ere I ask them—a royal giver!"

'Tis an idyllic life, for, after all, if two people choose, two people can be very much apart from the rest of the world at a great hotel. They drive in the morning *en tête-à-tête*, they drive in the afternoon *en convenance.* Madame, in some splendid *toilette*, is seen every evening for half an hour or so, and then vanishes; and monsieur appears to prefer the seclusion of his own drawing-room to any attraction of billiards below.

Nannie is flawless to-night, in soft, white long trails of filmy lace sweeping after her, vailing the lovely neck and shadowing the round large arms, a peachy flush on the perfect cheeks! Well might Dick Hartley sigh a bitter sigh as he watched her. He did not even see the woman who sat near her, and with whom Mrs. Rideau was talking, but most people did notice her.

This woman is dressed in a satin dress, of a faint green shade, and a great blaze of emeralds lies upon her white neck. She is not more than twenty-six, and her name is Vivian Reade; she is Mrs. Vivian Reade, and without a husband.

"Yes," she says, in answer to some query, "I am just returned from France. America is my native land, and unnaturally, perhaps," with a little smile, "I prefer it."

"And I am nothing if not orthodox. Believe me thoroughly that if I die good I shall go straight to Paris! Oh, living there is delicious!" returns the other.

"You like it?" Vivian Reade says, looking at Nannie Rideau with a curious, unconscious shadow in her eyes. "Of course you like it—pleasure, gayety—all that is brilliant and beautiful! For you are all that yourself, and you are a young wife, they all tell me?"

Such a tender, quaint, low tone, and such a sad, slow glance from the great half-shut eyes.

"Mr. Rideau!—Rex!" Nannie pushes aside her curtain and calls her husband. "Let me present my husband to you! Mrs. Reade, Mr. Rideau."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rideau remained down-stairs that evening until eleven o'clock. He played the first game of billiards that he had indulged in for months. Nannie sat chatting with her new friend, and soon, woman-like, had contrived to impart a very considerable knowledge of herself and her emotions and belongings to the other.

After that evening Cora Hartley thought she saw signs of a decline in the honeymoon of the Rideaus.

"*You!*"

Rex Rideau's blue-eyed, Greek face is almost white.

"I!" she answers, not surprised at his coming, but glancing up at him as he stands in the twilight before her, with that wild, questioning look in her eyes. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, I have!" Fiercer and fonder than any words Nannie Hawthorne ever listened to from lips of this man, or any other.

"You mean that you wish to ask me what I am going to do?" she says, in a harsh, strained tone, as she sits with her two hands clasped round her knees, and swaying a little back and forth.

"I never thought of it," he replies, as though she had started some new idea in his brain.

"No! That is strange!" quietly. "I am not the same woman that I was *once*, you know!" looking off and away.

"The same and not the same." He has gone nearer her, and has sat down by her. "It is like some dream! Some story—romance! I thought you were dead!"

"The Apollo" speaks as of some buried bliss or bane; who knows which?

"No, alive! Shall I go away? I leave it to you."

Vivian Reade's voice sounds as if in saying this she had laid down her life with the words.

"Go away from me?" cries he, catching at her locked hands, wildly. "No, no, Vivian! Vivian, I know not what you are to me, but I do know this"—Rex's voice sinks into a soft whisper—"If you leave me I shall follow you, and find you!"

The little fingers do not unclasp. She sends no responsive, thrilling glance back to him, nor any sign. She rises and stands a moment, says, "God help this woman who has been married to you!" and then she walks away.

Nannie Rideau meets her at the threshold with wide, curious eyes, and finds her husband sitting there in the gloaming with a look on his face that she finds new.

"Rex, my darling boy!" The two beautiful arms are thrown round him, and the luxurious, soft lips meet his. "Why do you sit out here in the damp? Come in—come up-stairs; I want you!"

He glances up at her, and his arms remain folded together, and he says:

"I wonder if the love that is for ever eluding is the love that a man loves best, or——"

"What is the boy dreaming about?" Nannie cries, with her pretty laugh, and smoothing back his hair and dropping her kisses on the golden rings.

"True, *ma belle! ma reine!* My royal giver, let us go in!"

* * * * * *

'Tis another night—later, though—the clock down yonder has just struck nine, and further on in that Summer of '76, and instead of Rex Rideau seated there in that shadowy eastern corner of the piazza, Vivian Reade with a book in her hands, and across her the mellow light of the moon.

"What have you there, Mrs. Reade?" Rideau says, carelessly, stepping out toward her through one of the low windows of the parlor.

"'Owen Meredith.'"

"And what? 'Lucile,' the ladies' favorite?"

"No. This from a 'Love-letter.'"

She hands him the volume.

"No. Read it to me."

"'But now we know the best, the worst! We have
Interred, and prematurely, and unknown,
Our youth, our heart, our hopes, in one small grave,
Whence we must wander, widowed, to our own."

So she reads, and closes the book with a weary look over and far beyond him.

"Do you mean that you think I am going to give you up out of my sight? Do you mean to say that *you* can leave me and go your way, and never with the mere light of your face give me joy again?" The man's voice is full of repressed passion, and a keener pain than women ever know. "Do you mean to tell me that you can do this? You who would not crush a worm beneath your heel, to tear from your—from me—the one crumb of bread that keeps me from starving? No, you are too generous!"

"And you are sure of this?"

"Sure of it! Although for ten long years I have not seen you, until six weeks ago. I know that the heart that was mine once is mine to-night."

"Oh, my love—my love! why has life been so cruel to us? Why was I so blind, reckless? Why did I not seek you out—mine and not mine?"

"But you didn't know." And with the voice of a forgiving little child she looks up into his face. Some day, Rex, you will not forget me! No, not that! But I will be buried, and you will have quiet, easy times with her. There is—well, you know I could make you happy—but there is a stain upon me!" Her voice sinks to a whisper and her head droops low upon her bosom.

"Hush!"

And Rex Rideau crushes his love close to his heart and kisses the tender lips, and the little hands, and the white throat, till a great soft cloud covers the moon.

And when the cloud has blown over from the east to the west their chairs are empty, and only the poet stands there looking at the night, and within the curtained window Nannie Rideau is weeping and sighing, and calling on her gods as such sumptuous women will when they are grievously wounded. The other would have been silent.

The sun shines brightly out the next morning, and the beach is gay with groups of bathers in all manner of picturesque—"before the bath," and unpicturesque "after" the same—costumes. Half a dozen phaetons bouting up and down; two women cantering along with a man, losing his hat every two minutes in the wind, behind them. Lots of children and maids and people, merely lookers-on in Vienna. Among these last Rex Rideau, sauntering about with a couple of dogs at his heels, now and then lounging beside his wife's phaeton as she stops for chat with some one. Nobody could say that Mrs. Rideau was less pretty than yesterday, but there are sharp lines about her lovely mouth, and a strange watchfulness in her eyes. She sees, although he does not, Vivian Reade go quietly from her bathing-house, throw her cloak to her maid, and stand with a slow, shrinking torture on her white face, waiting for the eager wave to creep up and carry her on its buoyant bosom—whither? Then, attracted by the steady gaze of Mrs. Rideau, Mr. Rideau's glance follows hers, and finds that frail figure, that white face now shining in the morning sunlight, *now*, oh, God! sunk clean from sight.

He tears off his coat, his hat and shoes, and plunges in. He gropes and searches in the cool sea-waters, but he cannot find what he seeks; but hours afterward, when the tide comes in, it brings with it the fair body of Vivian.

He has watched for it standing there, and his wife sitting in her carriage, and he drags her in his arms up safe upon the shore; a heavy, weary weight, for they found shot sewed in her garments, and they knew then that she had wished to die. He has her in his arms, closer than he had under last night's moon, and, ah! though she had been cold then, she was colder far to-night.

"Vivian, my love, my life! So you had the courage to leave me, my fair, pure child! my darling! my——"

"What was this woman to you, Rex Rideau? Since I must listen to your laments and sweet speeches, let me know it all."

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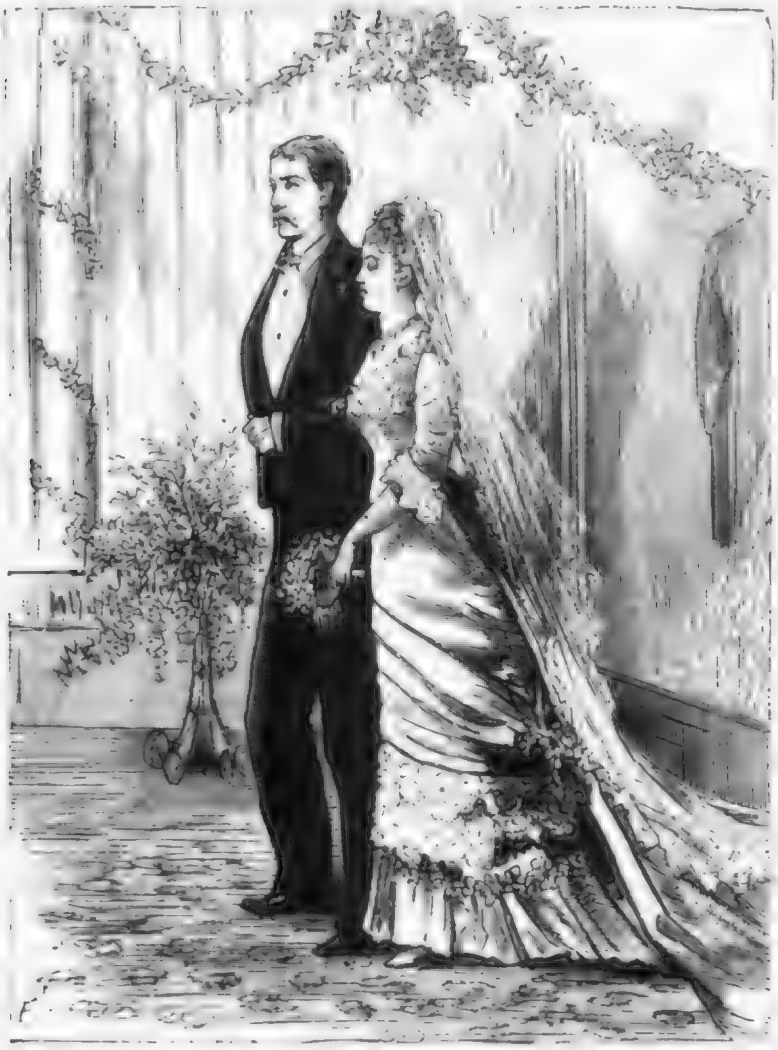


THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."—"THEY SAILED DOWN ST. THOMAS'S AISLE TO THE HEART-MELTING STRAINS OF 'EVER OF THEE!'"

Beautiful Nannie looks scornfully down at the small, slight thing—soulless, breathless — lying in Rex Rideau's arms

"She is my wife."

And the loving woman shrieks and swoons, and the dead woman is gathered closer to the breast of the golden-haired Apollo, but upon her lips no answering kiss, no smile to welcome love's fair, fond, wild outpouring.

To-morrow they find a small slip of paper, addressed to him, in her pocket-book; not many words:

> "I go out of this world, Rex, that you may remain in it stainless! That she who has your name may not have sin with it! That she may teach you to love her in a new way! That you may know at last that I loved you, although lips and looks have not told you so in ten long years. VIVIAN."

But Rex Rideau did none of these things. He never looked upon Nannie Hawthorne's face again.

He informed his lawyers in plain language that he was a bigamist. That his wife, shortly after their marriage, had become insane; hopelessly so, as was supposed at the time. That he had imagined her dead, and had married again, hoping to dispel the memory of the reluctant child he had loved in the morning of his life with the later fascinations of the beautiful Nannie. That his wife — his first wife — he had met during the past Summer at Newport; she appearing like one risen from the dead to him. That she had offered to leave the place; that he had compelled her to remain. That he was her husband, and hers only. That Miss Hawthorne was a free woman, and that he declined to see her.

No remonstrances were of any avail. Mr. Hawthorne made every effort to heal the disgrace, but Rex Rideau was inexorable, and while the affair was pending, and society in a state of despair, took passage in the *Scythia* for Europe.

Our poet stumbled over him in Rome in a palace, standing before the statue of the Apollo, staring at the god's image that was so like unto his own beauty.

"Why do you never look at the statues of women, or at women themselves?" some one asked him.

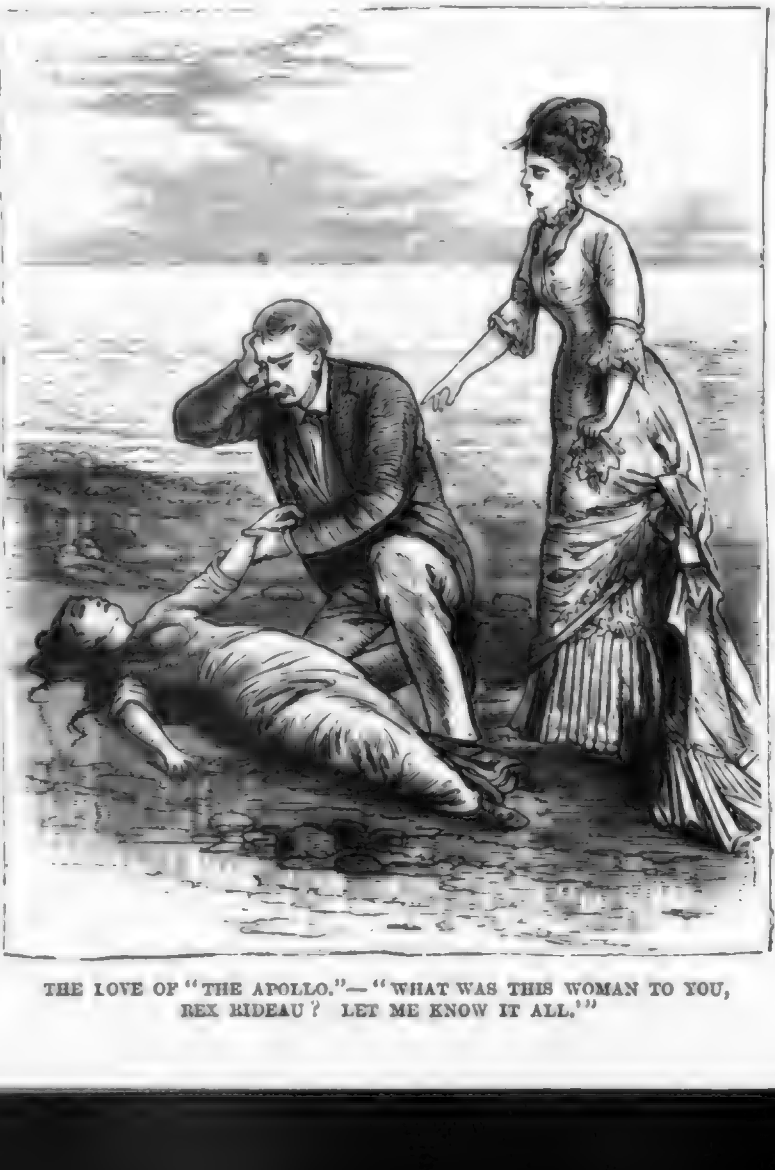
And the poet heard him answer:

"The eyes of the Apollo"—with an odd little mocking laugh—"are sealed and sightless, and within his own cold heart only can we look for the love of the Apollo."

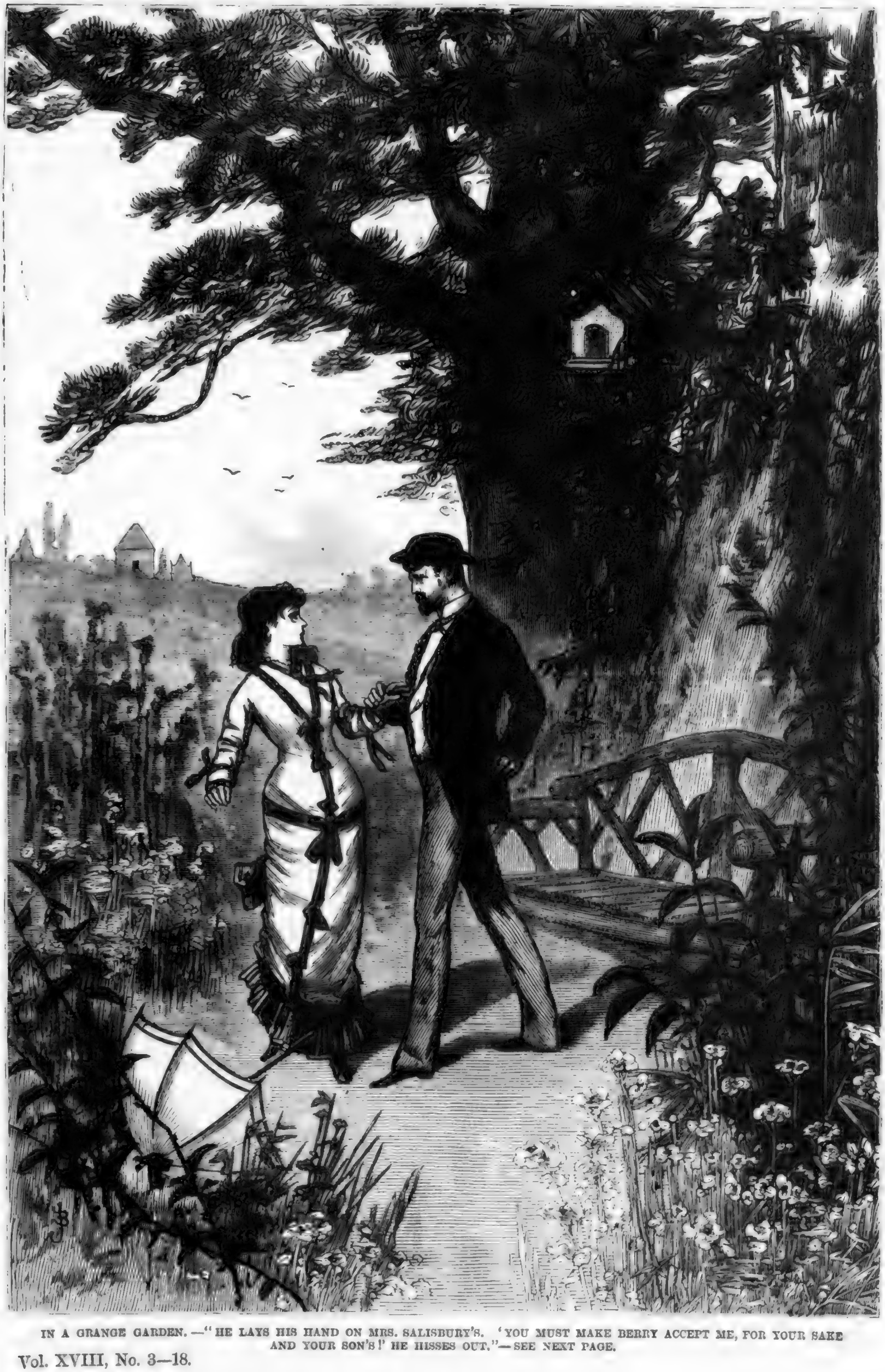
And he stood there looking, while past him swept Nannie Hawthorne, and scores of sweeter women, unseen to him, for, ah! truly, the Apollo's eyes are blind to all women, the Apollo's heart is cold, they say, and in it there lies buried the memory of the face of his wife, Vivian.

IT is certain, that either wise hearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let them take heed of their company.

DISCONTENT is the want of self-reliance; it is the infirmity of will.



THE LOVE OF "THE APOLLO."—"WHAT WAS THIS WOMAN TO YOU, REX RIDEAU? LET ME KNOW IT ALL.'"



IN A GRANGE GARDEN.—"HE LAYS HIS HAND ON MRS. SALISBURY'S. 'YOU MUST MAKE BERRY ACCEPT ME, FOR YOUR SAKE AND YOUR SON'S!' HE HISSES OUT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

NIRVANA.

By W. L. Courtney.

O weary soul, for ever shalt thou rest,
For evermore of dreamless slumber fain;
Nor knowing aught, nor caring of the pain
Thy long-past uncomplaining years attest:
Rent is the dream of perfectest and best,
The fond illusion which thy youth might feign,
For ever. Hope and love and joy are slain,
And life stands bare, in misery confest.

What more awaits thee? Slumber sweet and still,
And eyes fast closed against the weight of tears,
And heart that beats not with imagined fears,
And folded hands, and unresisting will;
Dead to the weary waste of ceaseless ill,
And untormented by the passing years.

IN A GRANGE GARDEN.

By Annie Thomas.

THE four persons who are pacing along the alley on the southern side of this garden feel nothing of the rasping March wind that is blowing lustily and dustily over the open roads and fields. For the sides of this alley are formed with thick and well-grown holly, bays and cypress-trees, interspersed with daphnes and bushes of rosemary and lavender.

Down among the roots of these shrubs and bushes there are great patches of bright blue-and-white violets, of yellow daffodils and paler primroses, of anemones and the interlacing blue-and-white periwinkle.

In other parts of the old grange garden rarer and more costly flowers are to be found in abundance; but this southern alley is left a good deal to nature and to the three girls who are strolling along its sheltered length with their brother this morning.

They are the three daughters of Mr. Salisbury, of Sittingdean Grange, and the youth with them, their half-brother, is Rupert Salisbury, the only son and heir. The girls, when grouped together, have that quality which Dickens so charmingly assigns to Dot and May Fielding in that sweet old Christmas carol, "The Cricket on the Hearth"— they set off and adorn one another.

People do not say that Mabel, the eldest, is lovely, until they see her delicate grace set off to fullest advantage by the stately beauty of her second sister, Helen, and the piquant charms of the brown-eyed youngest, Berry — so called after an aunt, Mrs. Berrydale, who promised at the child's birth to leave it all her property, and at her own death forgot her promise *in re* James Salisbury's youngest daughter in favor of two women who had maltreated her for her "own good" for several years under the titles of "companion" and "assiduously devoted" friend.

Poor Berry Salisbury had been born under an evil star. Her mother had been ill for a long time, miserable for a longer period, and mad for some months before poor Berry came into the world.

But, for all these adverse influences, Berry came into the world with a fine, clear brain, and a high, bright spirit of her own; and the stepmother who was soon brought home to the grange, to manage it and all appertaining thereto, found Baby Berry the most difficult to deal with.

Baby Berry was not a year old when her half-brother Rupert was born; and the people who had not come under the influence of the second Mrs. Salisbury's sparking eyes and manner said hard things about this marriage and the son and heir.

Sittingdean Grange is an important little place in its neighborhood, and all that concerns it interests its neighbors greatly. Accordingly, the second Mrs. Salisbury found that hard measure was dealt out to her by local gossip when she and her infant came to claim its suffrages.

No one knew when or where Mr. Salisbury had married her, but every one said that it must have been indecently soon after his first wife's death. And in saying this they fell far short of the actual measure of his offense.

What that offense is, is a secret known only to himself and to the unhappy woman against whom he committed it long ago, when his passion for her urged him on to the commission of the crime of marrying her while his first wife was still alive, mad in an asylum.

When death mercifully removed the insane woman, he wickedly and weakly kept his own counsel from the one who believed herself to be his wife legally, and who was about to become a mother. He had not the courage to face the outburst of wounded love and pride and trust to which he thought she would give way. But when, in after years, accident revealed to her the secret he had kept, her silent anguish was even harder for him to bear.

It was in vain he pleaded that what he had done had been the result of overmastering love for her. She scorned him for the meanness which had made him deceive her for the gratification of his wicked love, and she hated him for the wrong done to her boy with a hatred that she made no effort to conceal from him.

For a time he feared she would leave him and proclaim her wrongs; but regard for the welfare of her child prevented her taking this step. But, though she remained under his roof for Rupert's sake, she never spoke to him or saw him save in the presence of others.

In vain did he humble himself in his penitence, and entreat her to permit him to do her the tardy justice of a genuine marriage. Nothing could alter the fact of her son being illegitimate, therefore nothing could be gained by giving him the right to exercise legal marital authority over her. She staid on in his house, giving tender, loving, prudent care to the daughters of the woman whom she had unwittingly injured, exercising a wise rule over the management of the household, and stinging Mr. Salisbury to his soul by her coldness and contempt.

Matters have gone on in this way for several years, now, at Sittingdean Grange, and the children are still in ignorance of the cause of the iron-bound, icy relations which exist between their father and mother. These relations have existed for so long a time that both children and servants have ceased to speculate about them, and the neighborhood has almost ceased to mention "that Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury don't get on well."

On this day, while Rupert and his half-sisters are strolling up and down the southern alley, Mrs. Salisbury breaks through her rule of silence toward the man to whom that silence is so bitter a punishment.

It brings the blood to Mr. Salisbury's brow, partly with surprise and partly with the hope of softer feeling setting in, when Rupert's mother voluntarily enters his study, and, in a gentler tone than she has used toward him for years, says:

"I have come to speak to you about my boy's future.

It is time that a choice of a profession should be fixed. Have you forgotten that he is seventeen ?"

"I have forgotten nothing that concerns him or you," Mr. Salisbury replies, in a low voice. "Your welfare is very dear to me."

She turns her head aside, but he sees the tears springing from her eyes. Oh, if she will only relent and suffer him to make amends! If she will only let him take her away to some place where they are neither of them known, and make her his honored wife, how he will bless and cherish her!

From this dream of possible peace and happiness he is wakened by her next words.

"I have not long to live," she says, sadly. "Don't think I am trying to alarm you, or wish to create a fictitious interest in your mind for me; but I am so sure of what I say that I want to be assured of my son's welfare. What is Rupert to be ?"

"He is my heir," he answers, solemnly.

"You mean that he is to have this place—to be known as Rupert Salisbury, of Sittingdean Grange ?"

"I mean that."

Once more a soft glow suffuses her face, and now she holds her hand out to him. It is the first time since she made the fatal discovery of the wrong he wrought her that her hand had touched his, and the contact makes him tremble like an aspen-leaf.

"I have been very hard and unforgiving," she murmurs, "but I am dying now; for the sake of the love we bore to one another once, make all secure for Rupert; word your will in such a way that, whatever happens, the property will be indisputably his."

"The very precautions you would have me take might rouse suspicion and cause his claim to be disputed," Mr. Salisbury says; "as it is, no one can doubt or contest it. Sittingdean is strictly entailed; it will go to my son as surely and safely as it came to me from my father. Be satisfied—be happy at last."

"Who would have an interest in dispossessing Rupert of the estate? Not the dear girls, I know. Would it not be your nephew James ?" she asks, eagerly.

"Yes," he tells her; "James would be the rightful heir if Rupert did not exist."

"Or if any flaw can be found in Rupert's birthright ?" she asks; and Rupert's father, with a face pallid and drawn with heart-sickening remorse, has to admit the truth of her suggestion.

"But no such flaw will ever be proved," he pleads; "the secret is ours to keep while we live, and when we die it will be buried with us; cease from these idle fears! Be at rest at last!"

There is such a passionate prayer for forgiveness in these words that all resentment vanishes, and weeping, but not bitterly, Mrs. Salisbury puts her quivering lips to his forehead in token of pardon and peace.

The four young people out in the garden are astounded presently by the sight of their parents coming toward them, talking together freely and happily. They are even more astounded when Mr. Salisbury tells them that their mother and himself are obliged to go to town on business for a few days. The girls plead vainly one after the other "to be taken, too." Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury are smilingly inexorable, and in the afternoon they take a tender leave of their children, and start on their journey, the object of which may be guessed! It is none other than this—their marriage!

The license is procured, and the next morning, in an old church in the Strand, the pair are made man and wife in reality at last. No one is present in the church save the priest who performs the ceremony, and an old man who keeps the church moderately clean and sees to the vestry fire in Winter.

He gives this "woman to be married to this man," and thinks what an improvement this sort of marriage is on the ordinary order of weddings, when the bride comes provided with a father or a friend who does the giving-away part of the business, and deprives the church-cleaner of an easily-earned guinea.

As they are leaving the church, trembling both of them with natural emotion, Mrs. Salisbury's face flushed and tearful, they attract the attention of a young man who is hurrying on his way to Somerset House.

"Halloa! what's up ?" he says to himself in the vernacular. "Uncle and Aunt Salisbury coming out of church at this hour of the day! What *on earth* brings them to town ?"

He turns and follows them at a distance for a short time. Then another thought strikes him, and, turning hastily back, he runs into the church, in his haste nearly upsetting the old man who has just given away the bride.

"Have you anything worth showing in your church ?" the young man asks, hurriedly. "Some friends of mine who have just gone out told me to come in and I should see something curious. What is it ?"

The young gentleman does not falter at the utterance of an untruth, it may be remarked; but a nervous spasm convulses him for a moment when the old man says:

"I s'pose the curos thing they towld you to look at was their marriage-register. 'Tain't often a pair in years like them come to be married without a friend to look on."

"It will please them that I should see the register," Mr. James Salisbury says, sardonically, "and it will please me, too," he adds, with savage exultation.

Five minutes after this he has handed five shillings to the old man who thinks he is in luck's way this day, and is leaving the church with his uncle's bitter secret in his possession, and the knowledge of which will cost Rupert his inheritance.

He is an astute young man, and he knows that if he lets this knowledge escape him while his uncle lives that he may be balked yet. Mr. Salisbury can sell many a broad acre that is not entailed, and will do so assuredly if his son's prospects are endangered, and Sittingdean Grange, without the broad acres that lie around it, will be rather a burdensome inheritance.

So Mr. James Salisbury makes up his mind to keep his own counsel, to hold his hand, indeed, until his uncle dies, and the widow and her son are helpless.

"Then I'll bear down upon them with my knowledge of this morning's work, and oust the young bastard," he says, triumphantly; "and I'll marry Berry and kick all the rest out."

From this glimpse into the state of his feelings it may be surmised that Mr. James Salisbury has a strong element of brutality and coarseness in him. It also may be assumed that he will show no mercy and very little justice.

Two days after this Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury go home again, and all would be peace and happiness at Sittingdean Grange were it not for her fast-failing health.

The few days' absence from home have made a great change in her. She is weak and visibly suffering when she returns to her children; and, to their bitter, unavailing grief, they see the weakness grow and the suffering increase daily.

When they have been home a fortnight James Salisbury writes to his aunt to offer himself as her guest. A

XIIM

kind, polite, loving letter it is; but, somehow or other, Mrs. Salisbury shudders as she reads it and accedes to its request.

"Your nephew James is a rising, prudent young man," she says to her husband; "but pray Heaven he may not induce one of our girls to marry him!"

"He has a good appointment in Somerset House, and will get on," Mr. Salisbury replies.

"He will get on in Somerset House, and wherever he pleases; but I am sorry he wants to become more intimate with us. I should hate him for a husband for one of our daughters."

In spite of her intuition against him, however, Mrs. Salisbury finds her nephew a very agreeable companion when he comes. He is a good-looking man, with a clever, keen face, and eyes that dart from one object to another with the rapidity of forked lightning; but he has not the personal beauty or the aristocratic repose of manner which characterizes his cousin Rupert.

These quick eyes of his light on Berry favorably from the first. He follows her about, flattering her with unspoken flatteries, and paying her homage in a way that gratifies her young womanly vanity, but does not touch her heart. Instinctively he feels that Mrs. Salisbury is opposed to his suit of her stepdaughter; and so armed, with his knowledge of the profound secret of her life, he determines to defy and subdue her.

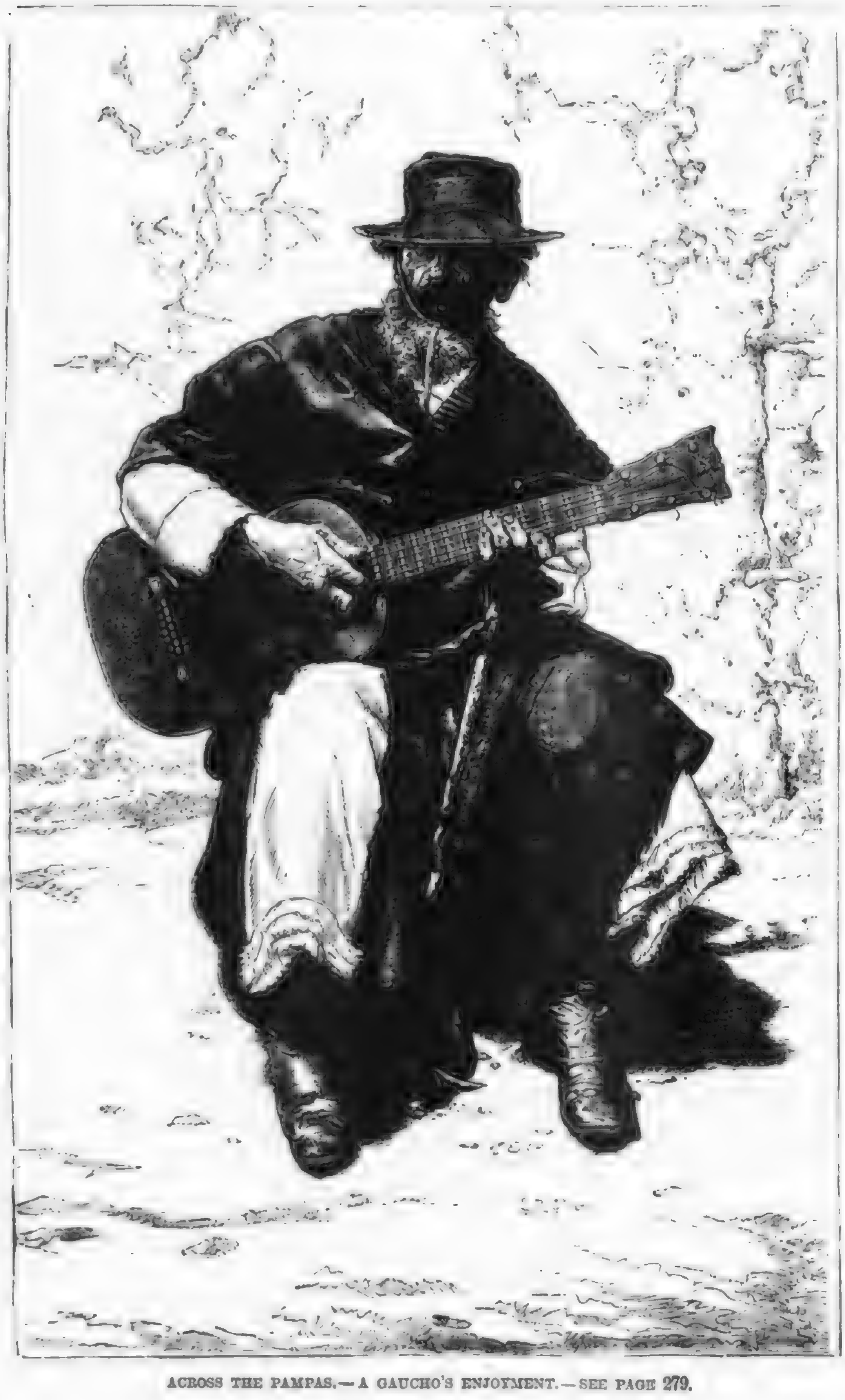
* * * *

March has given place to pretty, tearful April now, and the old grange garden is showing under one of its fairest aspects. Snowdrops in clusters are still to be found in abundance, but a dozen colored rivals compete for favor with them.

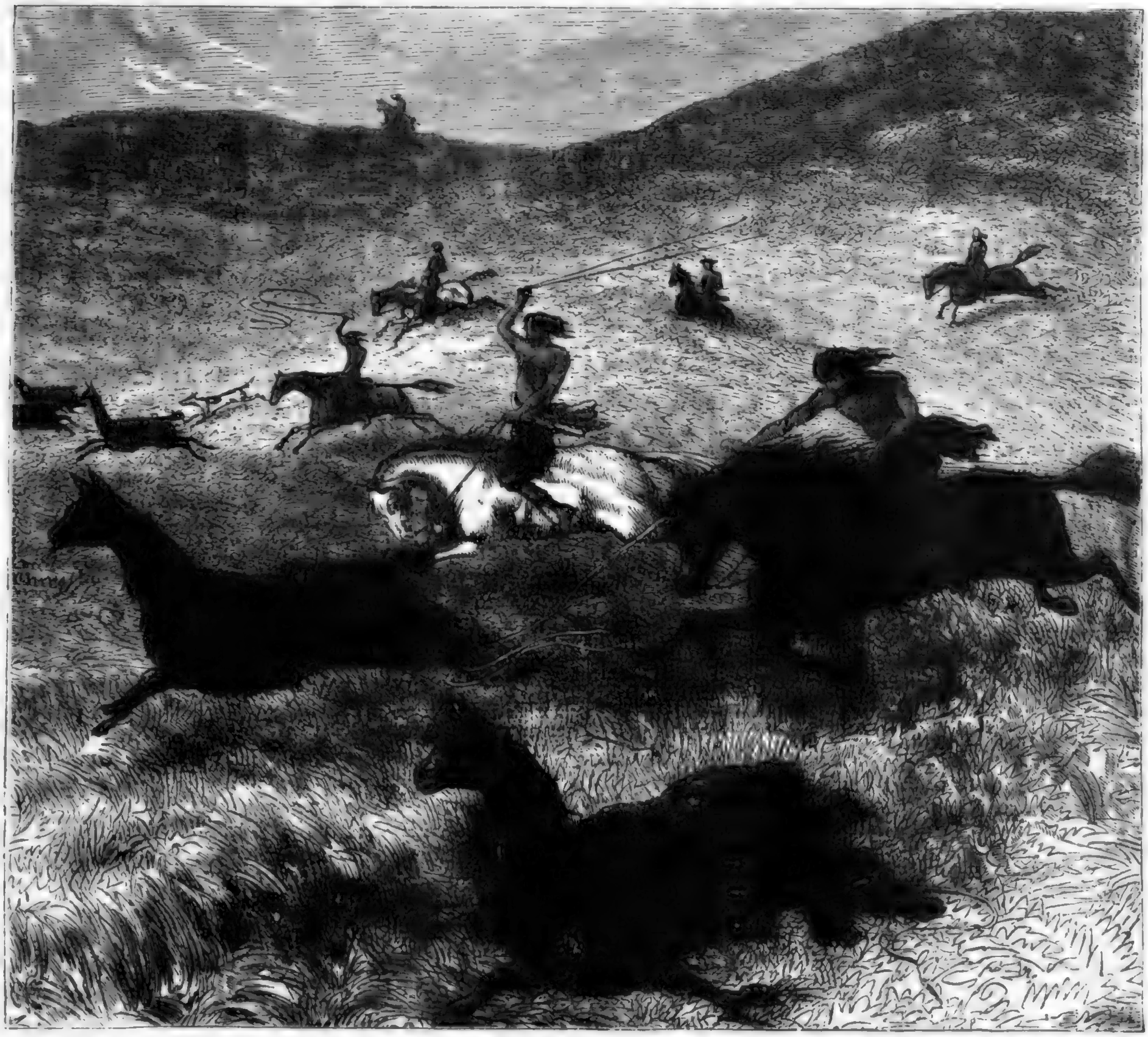
Down about the seat where Mrs. Salisbury sits resting during the balmy hours of the days are beds filled with double white violets, irises, gayly-striped tulips, peonies white and red, amber-hued daffodils, and a few early pinks. The air is sweet with the odor of French honeysuckle, and the sky is clear and blue. As the mother sits here surrounded by a thousand fresh, pure and beautiful objects, her mind is filled with holy thoughts about her son. She is praying earnestly, though she is not on her knees, that the good God will strengthen Rupert in all goodness, will fit him for the responsibilities of the position he will occupy, will lead the pure-hearted youth up to be an honorable, useful man.

And while she is praying thus her husband's nephew comes across the lawn and takes a seat beside her.

He has not made much headway with his cousin Berry lately, and so he is determined to put his



ACROSS THE PAMPAS.—A GAUCHO'S ENJOYMENT.—SEE PAGE 279.



ACROSS THE PAMPAS.—HUNTING THE GUANACO WITH BOLAS.— SEE PAGE 279.

fate to the touch with her this afternoon. She is a girl who attracts him as no other girl has ever done, and for the sake of indulging her girlish whim of seeming aversion to him, he is not going to run the risk of losing her.

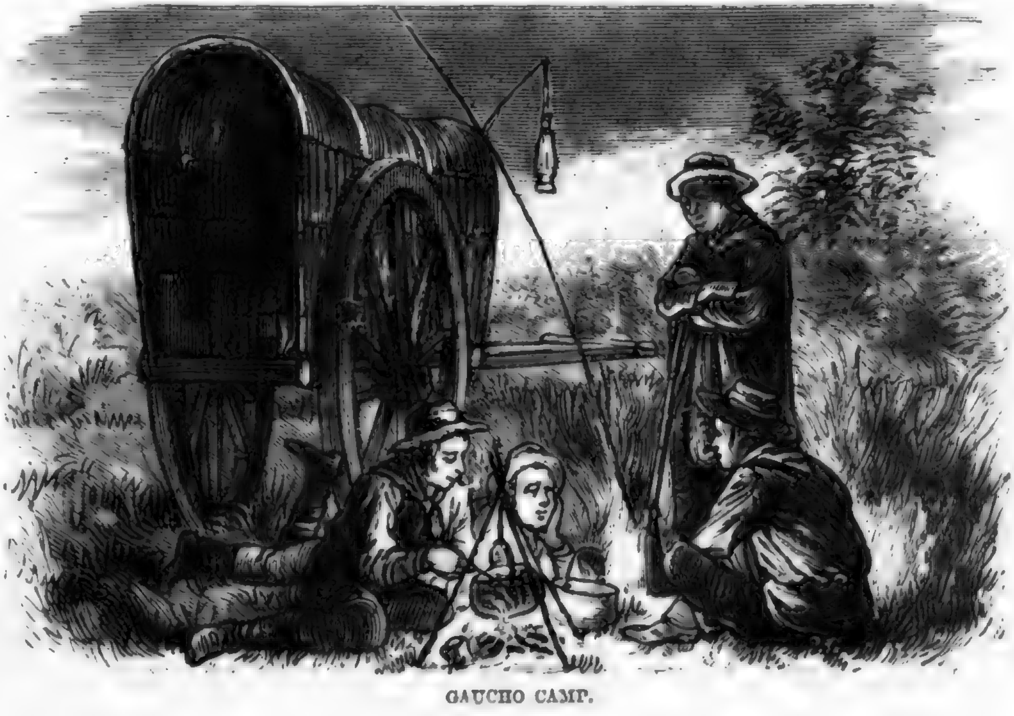
That Mrs. Salisbury's influence is against his suit he is sure; from this morning her influence must be on his side.

For this purpose and to this end he seeks her this morning, and her poor failing heart recoils from him.

He begins in all suavity, tells her how he esteems her opinion, and thinks that she has a not altogether unfavorable one of himself; praises Rupert, the son of her heart, the apple of her eye, speciously, and then deftly brings the subject round to his love and admiration for her step-child, Berry.

"Berry is a darling child, and every one loves and admires her," she says, shortly.

"She seems to be the dearest of all your step-daughters



GAUCHO CAMP.

XUM

to you," he says, looking at her intently. "I have heard—I don't know whether it's true or not—that she was a mere infant when her mother died, and you married my uncle."

She bows her head, and her pale face grows pallid; but she says no word,

"Berry is the only girl whom I've ever seen that I've wanted for my wife. Will you give me a good word with her? Will you win my uncle's consent?" he asks.

But, though he is asking a favor in words, there is something in his manner suggestive of a threat.

"Berry must decide for herself," she says, nervously.

"Nay, but you must ask her to decide in my favor," he says, softly.

And now he lays his hand on Mrs. Salisbury's, and meets her frightened gaze with stern, unfaltering eyes.

"You *must make* Berry accept me, for your sake and your son's!" he hisses out; and, with a gasp and a cry, Mrs. Salisbury rises to her feet, holding her hand against her beating heart.

"For mercy's sake speak out!" she says. "How can *you* affect Rupert in any way?"

"I could affect him considerably if I told him he was a bastard," he says, insolently. "Better make me your ally than your enemy, Mrs. Salisbury."

"My boy, my boy!" she shrieks; and Rupert and Berry, who happen to be coming out of the house at the moment, hear her and rush to her; but not in time to save her from a fearful fall flat on her face, which bruises and mutilates her fair, matronly beauty.

They lift her up and carry her into the house; and when she recovers from her deadly faint she tries to tell her husband what his nephew has said.

But her race is run, and her tongue refuses its office; and before nightfall there is mourning at Sittingdean Grange for the wife, the mother and the mistress.

They all grieve for her—all but James Salisbury. He only feels a little sorry that he should have given her the death-shock before he had used her interests with Berry.

Her husband sorrows for her with a sorrow that no one dare attempt to assuage, and no one can gauge. But Rupert mourns for his mother with such passionate force that for a few days his own life hangs in the balance.

When he does recover, his mother is buried, and James Salisbury has departed with Berry's stinging refusal of his suit ringing in his ears.

"Marry *you!*" the girl says, when the neatly-worded proposal had been spoken. "Marry *you!* No, not till I cease to think that you did or said something that gave dear mother her death-blow; and I shall think that you did while I live, I'm afraid."

"I shall appeal against your decision to your father," he says; and Berry retorts:

"And I will tell my father that dear mother's last look at you convinced me that you had dealt her some awful blow. Go away, James Salisbury, and be thankful that I have not agreed to be your wife, for I should always be looking out to find you guilty of something dreadful if I did."

"Look here," he says, taking her hand sorely against her will, "it will be all the better for your brother—you're fond of him, I know—if you marry me."

"I'm much too fond of Rupert to do anything wicked and pretend it's for his sake," the girl says, stoutly; "and it would be very wicked of me to marry you without loving you, and I couldn't love you if you lived for a thousand years!"

"It's more than likely that I should be in an exceedingly unlovable, not to say repulsive, condition, if my days were drawn out to that length," he says, grimly; and then he pleads afresh from his standpoint of youth and health and probable prosperity, and Berry will not listen to him.

Very soon James Salisbury goes away, and things settle down into their normal condition at Sittingdean Grange, with this difference, that the mother is no longer there to direct and sympathize with, to plan and labor for and love, the children who pay her the mighty tribute of missing her.

After a time, when a few months have passed away, the two elder girls meet with men who like and love and can afford to marry Mr. Salisbury's portionless, pretty daughters, and Berry is now the only sister left to Rupert—his only sister and his dearest friend.

Their father is declining fast. He has grown an old man since his wife's death, and the bond between the stepbrother and sister is all the stronger, because of the feeling they have that they two will stand alone soon.

"I shall be an old maid and keep house for you, Rupert," she says to him, when they are discussing the future. "When you marry, if there's no room for me at Sittingdean any longer, I'll go into a sisterhood, or be a companion, or something."

"Before all these things come to pass you'll be married yourself, Berry," her brother replies, and the girl shakes her head and says, "No."

She feels that she shall never marry, because some one has told her that her mother died mad, and that the germs of madness may be in her own blood.

At last the dark day dawns and closes when Mr. Salisbury dies.

He is not granted the grace of a lengthy illness. Death comes upon him unawares, and he dies without giving Rupert—hastily summoned from college—one word of warning.

The family assembles itself sadly together, the funeral takes place, and the will is read.

Everything with the exception of an annuity, chargeable on the estate of £200 a year to Berry, is left to Rupert; and the young man is just listening to a few words of welcome from his father's old friends, when James Salisbury steps forward, in an unexceptionable suit of black, and says:

"The fact of my cousin Rupert having been born out of wedlock will disqualify him, I fear, for the position of inheritor and owner of the Sittingdean property. As next of kin and heir presumptive to the late Mr. Salisbury, I deny Rupert's legitimacy, and challenge his right to inherit."

There is a sense of ghastly pain, grief and confusion. James Salisbury produces a copy, signed by the vicar, of the marriage-register, and eventually after a few weary days proves his case, and destroys Rupert's claim to the property.

The married sisters are broken-hearted for their brother, and desperately distressed for the stain on their father's memory; or, rather, they would be broken-hearted and desperately distressed if they were not married women, with plenty of cares and anxieties of their own on hand.

But Berry feels the blow in its fullest force!

She broods over the subject night and day until her brain whirls and her mind totters. It seems to her that Rupert's right is unassailable, and she refuses to listen to any argument to the contrary.

Her father's will leaves everything to Rupert. Rupert is the brother of her heart and the hope of her house.

"He *shall* have it," she promises herself. "If James were dead there is no one but Rupert to take it all. My sisters and I would never interfere with our brother's rights."

Night and day the subject seethed in her brain. If she only could induce James to sally forth and seek desperate adventures by land or sea! she would do so, trusting that on land or sea he might come to an untimely end!

But James has no adventurous blood in him. He is quite contented, he assures Berry, to live and die a country gentleman at Sittingdean.

As for Rupert, he bears the blow as a good and gallant man should bear it. There is not a hard thought in his heart for his erring father, and all his soul is suffused with love and tenderness for his mother. It is hard to be bereft of land and name at one blow; but, "Never mind, Berry dear," he says; "I'll win fortune in some way or other for us both, and at any rate you shall never have to blush for your brother. James Salisbury will never be anything but a wretched sneak and cur, and——"

"I wish he were dead! He must die!" the girl interrupts, vehemently.

"Hush, dear! His life is in God's hands! Don't you wish to hasten his death," Rupert says, vehemently.

* * * * * *

James Salisbury has taken up his residence in Sittingdean Grange with indecent haste, and the young brother and sister are staying at the rectory for a little time, until they can look about them and decide upon their plans for the future.

One day Berry, sorely against her will, finds that she must go down to the Grange in order to pack up pictures and books and pieces of plate which belong to herself and her sisters.

After she has done this, the impulse to take one last run round the dear old garden comes upon her, and hearing that the new master is away from the place, she sets herself out to gratify it.

At the end of the southern alley—the end that is furthest from the house—there is a well that is famous for its depth and for the clearness and coldness of its water. It is always kept covered and padlocked, and the wall around it has always been a favorite seat of the young Salisburys. But to-day, when Berry sits on the edge to rest herself for a few minutes, she sees that the lock is gone, and that the cover can be moved with the slightest touch.

"How careless! James ought to scold any one who has left it in this insecure state," she thinks, and, though she dislikes James, she feels almost inclined to go back to the house and tell the servants of the insecure condition of the cover of the well; but the fear of being thought to be interfering and prying stops her from doing so, and she is on the point of getting up to go home to the rectory, when her cousin James comes along the alley and sees her.

"Don't rush off directly I come!" he begins, suavely seating himself apart from her. "I seem to be looked upon as a black sheep by all of you. You don't show me the least family kindness or consideration; try to think better of me, Berry, even if you can't love me!"

The girl shudders.

"Love you?" she repeats. "Don't speak of love to me, and don't look kindly at me. I hate you for what you have done to Rupert. I hate you for having blackened the memories of my father and mother; I shall never wish you well; I shall never think of your living here and enjoying this place and all that belongs to it with any thing but horror."

She is about to rise from her seat, when he leans forward to catch her hand and make a last appeal. In leaning forward he presses on one side of the cover, which, being off its hinges and badly adjusted, tips up and falls in, down, down to the waters of the bottomless well, carrying James Salisbury with it.

Berry's cries are soon heard and answered, and stout ropes bearing stouter-hearted men soon descend into the dreadful abyss. But not a trace of James Salisbury is ever found.

There is no one to dispute Rupert's right to the property now, for his sisters all cede it to him right gladly, but Sittingdean Grange has been the scene of too appalling a tragedy for it to be a congenial home for Rupert for a long time; so he lets the place to one of his brothers-in-law for a term of years, and takes Berry abroad with him to try and forget, under brighter skies, and amidst holier scenes, the dramas that have been enacted in the Grange Garden.

ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

By Norton Rutherford.

The personal narrative of a journey across the Pampas cannot fail to prove of some interest, since the great plain, extending from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, nestling beneath the towering Andes, is almost *terra incognita.* This journey was undertaken by me for scientific purposes, the occult nature whereof I shall keep carefully vailed from the reader. My party was provided with an escort of governmental troops, and "every facility" was given us for exploration, always, however, bearing in mind that the cruel and crafty Indian was on the war-path. We were well provisioned, our mules were as strong as they were obstinate; our arms, the "newest things out"; and with these preliminary remarks I shall start on my narrative and my journey.

We left Buenos Ayres upon August 17th, and took up our quarters at Chivilcoy, 100 miles to the west of it, which was to be the starting-point of the expedition.

On the eve of our departure we experienced a severe thunderstorm, unusually heavy even for that land of surprising electrical phenomena, accompanied by a fall of hailstones, the largest I had ever seen. Many of them were about the size of pigeons' eggs, and one which I measured (no unfair sample of many that fell), while in the process of melting, was still one and one-eighth inch long by one inch thick. Nor were we surprised to learn, subsequently, that large numbers of sheep had been killed in the neighborhood by the terrible hailstorm, which fortunately proved to have fallen over no very wide extent of country.

Upon the 30th of October we left Chivilcoy for Bragado, and got fairly started on our journey.

The first day's march was but a short one—about nine miles—as the rain that fell during the previous night and morning had made the roads heavy; added to which, many of the bullocks and horses proved wild and stubborn, and hard to manage, causing great delays.

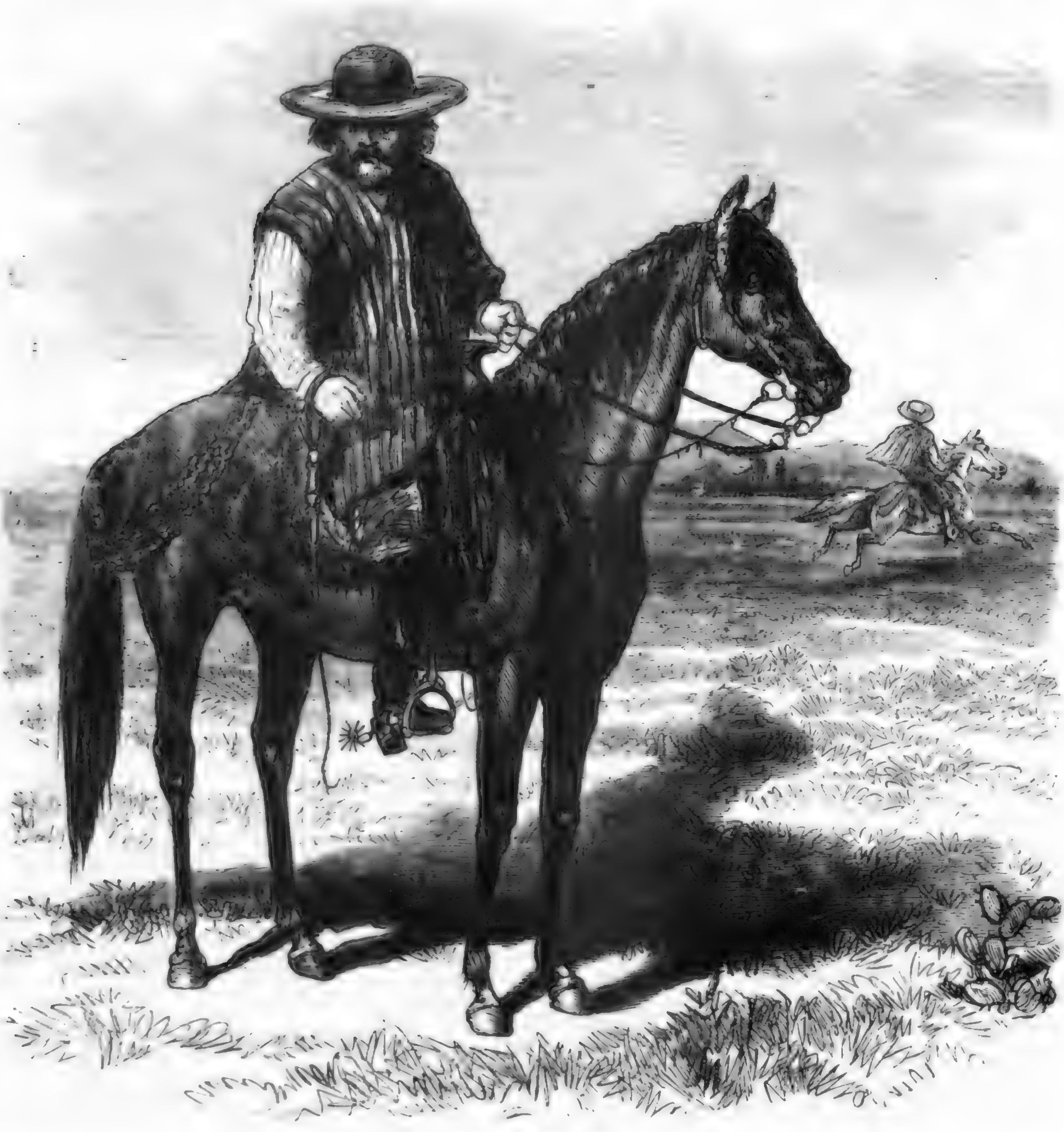
After traveling ten miles during the next day we reached the River Salado; but, finding it too much swollen with the recent rains to admit of our crossing it, we encamped on its banks for the night.

The weather having remained dry, the water in the Salado fell considerably during the night, and the approaches to it improved somewhat from their muddy condition of the previous evening. We therefore attempted the fording of the river, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting all the carts and animals over without

XUM

mishap; whereupon, after halting for an hour to rest, we proceeded for about eleven miles further, to the town of Bragado, where we proposed to remain for a day or two, to give time for the completion of some unfinished arrangements.

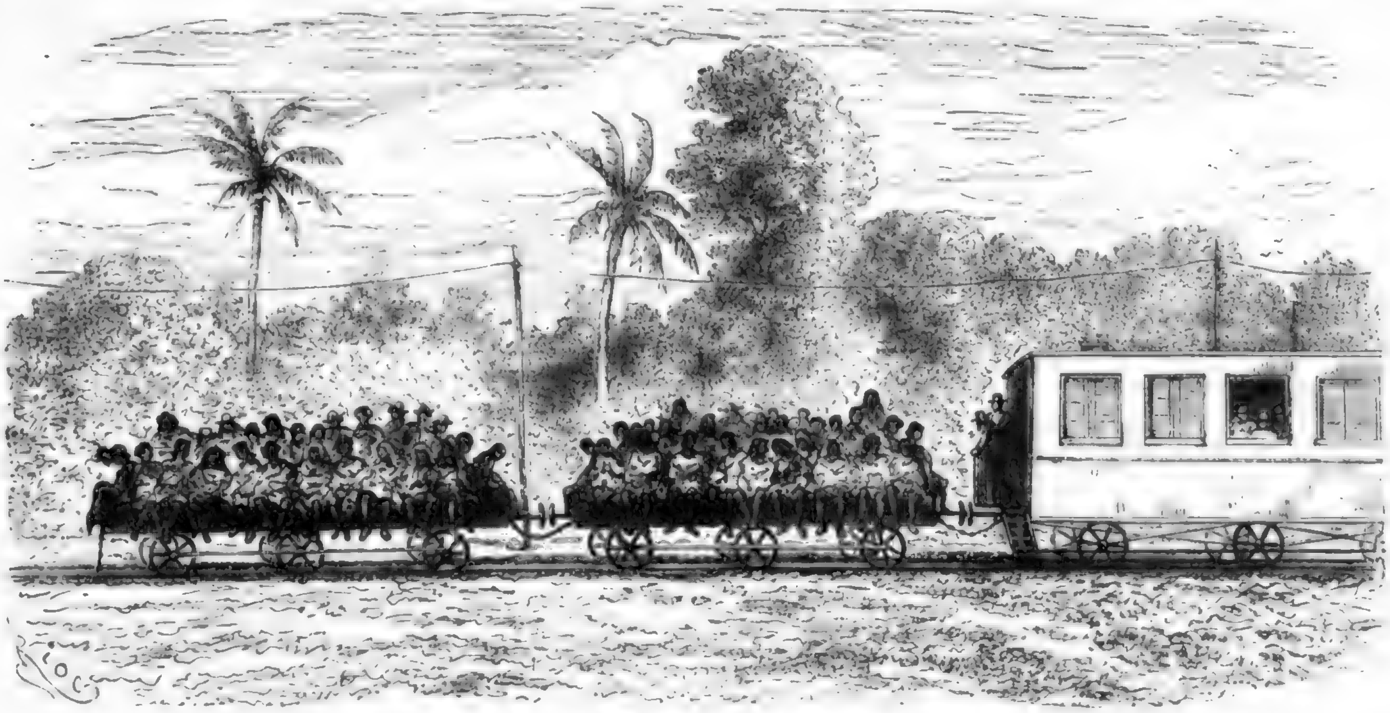
Upon the way two or three of us joined in assisting to drive the horses in advance of the main party, and while passing a *pulperia*, or public-house, a number of Gauchos who were drinking there came out, and seeing a troop of horses in charge of so few men, and they "Gringos," as foreigners newly arrived in the country are called, seemed disposed to dispute our passage, and not disinclined to try to take the horses from us—a proceeding we naturally were equally prepared to resent. During the altercation which ensued up came the rest of our party, when the Gauchos, taking in the situation at a glance, and seeing how the odds had turned against them, became as submissive and profuse in their offers of assistance as they had been rough and quarrelsome before, and so we rode on without further molestation.



A GAUCHO MOUNTED.

Bragado, a rising little place, has some 2,000 inhabitants, and was but a few years ago on the outskirts of civilization, being not far distant from the line of frontier; but the march of events has since altered its circumstances, by bringing it into railway communication with Buenos Ayres, while the tide of population, rolling steadily onward, has forced the imaginary barrier between the territory of the white man and the hunting-grounds of the roving and predatory bands of Indians to a more distant point.

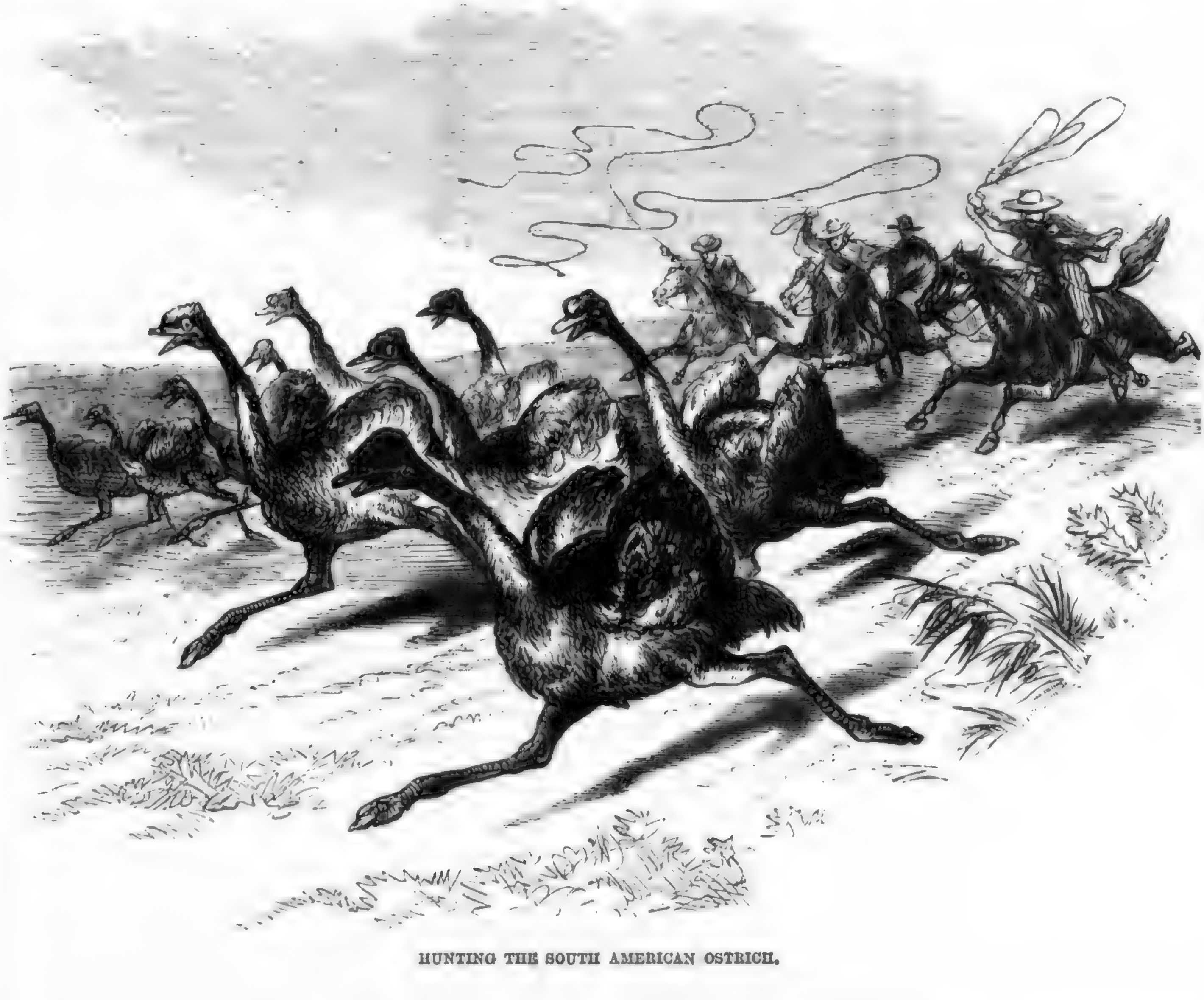
As we advanced into the Pampas, after leaving Bragado, the surface of the ground became slightly undulating, and the vegetation looked well, although not actually rich in point of grazing qualities. At first it



A TRAIN OF CARS ON THE PAMPAS.

consisted principally of a kind of small trefoil, unwholesome for sheep and too short for cattle; but to the eye the soft rich green, mingled with pink and yellow flowers, was exceedingly beautiful. Occasionally large tracts of country appeared purple, and others again brilliant with crimson, where verbenæ of these shades predominated. Among these lovely flowers we found some mushrooms, and carried them off to add a relish to our dinners.

Snakes and large lizards (iguanas) were abundant. Foxes also were very numerous; they are somewhat smaller than the English kind, and of a silvery-gray color, with a reddish tinge upon the legs.



HUNTING THE SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

But by far the most important animal in point of numbers to be met with here, and in most other parts of the province of Buenos Ayres, is the Biscacha (*Lagostomus trichodactylus*). It closely resembles both in appearance and habits the marmots or "prairie-dogs" of North America. The body is about two feet long, and the tail, which measures from ten to twelve inches, ends with a tuft of coarse black hair. The fur is of an ashy-gray color upon the back, and pure white on the throat, breast and under part of the body; large, coarse, black bristling whiskers decorate each side of the mouth; the ears are short, and the eyes large and black. The toes of the hind-foot are three in number, while the fore-foot possesses one more.

The young Biscacha is very good eating, the meat being white, like that of rabbit.

For so far the most remarkable of the birds we met with was the Chajà, or crested screamer (*Palamadea Chavaria*), in size rather larger than a turkey. The plumage is gray, or rather dull slate-color, with a black ring round the neck, and a tuft or crest of feathers from the back of the head. The legs are long, and of a bright red color. Each wing is armed with two very formidable spurs.

We found ourselves very badly off for water. We sank a tube-pump (of which we had three with us), but without success, and we had to resort to digging wells of large diameter, obtaining from them a small supply of water at a depth of nine feet below the surface.

From our camping-ground at this point we visited the "toldos," or huts of a tribe of friendly Indians, lying six miles to the north of us. Most of the men were absent, hunting ostriches; but the Alcalde of the village (for these friendly Indians live under the rule and protection of the National Government) received us hospitably, and introduced us to his very comely wife, who, like himself, was of Spanish descent.

Next day they both rode over to our tents to return our visit, bringing with them the unpleasant intelligence that there was a rumor of the hostile Indians coming in force to make a raid upon the frontier.

We found partridges in great numbers. The natives capture these partridges in an ingenious manner, by making a noose of horsehair, which is attached to the end of a long cane.

As we were now journeying through a district where at at any time we might fall in with the Indians on some of their pillaging expeditions, we were obliged to adopt means to provide against surprise. For this purpose the night was divided into watches of two hours' duration, each being kept by three of our party at a time.

During the day an alarm was given that the Indians were coming down upon us, as a number of horsemen were seen approaching. They proved, however, to be a party from a neighboring colony of Italians coming over to visit us, who were amusing themselves chasing deer and ostriches as they came along.

Our visit to the colony had a most depressing effect upon us, no sign of energy or prosperity being anywhere apparent. The colonists were in a pitiable condition, and much to be commiserated, as they were subject at any moment to be attacked by Indians, without any visible means of repelling them. Their only safety, in my opinion, was due to their extreme poverty, with no flocks or herds to attract attention, or make it worth the Indians' while to visit the place. This must not, however, be taken as a fair specimen of an Argentine colony, of which there are many rich and prosperous ones, but as a special example of a very miserable one, possibly in its infancy.

On the night of the 13th of November we had an example of the great and rapid changes of temperature common in La Plata during the hottest months of the year. The thermometer, which had hitherto been registering great heat, suddenly fell to 26° Fahrenheit (six degrees below freezing-point), converting the water in our tents to ice.

Deer are very numerous on the Pampas, and at certain reasons they go about in small herds of from three or four to six or seven, and sometimes as many as a dozen may be seen together. In the smaller groups there is usually but one male; in the case of the more numerous companies, a second or a third is to be found. These are generally young, but even when full-sized they are evidently all in subjection to one master, as readily becomes apparent from the manner in which they make way for him by moving off on his approach.

Upon the 15th of November we encamped, at the close of an intensely hot day, near the small fort "Triunfo."

On the following morning, we struck our tents and crossed the frontier, leaving the last trace of civilization behind us, and moving out into the hunting-grounds of the Pampas Indians. Our march was continued till a late hour in the night, in the hopes of finding water; but, although the country was scoured in all directions, none could be found, and at last we were obliged to halt at a place without it.

During the day there was an alarm of Indians being in sight, but they proved to be a party of white men who had come out beyond the frontier in search of game.

During the night it rained heavily, which was a great boon to us, and next morning scouts were sent out in all directions to scour the country in search of water. Taking a man with me, I rode forward for about three miles from our party, when, on crossing some undulating land, the country having become more uneven, we observed an Indian watching us from a neighboring hill, while at the same time he was evidently anxious to conceal himself from observation—a matter which was not so easy to accomplish, provided as I was with a powerful field-glass. After a careful and minute inspection of his movements, we concluded that he was not likely to be alone, but that his comrades might possibly be behind the hill, and, if so, they could easily cut us off from our companions; we therefore retraced our steps, keeping a sharp lookout as we rode along. Our scouts, who returned about the same time as myself, reported having seen Indians in opposite directions; it was therefore evident that we were being closely observed and our movements watched, so that it became necessary to increase our precautions against attack.

Although our search for water had been unsuccessful, we were more fortunate in a well we sank, obtaining from it a good supply at a depth of sixteen feet below the surface.

Day broke brightly on the 20th November, and without promise of more rain; so, filling up our water-barrels from the well, we started again on our journey. During the forenoon we fell in with a small party of Indians, who proved to be friendly. A little further on we caught a horse with numerous marks of having been pricked with lances by the Indians, no doubt to force him forward as he grew tired.

That night two of our men were missing, which caused us much uneasiness, as we feared they had been taken by the Indians. An occasional rocket was sent up to provide for the case of their merely having lost their way in the darkness. They came up the next day. As was suspected, they had lost their way on the march.

The "bolas" constitute the universal weapon of the

Gauchos of the Argentine Republic, who exhibit an expertness and accuracy of aim in the use of them that constant practice alone can give.

This implement usually consists of three balls about two inches in diameter, but frequently much smaller. Two of them are heavy, and composed of stone, or sometimes, especially in the case of small ones, of lead ; the third is about the same size, but of a lighter material than the others. Each ball is attached to the end of a piece of plaited raw hide about two yards long, the other ends of these thongs being made fast together in a knot. When about to be used, the lighter ball is held fast in the palm of the hand, which is swung round the head in a circular manner, causing the two free balls to revolve at the end of their thongs. When a sufficient velocity has been obtained, the whole weapon can be thrown to a considerable distance at the intended victim, whose legs it seldom fails to entangle — the balls winding round them in opposite directions, and tying them up securely. The "bolas" such as I have described are those usually employed for catching horned cattle and horses, or the larger kinds of wild animals, while for ostriches much smaller balls, and only two tied together instead of three, are used.

Two of the bullock-drivers fell out after arriving at our camp-ground, and handled each other pretty roughly, for which misconduct they were punished by being placed in a crouching position opposite each other at some little distance apart. Each had his wrists tied together, and a rifle inserted under his knees and above his arms, which gave him the appearance of a trussed fowl ready prepared for roasting ; in which helpless and uncomfortable plight they were left glaring at each other for a considerable time. This is a common military punishment in South America, but I had not previously seen it put in force ; and in the present instance the treatment seemed efficacious, as when released from their bonds neither party evinced any apparent desire to renew the quarrel, nor did they afterward interfere with each other.

We sighted a large party of Indians approaching us from a direction that rendered it impossible to retreat upon our main body.

My fieldglass was at once brought into requisition, and, as it left no room for doubt about the matter, it only remained for us to prepare for the attack, and to fight hard and sell our lives as dearly as we could.

When the Indians came closer we could count about 150 of them, nor could we be sure that these were all we should have to meet, it being very possible that the undulating land might conceal others from our view.

When within about a mile of us, the Indian party halted and collected in a group, apparently consulting together as to the plan of attack to be adopted.

Upon approaching the Indians, we saw that they formed a dense circle with the horses' heads all pointing toward the centre, and they were apparently in deep consultation ; but as we came closer those nearest us wheeled rapidly round and faced us.

About a hundred yards before reaching the group we halted our men, and the officer and I, taking an interpreter with us, rode slowly forward, the Indian chief on his part, accompanied by a couple of his principal followers, coming out to meet us. We saluted, and shook hands, as they held out theirs to us, evidently considering that this was the proper way to greet the white man in a friendly manner.

Mutual explanations occupied some little time, and proving satisfactory, the chief made a sign to the others, who immediately closed in, our men following their example, whereupon a complete round of hand-shaking had to be gone through, and a general bartering for the skins of wild animals began. The manner in which this was conducted was highly creditable to the character of the Indians as sharp men of business, gifted with a very fair appreciation of the value of goods they had for sale.

In the evening a messenger arrived with a dispatch from the frontier, informing us that a party of hostile Indians of Calfucura's powerful tribe were marching toward us, so that the watch was kept with redoubled vigilance.

That night our sleep was naturally not very sound, as each man lay upon his arms, expecting to be aroused from his slumbers at any moment by an attack of the enemy, but nothing of the kind occurred.

Next day, the 24th, and the following one, were intensely hot, and in the evening of the latter we encamped near a fresh-water marsh, to the south of a salt-water lake, about three miles long and one across, called the "Laguna Salalé."

To the north of the "Laguna Salalé" there was a stunted tree, the first we had seen since leaving the settlements, the country all the way having been quite clear of trees or shrubs.

Patagonian hares were very numerous in this vicinity, we having started six of them in a ride round the lake.

At dinner-time on the 26th, we were disturbed by the sentries passing the word that the Indians were approaching. All the party were soon under arms, but the alarm proved to be false, clumps of pampas-grass in the distance having been mistaken for horsemen, and we returned to our food with unimpaired appetites. The day had been close and sultry, musquitoes annoying us greatly ; but a heavy thunderstorm occurring in the night, accompanied by much rain, agreeably lowered the temperature, and put an end to the teasing activity of our insect tormentors for the time.

On the 28th a soldier reached us bringing the news of two Indian invasions, one behind and the other in front of us. The commanding officer at Fort Lavalle, about forty miles to the northward, in sending me notice of a body of between four and five hundred Indians having crossed the frontier, suggested that we should repair to the nearest fort for protection.

After a march of four or five hours, we reached Fort Media Luna, or Half Moon, so called from the shape of a lake lying near it. Like Fort Triunfo, it consisted merely of a few grass-thatched huts surrounded by a ditch and mound, not much more formidable than an ordinary fence. Our military escort took up their quarters inside the inclosure, where they joined their companions in arms, thirty-six in number, who formed the garrison of the place.

All here was stir and bustle, small detachments of men coming and going, orderlies galloping backward and forward with dispatches. It appeared that an Indian invasion on a larger scale had taken place close by, four days previously, and the "braves" were now scouring the settlement and carrying off cattle in every direction.

The confinement to our encampment for the next couple of days, nothing having been seen of the Indians near us in the meantime, proved so irksome, that some of us decided on December 2d to go down to the lake, a couple of miles distant, to shoot wild fowl, arranging with the people at the fort to recall us in the event of Indians appearing in sight. The signal was to be the firing of a gun and hoisting of our English ensign on the flagstaff.

We had scarcely been an hour at the lake, where we

XUM

were enjoying very fair sport—I had got to my own gun three wild-ducks, a flamingo (*Phœnicopterus roseus*), and six plover—when the preconcerted signal of recall was given from the fort. We lost as little time as we could in retracing our steps, watching carefully on all sides of us for our foes as we galloped back. The cause of alarm was the appearance of a body of 300 horsemen, at first taken for Indians, but proving to be soldiers coming to reinforce the garrison at Media Luna, as it was expected at headquarters that the Indians would recross the frontier close to where we were.

On the second night I was disturbed by some one groaning as if in great pain, and upon investigation found it was one of the men, who said he had been bitten by a snake while asleep. It turned out to be the bite of a tarantula or large spider, from which he soon recovered.

Here for the first time I witnessed the military punishment known as "staking out," which was inflicted upon two soldiers for some act of insubordination. Each culprit was placed flat upon the ground with his face downward, and his ankles and wrists fastened with wet thongs of raw hide to stakes driven securely in the ground, in which position he formed a rude imitation of the letter X. Accordingly as the thongs which bound him to the stakes dried they became shorter, stretching the unfortunate victim's legs and arms in a way that must have been exceedingly uncomfortable. If to this be added the extra torture inflicted by musquitoes and the innumerable other biting and stinging insects which infest the country, it must be admitted that the punishment is one of great severity, especially when continued for a considerable length of time, as it was on this occasion.

We started from Media Luna *en route* to Villa Mercedes, early on December 7th, for a small fort called "Verde."

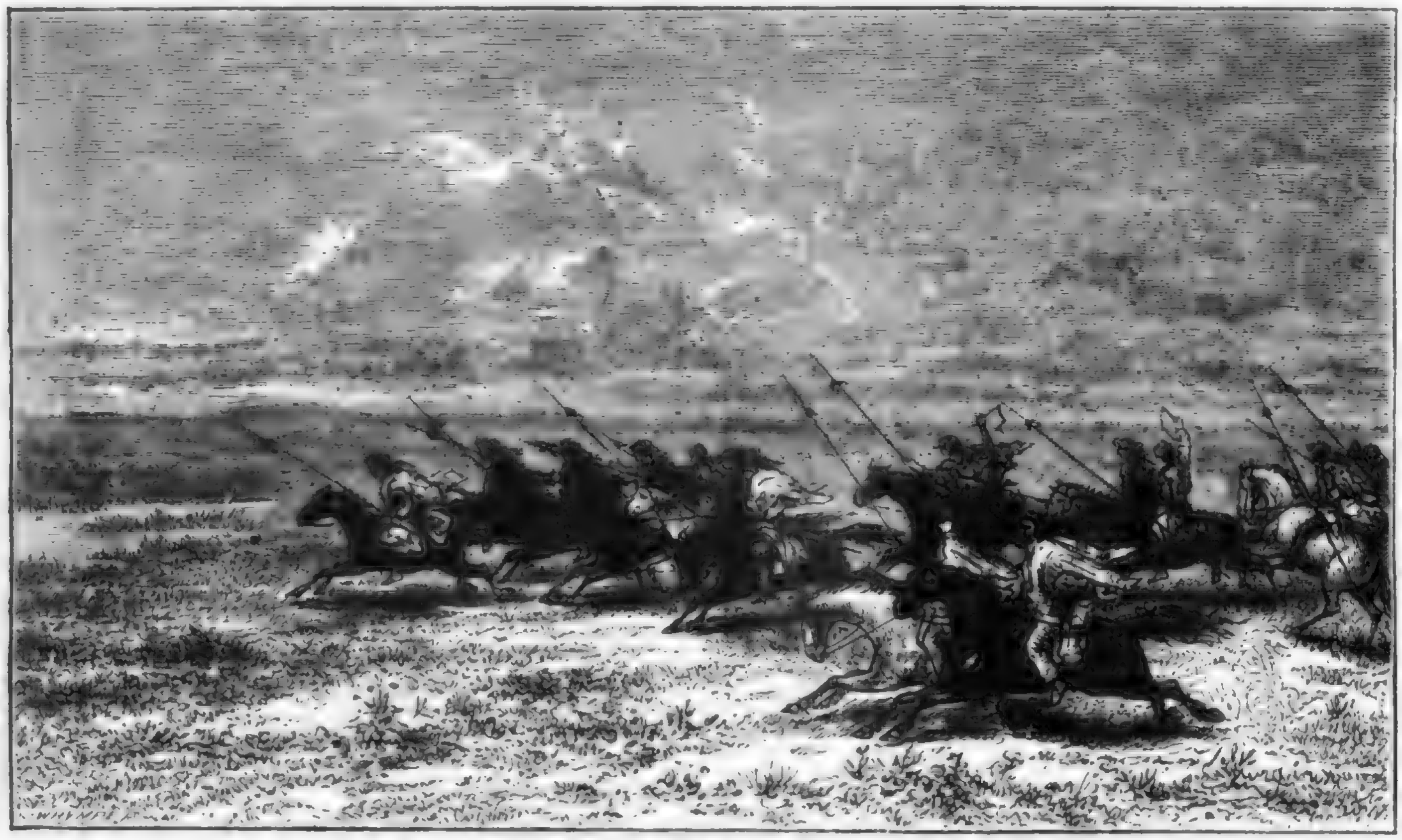
At Fort "Gainza," the colonel and other officers of the garrison entertained us at a dinner that reflected the highest credit on their foraging powers and culinary skill.

The triumph of the banquet was "carne con cuero," a large piece of beef roasted with the hide on it.

On the 11th of December we resumed our march, the colonel and his staff accompanying us for a short distance.

On the 18th of December we arrived at the swampy district known as the "Amarga," where long coarse grass, called "paja brava," covers the plain over a large area. Here the Rio Quinto loses itself in the sandy soil, to reappear not far off, under the name of the Salado, which river falls into the River Plate in the Bay of Samborombon, about sixty miles south of Buenos Ayres.

"Sarmiento" stands on the right or south bank of the Rio Quinto, and when we visited it 250 soldiers were stationed there. We crossed the Rio Quinto here, and our route now lay along its northern bank.



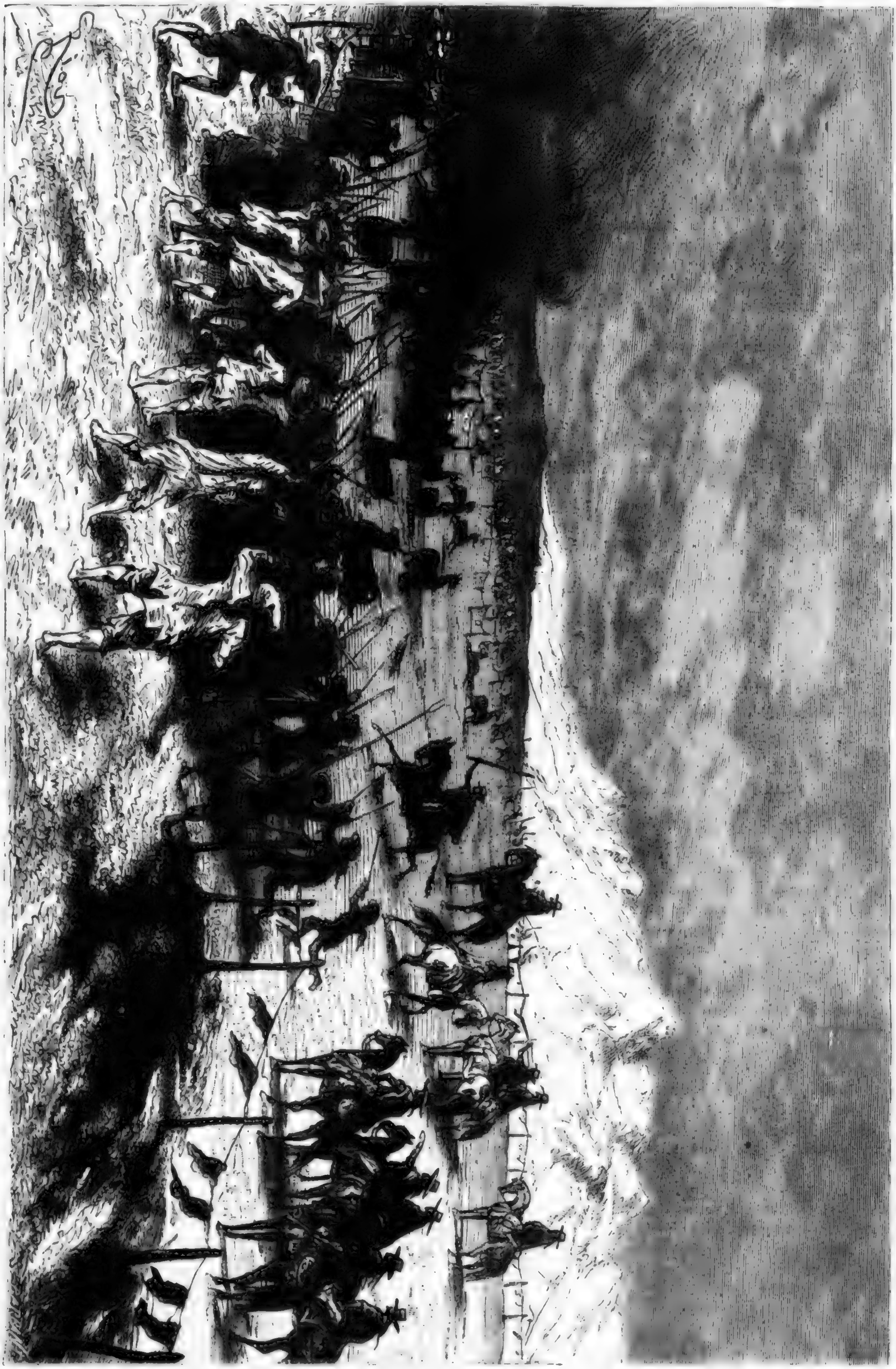
AN INDIAN HORDE CROSSING THE PAMPA TO ATTACK SETTLEMENTS.

The monotony of the route was broken by the appearance of a mountain named "El Morro," at some distance to the north, rising from the Pampas like an island in mid-ocean. This was the first mountain we had seen since starting, and it proved an object of great interest to the entire party.

We now, Christmas Day, sighted the mountains of San Luis, blue and hazy on the horizon, a considerable distance to the northwest.

Christmas Day in the southern hemisphere is very different in all respects from what it is to the inhabitants of northern latitudes, where biting frost accompanies its advent, decking the trees with sparkling icicles, and covering the ground with pure white snow. In South America these conditions are reversed, and Christmas Day is conventionally regarded as the hottest in the year.

The Villa Mercedes, also known as "Fort Constitucion" (nor are these the only names it possesses, having a less distinguished title, as the "Pass of the Fleas"), is the principal military station we met with, and the headquarters of the general commanding on the frontier. It is



A GUANACO HUNT.

XUM

situate on the north bank of the Rio Quinto, which here runs in a valley it has formed for itself, 1,270 yards wide and about fifteen feet deep, 890 yards of this width being cut still five feet deeper.

While waiting at Mercedes a tribe of friendly Indians arrived upon the opposite of the river and encamped there. They were a hardy-looking race, low of stature, but broad-shouldered and stout-framed.

Early upon January 24th we started upon our journey, and on January 27th managed to advance five miles, to a ford of the Rio Quinto, where we proposed to cross it.

On January 31st we resumed our march, but had scarcely gone three miles when the mules gave up, and it was necessary to halt in order to let them rest.

We decided to ride to San Luis, some forty miles off, and no sooner had the moon made her appearance clear above the plain at midnight than we were up again, and mounting our horses, started on a moonlight ride on the Pampas, a party of five, including the guide.

The bright rays of the morning sun showed us we were skirting a beautiful range of mountains, three miles beyond which lay San Luis.

San Luis is an old-fashioned place, laid out somewhat irregularly, an unusual circumstance in a country where the towns are almost universally built with streets crossing each other at right angles, at equi-distant intervals.

There are some moderately good houses, but the habitations generally are constructed of sun-dried bricks, and thatched with coarse grass, the roof in many cases being covered with a coating of gravelly mud.

On the outskirts there are the usual "quintas," or suburban residences, each inclosed in its own garden by walls built of large, regularly-formed blocks of dried mud or earth.

The morning after our arrival we rode out early to bathe in a running stream upon the outskirts of the town; and, as we came back refreshed, it was a pleasant sight to see the neatly-dressed women and children wending their way to church (the day was Friday), carrying with them small mats or rugs, to kneel on at their devotions, just as the Turkish women do when going to service in the mosques of Constantinople. There was, in fact, a strange resemblance to an Eastern town in this quaint old place. The women here have a habit when walking in the streets of covering their faces, all but the upper part, with one end of their shawls thrown over the shoulder in an artistic manner, combining the effects of apparent carelessness with real precision; while the fig-trees, mud-huts and walls, combined with the general air of stagnation and rank weeds which pervade the place, all tend to strengthen the Eastern illusion, and make up a picture worthy of the country of the Sultan.

The rest of our party having arrived upon Saturday, the 3d of February, and our new arrangements being completed, we started with fresh energy and confidence upon the following Monday, *en route* for Mendoza.

A salt-water river, called the "Desaguadero," forms the boundary between the provinces of San Luis and Mendoza. Spanning it stood a most extraordinary piece of engineering work, in the form of a wooden bridge, the parts of which, instead of being framed and nailed together, were only fastened by tyings of raw hide. The whole was in such a dilapidated and rickety condition that it was altogether useless for the purpose for which it was originally erected.

The soil along our route was sandy and barren. At night we slept upon the ground in the open air, our rest being sadly marred by hornets of enormous size and brilliant color.

On February 10th we started at half-past four o'clock in the morning. The weather for the last two days had been thick and foggy, but now grew clear and bright as daylight advanced, and the Andes, in all their grandeur, for the first time met our delighted gaze, inspiring us with new energy for fresh exertions, so that we traveled nearly forty miles that day.

After a tough ride we crossed the rough bed of a mountain torrent, and found ourselves in a city with the most tragic of histories.

The 20th of March, 1861, had been a sultry and oppressive day, and as the night approached the half-suffocated inhabitants of Mendoza, issuing from their houses, went in search of cooler air, or sat at their open doors to catch each breath that passed, while the more devout among them assembled in the churches to offer up their evening prayer, when, without a note of warning, a terrible destruction swept over the devoted place. The earth shook and opened in yawning chasms; foundations tottered and houses fell, burying beneath them nearly the whole of the population. In less time than it has taken to describe all was over, and from 12,000 to 15,000 people had perished in the ruins, which still exist as records of the dire calamity, and tell, with a force that words could not express, how terribly complete it was.*

Scarcely was the earthquake over, when fires broke out in different places among the *débris* of fallen houses, and raged for many days before they could be extinguished.

Fine public buildings, private dwellings that indicate comfort and convenience, gardens with their fruitful vines and fig-trees, walnut-trees and poplars, both Lombardy and Carolina, grace the public streets and walks; but above all, the pleasant promenade, more than half a mile in length, with its streams of running water flowing on both sides, beneath the canopy of shade afforded by two double rows of well-grown trees. Add to this the mountain torrent which rolls past Mendoza along its bed of rounded stones and gravel, from the mighty Cordillera, whose slopes reach almost to the city.

The people live in a state of continual apprehension, as may be seen from their using, instead of doors, heavy curtains drawn across the entrances to their bedrooms, so that upon the first alarm of an earthquake they may spring from their beds and rush into the open courtyard, with which each house is usually provided.

Fruit was very abundant and cheap. When we called at the hair-cutter's, he was unable to attend us at the moment, being engaged upon another "patient," but sent us in a decanter of Mendoza wine and a basket of grapes, wherewith to occupy ourselves while waiting for him to operate upon us with his scissors.

We visited some primitive baths about three miles distant, and afterward we went to the refreshment-house, kept by the owner of the baths, and regaled ourselves on grapes and peaches *ad libitum*, with a bottle of the beer of the country to wash them down, and a tumbler full of Mendoza wine to the coachman (there were three of us besides him); the total charge for our baths and the refreshments we had partaken of amounting to the wonderfully small sum of about thirty cents. Certainly travelers and tourists have not yet spoilt Mendoza in the matter of charges, but perhaps a wholesome dread of earthquakes has partly prevented them doing so.

A little to the northwest of Mendoza lies the Uspallata Pass of the Andes, the summit of which is about 12,795 feet above the level of the sea. It is by this route that nearly all regular communication between Chili and La Plata is kept up, it being the principal highway connecting the two countries, although there are several other passes through the Cordilleras. Near the Uspallata stands the majestic Aconcagua, whose summit, 23,910 feet high, is covered with perpetual snow, defying the sun's rays even in that hot latitude.

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* That first awful space of ten seconds sufficed for perfect ruin. Nothing was left standing, not a house, not a wall, not even a stone fence for twenty leagues about the city.

At Lujan the Andes seem to consist of three separate and parallel systems, with valleys lying between them, which at intervals find egress toward the lower country. Their slopes are rugged and broken up irregularly by rain or frost or other atmospheric causes, but nowhere are any signs of stratification visible among them.

Under such circumstances as I have described it was easy to be early risers, and we were up and stirring before the night had fairly passed away. About thirty miles south of Mendoza the scene which met our eyes was one of such magnificence and grandeur as to dispel all weariness, and fill us with wonder and amazement. There stood the Andes boldly outlined against the sky, with the mighty "Tupungato" towering like a giant above the other peaks, its snow-clad summit bathed in gold by the sun's first rays (itself not yet apparent over the horizon), while rosy clouds alternating with crimson and violet of deepest hue, brought out the lights and shades upon the rugged mountain-tops, and all below was merged in one vast sea of sombre gray, night's mantle, which the sleeping earth had not yet put aside. Each moment did the picture alter, and every change brought with it some fresh beauty not before perceived, till the sun, rising from the Pampas as from the ocean, covered the mountains with a dazzling light, in which the delicate tints and shades of color disappeared, and last of all the darkness at their base resolved itself into a thin blue cloud like smoke, which hung about them for a while, and then, too, was in turn forced to yield and vanish as the rest had done.

During the march we saw a number of condors, the great vultures of the Andes, and I shot four of them with my rifle. They were all nearly of the same size, and measured eight feet across the expanded wings.

Upon February 23d we left the small settlement around San Carlos behind us. After traveling thirty miles we came to a farmhouse, where the owner would neither give us water to drink nor sell us milk or eggs, nor even permit us to encamp near his place. This farmhouse in reality proved to be the last occupied habitation to be met with until we had crossed the borders and descended into Chili.

From San Carlos southward, the Andes appear very rugged for a length of about thirty miles; but there they throw out a slight spur toward the Pampas, and the slopes become more rounded and less steep, the main ridge turning rather westward in an opposite direction.

On February the 25th, at about three miles from our halting-place of the previous night, we came to a valley called "Curraizalito," the descent into which being very steep, was our first real experience of mountain traveling.

About twelve miles further on we reached the pass, or ford, of the "Rio Diamante," where it flows through a cutting about three hundred yards wide and from ninety to one hundred feet in depth, worked out by the action of the water through soft red sandstone rock, interspersed with beds of shale of similar material, and overlain by gravel.

Passing upward, we continued marching, and encamped at a height of about 3,000 feet above the sea.

On the morning of the 27th we climbed to the top of a neighboring height to see the sun rise above the Pampas. At first the view was very indistinct. To the left stood the isolated Cerrito Diamante, still shrouded in the gloom of night, while dimly visible on the southeastern horizon was the outline of the Cerro Nevado, darkness lingering over the intervening plain; but as the sun rose the scene was changed as by some fairy's magic wand, and all that before was dark and indistinct became clear and glowing in the morning light, disclosing a panorama of great beauty.

At a distance of thirty miles south of the River Diamante our route passed by a natural object of considerable interest—a stream, or rather rill, of yellowish-white fluid like petroleum, issuing from the mountain-side at a considerable height, and trickling down the slope till lost in the porous soil of the valley below.

On March 3d, after an excessively cold night, we started on the march to the junction of the Rio Grande and the Tordillo. At first we had a good deal of climbing by a rugged path, but gradually reached the watershed at a level of 9,200 feet above the sea, meeting, as we went along numbers of guanacos on the mountain-sides. Below us, apparently at our very feet, lay the very appropriately named "Valle Hermoso" (or Lovely Valley), some ten miles long and two or three in width, flanked upon either side by lofty mountains. The Andes, rich in scenery of greatest grandeur, possess no lovelier spot than this secluded vale, where Nature's charms are spread unstintingly on every side.

We passed through the gorge of the Rio Tordillo—a rapid river, subject to considerable floods—to its junction with the Rio Grande, a distance of some nine or ten miles, sending the others round by a more circuitous but safer route.

On the Rio Grande I launched a portable india-rubber boat, and paddled about in it to the surprise and admiration of some of the natives of our party.

Our guide for the mountain pass considering that a fall of snow was imminent, and that it would be most unsafe to put off crossing the summit any later than March 15th, we were obliged to leave on the previous day.

The peaks of the Andes were all clad with snow, and the weather was cold and threatening. Having got everything ready and the pack-mules loaded up, we started for the summit by way of the head of the Rio Grande, and for a couple of miles along the Rio Valenzuela, which we forded, and thence by the Valley of Las Cuevas, hoping, by crossing a pass some 12,000 feet high, to shorten our route into Chili considerably; but, before we reached within 1,000 feet of the top, one of our party became so ill from difficulty of breathing that he could go no higher. We were, therefore, obliged to desist from the attempt to cross by that pass, and then turned to attempt the ascent toward the lower summit of the Planchon, by the more gradual rise of the Valleys of the Valenzuela, Azufre, and Ciegos, which succeed each other in the order in which they are here given.

On arriving at the Azufre, the valley was more open and its ascent easier. The surface of the ground was covered with volcanic scoriæ and pumice-stone.

When the Ciegos was reached, it was evident that we were approaching the summit, and we knew that we had passed the watershed of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in that unimportant little piece of greensward just behind us. The ground where we stood was exactly 8,225 feet above the sea-level (as shown by our surveys), a comparatively low pass for such a chain of mountains as the Andes, in that latitude, although further south the summit gets still lower.

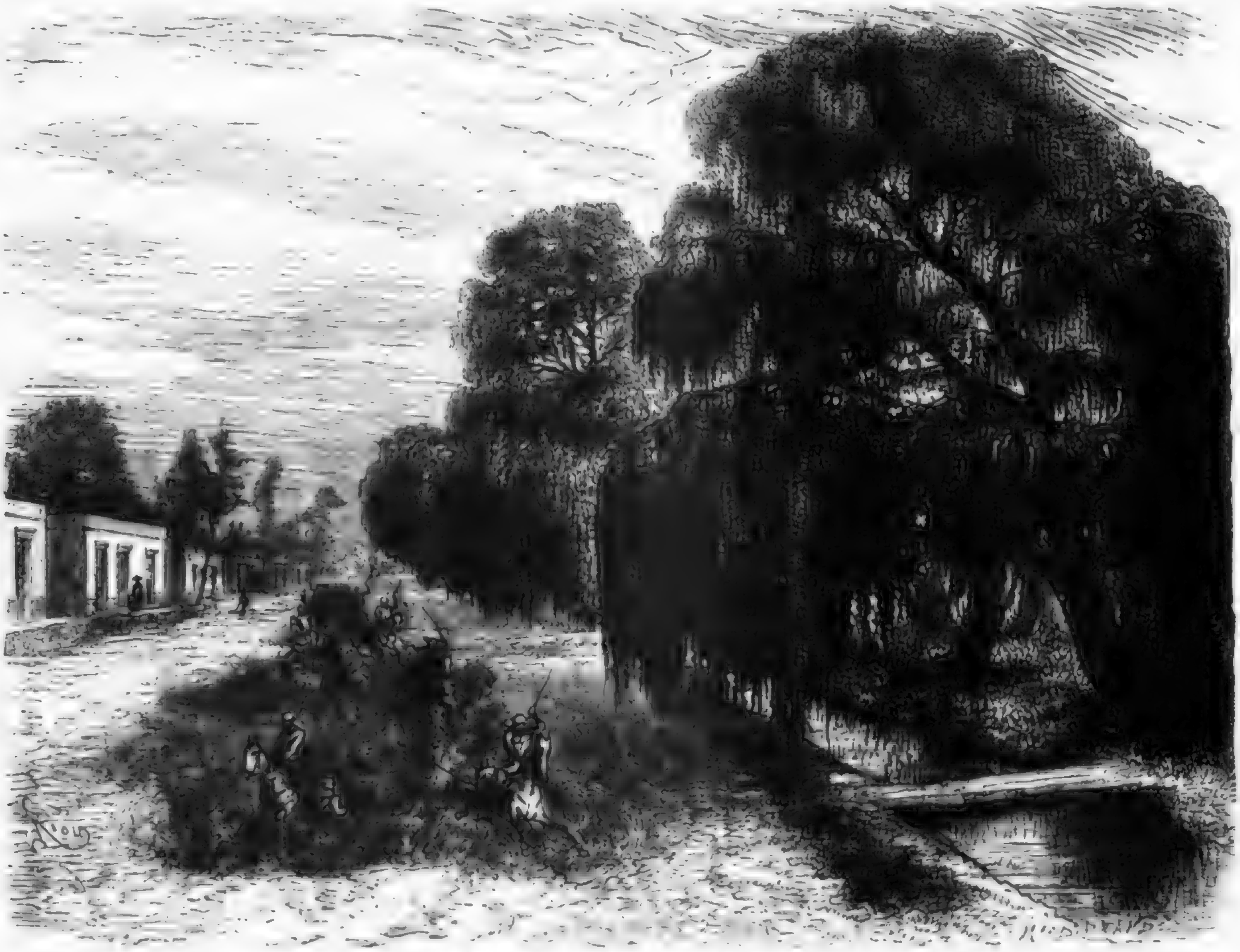
To the left (turning westward), and at no great distance from us, lay the famous volcano Peteroa, but so

XUM

much obscured by the intervening peaks, that its position could only be made out by the column of smoke or clouds (we could not tell which) that hung around its crater. On all sides its colossal brethren looked down upon us in gloomy state, from their position as guardians of the frontier line between Chili and La Plata.

Taking one last view behind us, to the east, we prepared for our descent, and following the running water, soon found ourselves scrambling down the mountain-sides, which are here much steeper than on their eastern slopes; and after having reached Las Toscas, three miles and more below the summit, we encamped there near some silver-mines.

Shortly after entering the valley of the "Teno," trees began to appear, and increased in numbers as we got lower. Many of them were covered with a profusion of crimson flowers.



A PAMPA COACH ENTERING A TOWN.

We proceeded through gloriously beautiful scenery till we reached a place called "Cypressus," so named from the cypress-trees in its vicinity, where we encamped, after a march of about twelve miles that day.

It was the highest human habitation we had met with in the Andes, not taking into consideration the mining colonies at "Las Toscas." We were here informed that this was the greatest elevation at which domestic fowls would live and thrive.

On March 20th we started for Curico, a station on the Southern Railway of Chili, some twenty-two miles off, and 116 miles to the south of Santiago, the capital of the country.

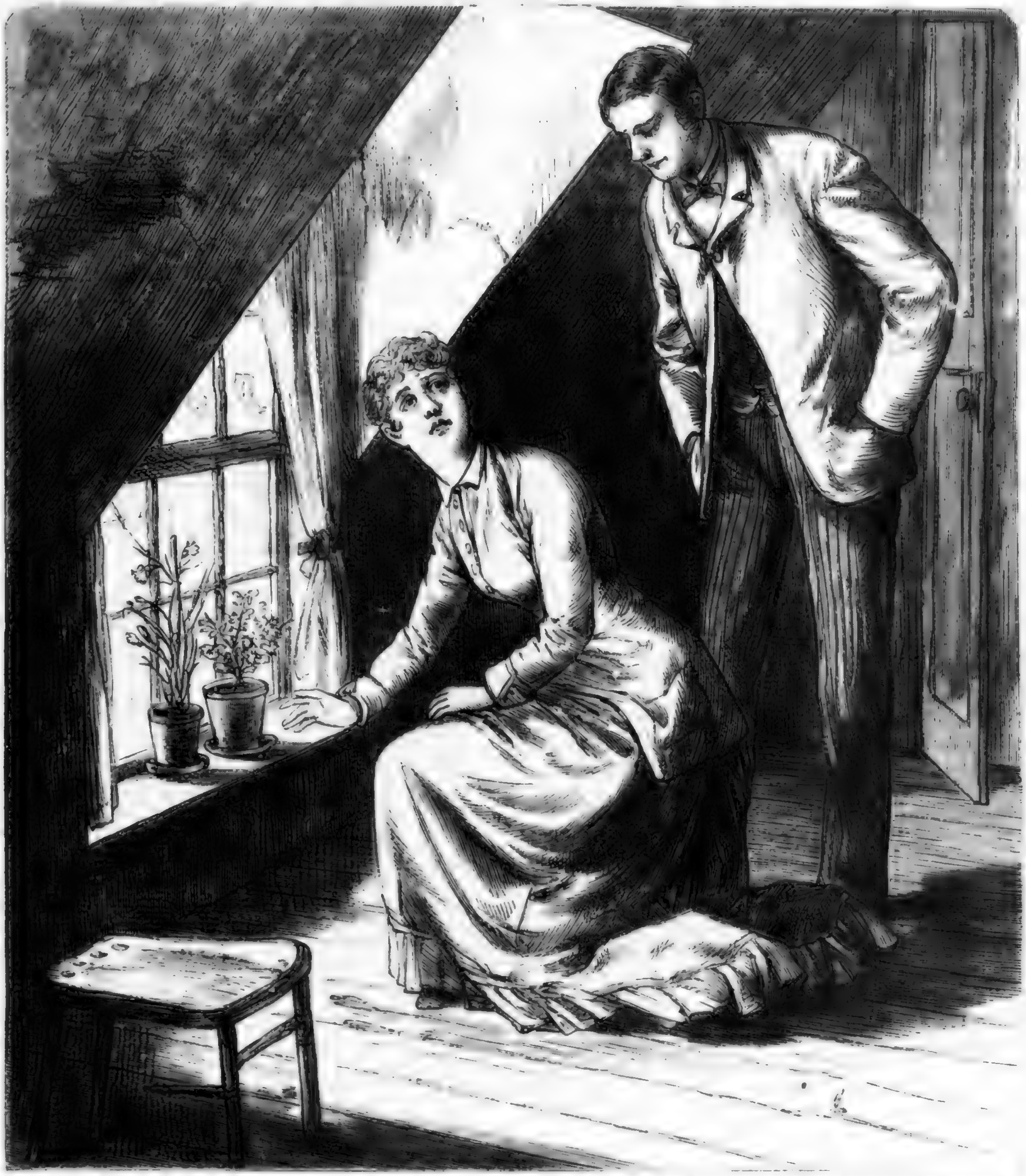
As we approached the central valley of Chili, which lies between the Andes and another chain of mountains of lesser elevation running parallel with them and nearer to the line of coast, we were much impressed with the general appearance of prosperity opening out before us with every step. Irrigation-works of considerable magnitude show the extent to which agriculture has advanced, and other signs of civilization surrounding the homesteads of the inhabitants, no less than their habits and customs, all speak of a quiet and prosperous population, deserving of the credit and reputation they enjoy abroad.

After a short stay at Curico, we proceeded by rail as far as Gultro, and thence by carriage to the baths of Cauquenes, a lovely and retired spot twenty miles distant among the mountains, where a comfortable hotel, kept by a German proprietor, attracts many visitors.

It was no small luxury, after five months of camping-out upon the Pampas and among the Andes, undergoing countless hardships and privations, to find ourselves once more in a well-appointed hotel, surrounded by the comforts and conveniences of civilized life, and with an obliging host ready to minister to all our wants.

Never, I will venture to say, did visitors to Cauquenes take a greater number of baths within the short space of thirty-six hours—which was all that was at our disposal to spend there—or more reluctantly leave this temporary resting-place, than we did.

On the evening of March 25th we arrived at Santiago de Chili, a city with a rapid-flowing river from the mountains; of 120,000 to 130,000 inhabitants; standing at the foot of the Andes at a height of 1,800 feet above the sea; in a position which, for grandeur and the magnificence of its surroundings, can scarcely be surpassed.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—"'GOOD-MORNING,' SHE SAID, BRIGHTLY; 'I AM GOING TO PUT THESE IN THIS WINDOW, BETWEEN YOUR ROOM AND MINE, IF YOU DON'T MIND.'"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Chapter I.

'Blasé?"—"I!" "In love, then?"—"That's likely." "Can't be in debt?"—"Don't be an idiot!"

Profound silence. Vigorous puffing of two cigars, some inarticulate sounds like grunts, and Will Craige returned to the attack: "Must be dyspepsia."

"What good are you doing, fishing for a motive, when I have already given you the true one?"

This, from James Waterman, after another long silence: "And you expect me to believe you are going to drop society, flattery and flummery, and live in Mulberry Court from pure philanthropy? You ask too much!"

"I wonder, now you put it in that way, if it is pure philanthropy? I have a taste for solitude. Remarkable, isn't it, in a man of my attractions?"

There was a short, bitter laugh in the tone, and, as he spoke, James Waterman sauntered across the room and stood before a full-length mirror.

"Caliban!" he said, mockingly; "Richard III.! Why don't you tell me, Will, what a loss society will sustain when this symmetrical figure no longer limps into its drawing-rooms? Mark how becomingly one shoulder droops while the other rears itself defiantly some three inches higher. See how gracefully one hip protrudes and the other shrinks in."

XUM

"Jim, old fellow, for heaven's sake, stop !"

"Such an Adonis ! Why was I cursed with deformity and wealth ? As a poor man, I might have had some employment—some interest in life. How I have sought it ! I, who never knew love. My mother's eyes were ever full of grief, resting on me ; my father shuddered when he looked at me. Little graves hid beautiful, well-formed children, while I—I lived on, a monster. Then I was orphaned. In my grand house there is not one to love me, and my dearest friend there is the paid housekeeper. Lonely, desperate, I tried study. Dry husks when I pined for living fruit. I tried society. Froth, where I craved wine."

"Now you will try philanthropy, and find ingratitude, fraud, dishonesty."

"It may be so, but I mean to try. There is scarcely a day when I am not besieged with letters from my tenants in Mulberry Court, and my agent tells me to pay no heed to the most pitiful appeals. Call me a fool, if you will, but I cannot help feeling in some measure responsible for these people."

"Stuff and nonsense ! Don't gush, Jim !"

"I am not gushing, but I mean to carry out my plans. I am supposed to sail for Europe by next Saturday's steamer. I go on Saturday to No. 5 Mulberry Court, to live amongst poor men and women as a poor man lives, and see if I can get some insight into the true life of my tenants. If my wealth can keep them, what better can I do with it, remembering that my father made it out of just such property ? All else of this character he sold before he died, and you know the grandeur of Grove Hall. But Mulberry Court is a blister on my conscience."

"Why don't you marry, and find uses for your money in family expenses ?"

"I marry !—whom ? A fashionable belle who would take my deformed self in consideration of the diamonds I could purchase to adorn her beauty ? Marry ! I think, Will, that is the last experiment I shall make. No, I'll try suicide for a diversion before I will matrimony."

A knock at the door.

"Carriage, sir !" said a servant, and the friends, donning hats and throwing light overcoats over their arms, sauntered across the entry of the fashionable hotel where they were idling a few Summer weeks, and entered the carriage for a drive on the beach.

"Flattery and flummery," it might have been that greeted James Waterman wherever he moved in society's circle, but surely that young millionaire could not complain of neglect. Matrons smiled, sweetly, upon him, as they accompanied blushing girls in the drive or promenade ; fair women gave him cordial greeting, and gentlemen welcomed him in their midst. Wealth opened every door, and the golden key unlocked all hearts.

Yet he was sick of it all, weary of fawning he could fathom, and distrustful even where his brilliant intellect and noble traits had won for him sincere affection. One man only, William Craige, his life-long friend, he fully loved and trusted, and to him alone he confided his romantic scheme. This was nothing less than a masquerade in Mulberry Court, where he owned a row of tall, crowded tenement-houses. As one of themselves, he meant to possess some knowledge of the very poor, and make his wealth a source of active benevolence.

Morbidly conscious of his own deformity, he exaggerated its repulsiveness, and was sure no woman could give him true love. Without that, marriage would be a curse to his sensitive nature, and he had reconciled himself to a solitary life, and the prospect of leaving his wealth in charity.

If he was romantic, he was at least sincere, and he donned his coarse clothing a week later, and followed his shabby trunk to No. 5 Mulberry Court with a heart overflowing with benevolent intentions.

He had hired an attic room, and his first shock was in discovering that the stairs were a torture, and the vile smells a sickening torment.

"How can people live here, year after year ?" he thought, plodding wearily on, carefully avoiding sprawling, dirty children and overflowing garbage-pails on the landings.

He had thought the street a horror, with its ash-barrels, decaying vegetables, pools of loathsome, stagnant water and filth of every description, but indoors the close air multiplied and intensified every revolting smell, sight and sound.

"If Will were here," he thought, sinking into the first chair his uninviting room offered, "I could tell him it was not a question of ingratitude and fraud, but of lungs and stomach."

An open window, five minutes' rest, and he was prying into his new possessions with all the curiosity of a child examining a new toy.

A bureau with four drawers and one knob on duty ; a washstand with four legs, composed of two original wooden ones, a brick and four old magazines ; a mirror with four cracks, and seven places where the quicksilver had been rubbed off ; a closet, out of which a big gray rat skirmished across the room and down the staircase ; a bed—James Waterman did almost falter when he looked at the filthy state of that article of furniture.

"Poverty, I can face. Dirt, I can't and won't !"

Down the dreary staircase again he crawled, after this thought, hunted up the landlady, arranged to have the room emptied and cleaned, and agreed to send in new furniture. It was of the cheapest description, but it was new and clean, and he took a boy's enjoyment out of the selection of cooking utensils and tableware.

"Luckily, there are restaurants when I spoil the food," he thought, as he made his last trip for that day up the narrow stairway, with a basket of most uninviting provisions.

Seeking all his twenty-seven years of life for some employment to interest him, the millionaire's son had dabbled in the mechanical arts, so that when he gave his "trade" to the landlady as an engraver, he had sufficient knowledge of the work to keep up appearances.

But his time was spent in passing from house to house, picking up opportunities to form acquaintance with the inmates. He did not know the freemasonry of poverty, but he won his way by his gentle manner, and his slow but clear tones. Straight to each mother's heart he found the way, by an intense love of children.

Little they heeded the crooked figure, the emaciated hands and hollow cheeks, when James Waterman's soft, brown eyes looked kindly upon them, or his rare, radiant smile lighted up the pale face. Fearful of self-betrayal, he did not act as his heart dictated in lavishing all money could buy upon the puny little creatures around him, but he cut the most amazing cats and dogs upon paper, made crickets out of old spools, and told thrilling fairy stories to the little ones.

Then, if Mr. Waterman would share their frugal supper, who so proud as the parents of these children ? But there was a reverse side of the picture, and more than one victim of drunken brutality was rescued from unnatural parents and placed in public asylums for such friendless waifs. Resolved to investigate fairly, he was slow to bestow alms, but many a mysterious banknote found its way where the rent was overdue, or where sickness held industrious fingers in its paralyzing grasp. Little imagined the recipients of such bounty from what source the gift had come.

CHAPTER II.

CLICK, click, click! Surely a sewing-machine, and presently a clear, girlish voice, singing, "My love he is a sailor lad."

James Waterman rubbed his eyes, sat up in bed and listened. Yes, there was no mistake. The voice came from the room upon the other side of the landing, that had been vacant since he came. A girl and a sewing-machine. Little prospect of morning naps if she sang every morning and had the whirr and click for an accompaniment. But our hero smiled benevolently. Here was a new acquaintance to be made, perhaps a new avenue of kindness opened.

"She can't be very unhappy," he thought, as he slowly dressed himself, "when she sings at her work. Ugh! it is getting cold. I shall have to keep my fire in at night."

Once dressed, he took up a basket to make his purchases of provisions for the day, and opened his door. Just at the moment the opposite door opened, and out came a girl with large baby-blue eyes and fluffy, golden curls, who blushed modestly, dropped a half-courtesy and ran lightly down-stairs, carrying a basket, too. She wore a dress of cheap print, a coarse woolen sack, and a cheap felt bonnet, but her beauty bore the sharp test well. She seemed to James Waterman a beautiful child, in the glimpse he caught of her, and he followed her slowly, reaching the provision-store at the corner while she was still making her purchases.

He put his basket down and stood aside, half amused, half pitiful, as she priced one article after another, and put down again what was probably beyond the reach of her slender purse. A few cheap provisions were at last stowed away in her basket, and the storekeeper turned to James Waterman.

His selection and purchases occupied but a few moments, and when he reached the door of No. 5 his new neighbor was chatting with the landlady. She looked up as he came near, and acknowledged the landlady's introduction by a smile and a bow. He would not stop to chat. What business was it of his, he asked himself, angrily, with whom she talked? And yet he shrank from seeing her with the loud-tongued, vulgar woman who rented No. 5. She was so young, so fair, like some pure flower dropped in the foul court.

Half way up the staircase he paused a moment to rest. A soft hand fell upon the one in which he held the basket, a low, clear voice said, "Please let me carry it for you!" and before he could remonstrate his neighbor was already nearly to the attic floor, lightly carrying his load as well as her own. She was in her own room when he took up the basket she had left at his door, and he saw her no more that day.

But while he bent over his pretense of work, while he performed his housemaid and cooking duties, he found himself listening for the clear, penetrating voice that sang to the click, click of the busy machine. It was like a new book to him, this happy voice and the recollection of the lovely, child-like face.

Fashionable girls, with cultivated voices raised in operatic music, he had heard in plenty; coarse, vulgar women; whining women; gentle housemothers, overburdened and uneducated, had been his neighbors since he was an inmate of Mulberry Court. But this girl, so young, so pretty, living alone in a dreary attic, her own innocence her protection, stirred the very depths of his heart with tender pity. It had become habitual with him to think, "What can I do for her?" whenever he met a new face, or heard a new voice, but here he was baffled at the outset. A girl who sang over her work, as a robin sings in the woods, was not miserable, and it was with misery he came to deal at Mulberry Court.

The next day he met her on the landing with two tiny pots of flowers.

"Good-morning!" she said, brightly; "I am going to put these in this window, between your room and mine, if you don't mind. See, I have washed the window and made a muslin curtain. There!" depositing her flowers, "isn't that pretty? I think this landing is so nice, so broad, like a room. If there was a stove here I would like to sit here when I am not running the machine. Oh, do I disturb you?"

"Not in the least."

"Because I could get to work a little later, only"—and the pretty head drooped—"I should have to work then in the evening, and that is the only time I have to read."

"I assure you you do not disturb me."

"Machine-work does not pay very well unless one can do a great deal. But I can," with a clear, joyous laugh; "and just now I have such a splendid lot of work."

All this time she had been talking she had been busy at the window, draping the cheap muslin curtain to let the sunlight in on her flowers, and putting her head on one side and the other to study the effect.

"Now I must go," she said, presently. "You are sure I do not disturb you?"

"Quite sure."

She made a little gesture of farewell, and entered her own room again, while James Waterman limped down the stairs. All day he was busy with his agent and tenants. There was a threat of fever in Mulberry Court, and certain sanitary reforms were in progress in which the landlord was deeply interested, but over which Mr. Stapler, the agent, shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the use of it all," he asked, "when the garbage stands a week on the landings, and is knee-deep in the street?"

"The street will be cleaned at regular intervals."

"Very good, sir, but the houses won't. You have got to make the tenants act with you, and they will never do it."

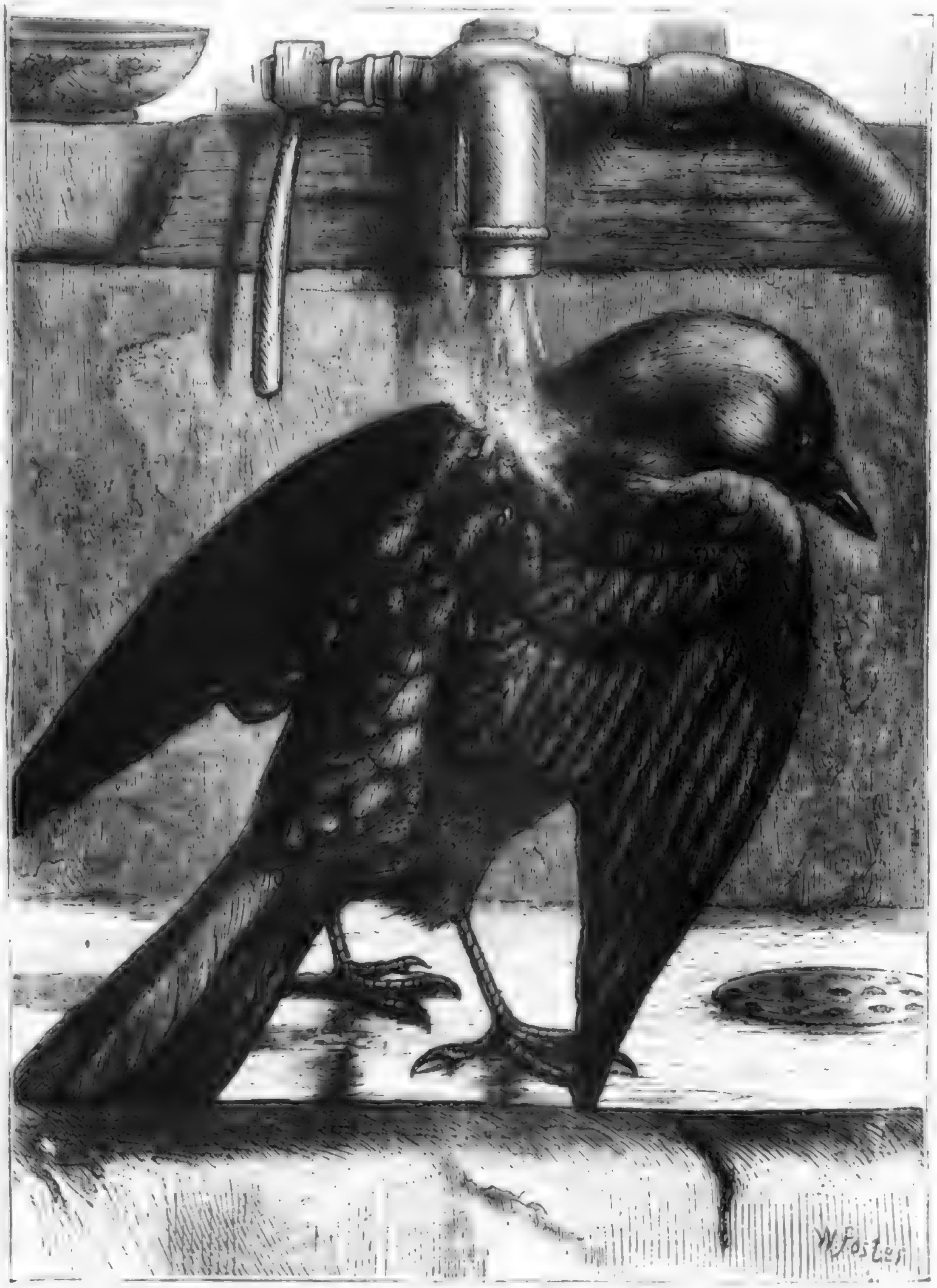
"We will do the best we can, then."

Many matters occupying his time, James Waterman dined at a restaurant, and did not return home until nearly dusk. He found his new tenant on the broad landing in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her pretty white hands, "is not this delicious! The agent was in this morning, and he says the walls are damp, and he has put a stove on this landing and a coal-box. We are to keep up a good fire. Won't I? And when I told him I meant to sit here, he sent in these two big soft rugs and that table."

Her delight was contagious, and James Waterman joined her heartily in the effort to make this joint sitting-room delightful. He had ordered a few flowers, he said, and they came while he spoke of them; rare roses in great bushes, delicate hothouse treasures whose value, he trusted, she would not guess. Arranging these, finding a cover for the table, bringing out two chairs, lighting James Waterman's student-lamp, putting out a few books to "make it homelike," made the evening speed by.

He found out that his neighbor's name was Irene Smith, that her mother lived in the country with three more daughters, and that this one, weary of poverty at home, had resolved to try her fortune in the city. Confidences were so natural with James Waterman, that all this guileless talk was only natural to his ears. His infirmity seemed like old age; to set him, as it were, apart from other men, and he smiled at the reverential way in which this pretty child seemed to regard him. There was no such shyness as his age and sex made natural, but just the dash of pretty timidity children give to adults, and young people to advanced years. And the young man's own gravity and reserve, at first encouraging this state of affairs, gradually melted away before the frank brightness of his companion.



THE JACKDAW'S BATH.—SEE PAGE 294.

When had he laughed before? he wondered, as he started at the sound of his own merriment over some of the "fixings."

"What would Mrs. Grundy say?" he muttered, as he assisted in arranging the window-garden.

"Who is she?" Irene asked. "One of the women down-stairs?"

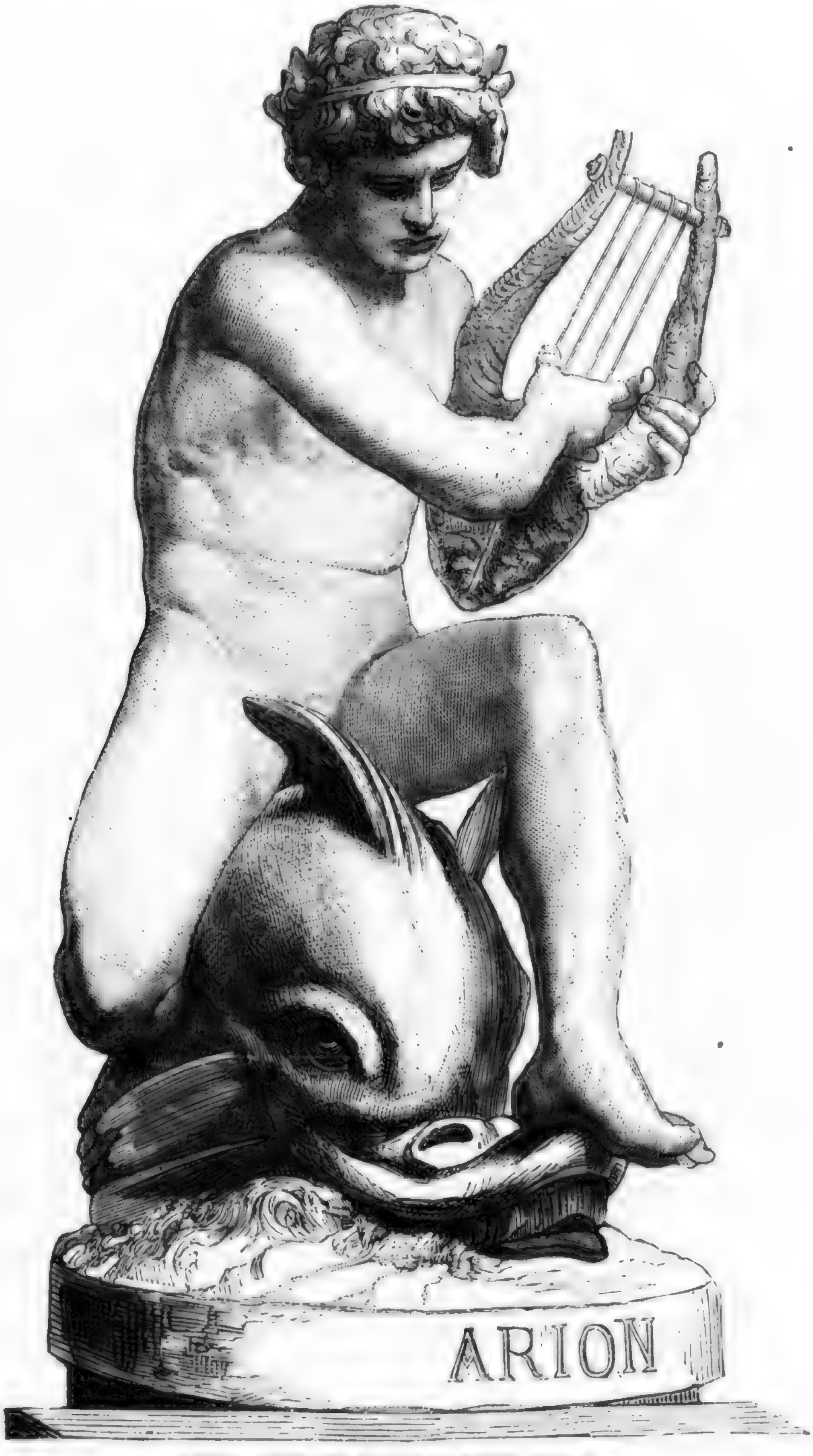
And he was delighted. A girl who had never heard of Mrs. Grundy was a novelty, indeed.

Each day found him more in his own room, listening to the sweet singing voice, the light footsteps, and the evenings were spent together on the landing, that was a comfortable sitting-room. Here James Waterman read aloud, while Irene worked busily at basting for her machine, or making pretty fancywork for a store, where, she gleefully informed him, they took all she offered them.

"It does not pay for steady work, because the materials are all expensive," she said, "but it helps out on clothes. Now, this," holding up a combination of satin and basket work, "will buy me a pair of boots, and you see I need them," thrusting out a little foot whose shoe certainly showed marks of long wear.

Often she brought out, shyly, some dainty of food of her own making, and asked his opinion of her skill as a cook. And never did James Waterman taste such delicious fare. He knew, all too soon, that he loved her, and there was absolute torture in the thought. Never would he link that bright young life with his deformity.

Yet, as the long Winter wore away, the torture died slowly, and a faint hope stirred in his heart. Surely, surely, he was winning his way to this poor child's affections—so frankly given, so sweetly betrayed. It was not at first, he dared to think, she gave him any other love than gentle pity would suggest. Her sole idea seemed to be to help him; to save his weakness from over-exertion. Now a soft cushion was on his chair, then a footstool was under his feet; little offers of service were timidly proffered to save him from toilsome journeying over the stairs. Sometimes when he came in, weary from his day's duties, he found in his room a freshness and sweetness that told of a woman's thorough cleansing, although



ARION.—FROM THE STATUE BY ERNEST HOILLE.

XUM

nothing seemed to have been stirred. His fire was always bright, too, let him come in when he would.

But over all this came a change. The frank, blue eyes drooped under his gaze, and the color flushed brightly in the round cheeks. Sometimes when he read poetry he would look up unexpectedly, and meet Irene's eyes fixed on his face with what seemed a heart's love in them. They drooped quickly when detected, and soon an excuse for escaping to her own room proved her pretty shame at her betrayal of her secret. She no longer sang at her work, but moved about dreamily, often sighing, as if troubled by the weight of her thoughts.

Love was quick to interpret the change in its own way, and after some hesitation. James Waterman resolved to ask Irene to be his wife. Surely if true love existed hers would be true. Crippled, deformed and poor, he had sought her, and yet it was delicious to think of what he would give her. Not all at once. The life in the attic had its charms. But by degrees he would win her to aid him in his benevolent schemes, to share his self-imposed duties until she became accustomed to the idea of wealth.

"King Cophetua," he thought, "might find the beggar-maid fit to adorn a palace, but my violet must have time to turn into a butterfly."

Yet his fancy would picture her in shining satin and heavy silk, jewels flashing on her round, white arms, and at her slender throat. How beautiful she would be in evening-dress!—such as he had seen upon a hundred women far less fair. Society would be endurable with this pretty child to accompany him into its circles.

"Even if they call us Beauty and the Beast!" he thought, bitterly. "And how she will enjoy it!—she who enjoys all the small pleasures of her hard life so keenly."

It was early Spring when he ventured to write to her.

"I could not bear to see her shrink away in horror!" he thought, "so I think I will let her get over the first shock before she sees me."

For, even yet he could not quite conquer his morbid distrust of his own power to win affection. She gave him her friendship freely, and never once had her eyes seemed to see his deformity; but to be his wife, to give her young life into his keeping, was much to ask, and he trembled at his own audacity. Upon his table he found an answer, after a day of suspense. She wrote:

> "If you think a little ignorant girl, as I am, can make you happy, I will be your wife. I love you with all my heart. Remember, if you are disappointed in me, those words are true—I love you with all my heart! IRENE."

There was nothing to delay the wedding, then. She loved him. When he held her clasped in their first embrace, when he tenderly kissed her lips, her blue eyes, misty with happy tears, looked into his face, filled with love and trust.

"You are happy?" he whispered, and she only nestled her golden head upon his breast, with a sigh of utter content.

"When will you marry me?"

"When you will?"

"To-morrow."

"Yes."

She answered his rap upon her door at the hour they appointed the next day. In a dress of sheer white muslin, a hat with a few white flowers, and soft lace at her throat, she was as pretty a bride as ever the sun shone upon.

The church was almost deserted as the minister read the service that bound James Waterman to his bride, and afterward there was a quiet dinner at a restaurant.

But when that was over, Mrs. Waterman, who had lingered until the room was occupied only by herself and her husband, lifted her blue eyes to his face, and said, languidly:

"Don't you think we had better drive at once to Grove Hall, dear? If you are half as sick of masquerading as I am, you will be glad to leave Mulberry Court."

He could only stare at her, in stunned amazement.

"I haven't told you any stories," she said, half pouting. "I am, truly, Irene Smith. You know mamma, I am sure—Mrs. Hamilton Smith. And the girls, my sisters. They all had their chance to capture you while I was in the schoolroom. You see, we were all at Cape May last year, but I was not "out." I was on the porch when you confided your plans to your friend, and I thought it was such a pity for you to let your whole life drift away, as you proposed. James, dear James, won't you believe one thing? I am a wicked little wretch, and I have deceived you, but I do love you with all my heart!"

It was bitter. Long months passed before the bitterness wore away, but at last he believed it. If his money tempted her at first, his own tender heart won her at last, and he gave her fully confidence for love. And society never quite understands a certain glance Mr. and Mrs. James Waterman exchange whenever the conversation turns upon private theatricals.

THE JACKDAW'S BATH.

MR. WILLIAM FOSTER, of Witley, Surrey, England, writes: "A jackdaw which belonged to my friends the Bruces was very fond of its bath, and it soon got to be clever enough to take one for itself whenever it wished it; for it learned to pull down a tap in the sink, and stood underneath when the water began to run, shaking itself out and thoroughly enjoying itself. I'm afraid it wasn't clever enough to turn off the water when it had done, but perhaps it might have been taught to do this with a little trouble, for jackdaws learn quickly."

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.

A RECENT number of the *English Mechanic* records the completion of what is said to be the largest organ in the world. It was built by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, and has just been placed in the Cathedral Church of Riga. This colossal instrument measures thirty-six feet in width, thirty-two feet from back to front, and is sixty-five feet high. It contains no less than 6,826 pipes, distributed amongst 124 sounding-stops. Most of the pipes are constructed of metal, but many are of wood, especially the larger ones. They are of all shapes and sizes, from the giant tube of thirty-two feet down to the tiny whistle of only an inch. Almost every variety of tone and pitch can be produced by this "king of instruments"; the trumpet and the trombone, the fiddle and the flute, and many other instruments, are all represented. Human power is not called upon to supply the capacious lungs of this musical giant, the bellows-feeders being worked by means of a water-engine of four-horse power. In glancing over the list of stops, some fine-sounding names occur, and if the sounds which they yield are as beautiful as their names would suggest, it will be readily admitted that the instrument is capable of producing heavenly music. Among such names are: *Vox Angelica, Harmonia*

Ætheria, *Voix celeste*, etc. It is open to question, however, whether the above is really the largest organ in the world, and it certainly is not if we take the total number of pipes as a standard of comparison. The Albert Hall organ contains 7,428 pipes and 111 stops, not to mention the Roosevelt organ in Garden City, with 7,031 pipes and 115 sounding-stops; and perhaps one or two others might be mentioned as containing more pipes, though fewer stops.

A REVERIE.

BY MRS. DENISON.

CAN any one tell
What are the real thoughts of a belle?
Of a real belle of the beauty kind,
Who has some sort of a thinking mind,
And whether at concert, ball or church,
Never leaves bellehood in the lurch?

I wonder if I
Could tell something like it, if I should try?
Putting myself in the beauty's place,
Conscious of every sort of grace—
Conscious of "Worth"—I mean my dress,
And people talking and ogling, no less.

I think I might;
The place is the opera, any night,
A box—for the belle has a rich papa,
Who goes with his daughter to see the star.
She comes! there's a stir—for they know her well—
To catch a glimpse of the reigning belle.

Now how shall I sit,
So that Colonel Fitz Noodle, that charming wit,
Can see and admire my graceful pose,
And the clear, straight line of my Grecian nose?
Ah, now I have it! with hand on chin
Not to show this bracelet would be a sin.

Yonder I see
That Charley Lincoln, staring at me.
I'll look pathetic, so they may say,
I wonder what sorrows she's had to-day?
I'll sigh once or twice, and look anxious and sad,
Then at sight of—Charley, quite bright and glad.

There's dear Tom McCrae!
He hasn't once looked over this way;
He's taken with that little shameless flirt
In the lavender waist and the *gros-grain* skirt.
I'd like to tell him that dress came down
From the Ark, 'twas her grandmother's wedding gown.

Now I'll fold my arms,
And seem unconscious of all my charms;
I know there are dozens dying for me,
But not one will I pretend to see;
There's old McGinnis, with millions, they say—
I wish he was handsome, like Tom McCrae.

Heigho! we belles
Are always sought by fops and swells;
I wish I was something I never am
Just candid and honest, and not a sham;
Nor always wondering nights and days
What this one thinks, and what that one says.

But it isn't for me—
The "tender and true" that a girl should be—
I'm used to the other, to routs and balls
And lovers, and plenty of rides and calls;
I go for millions!—she, over the way,
Will marry my glorious Tom McCrae.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

CHAMOUNI.

BY FREDERICK DANIEL.

ONLY a little village, but in one respect Chamouni is like Rome—all roads lead to it: at Rome, man's wonders; at Chamouni, nature's wonders. People from all parts flock to the village, in order to inspect and explore its matchless surroundings. Our own vast throng of Summer tourists who go to Europe in the "swift-footed," six-day steamers, *Oregons* and *Alaskas*, have Chamouni either booked in advance on their list, or take it in on knocking around the Continent in search of the correct thing to do. Indeed, few travelers of any nationality put foot on Switzerland without the ulterior object of a visit to Chamouni as the crowning point of their journey. Americans, English, Germans, Russians, French, and Italians, congregate there in the season, lasting from June to October, though it is most fashionable in the dog-days, because then it is one of the coolest of spots, and as charming as cool. The only country which the French visit to any great extent is Switzerland. In July and August, when the boulevards are hot and barren, even unto insipidity, the Parisian shakes himself and says: "Let us take a turn in Switzerland, and see Chamouni," and he goes in peculiar attire and with numerous country equipments. He enjoys himself to the utmost, too, for although as a rule his countrymen are rarely travelers, whenever he does travel, he accommodates himself to occasions and situations better than most other folks. The Parisian can talk Swiss better than the Swiss themselves, he maintains, and the Swiss say they can talk French better than he can to save his life from the guillotine. So between them lots of fun are expended, chiefly, however, at the cost of the "good Swiss," as he terms them, for he it was who coined the saying, "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*" (No money, no Swiss), by way of delicately insinuating that Switzerland makes a living off travelers—which is about the fact.

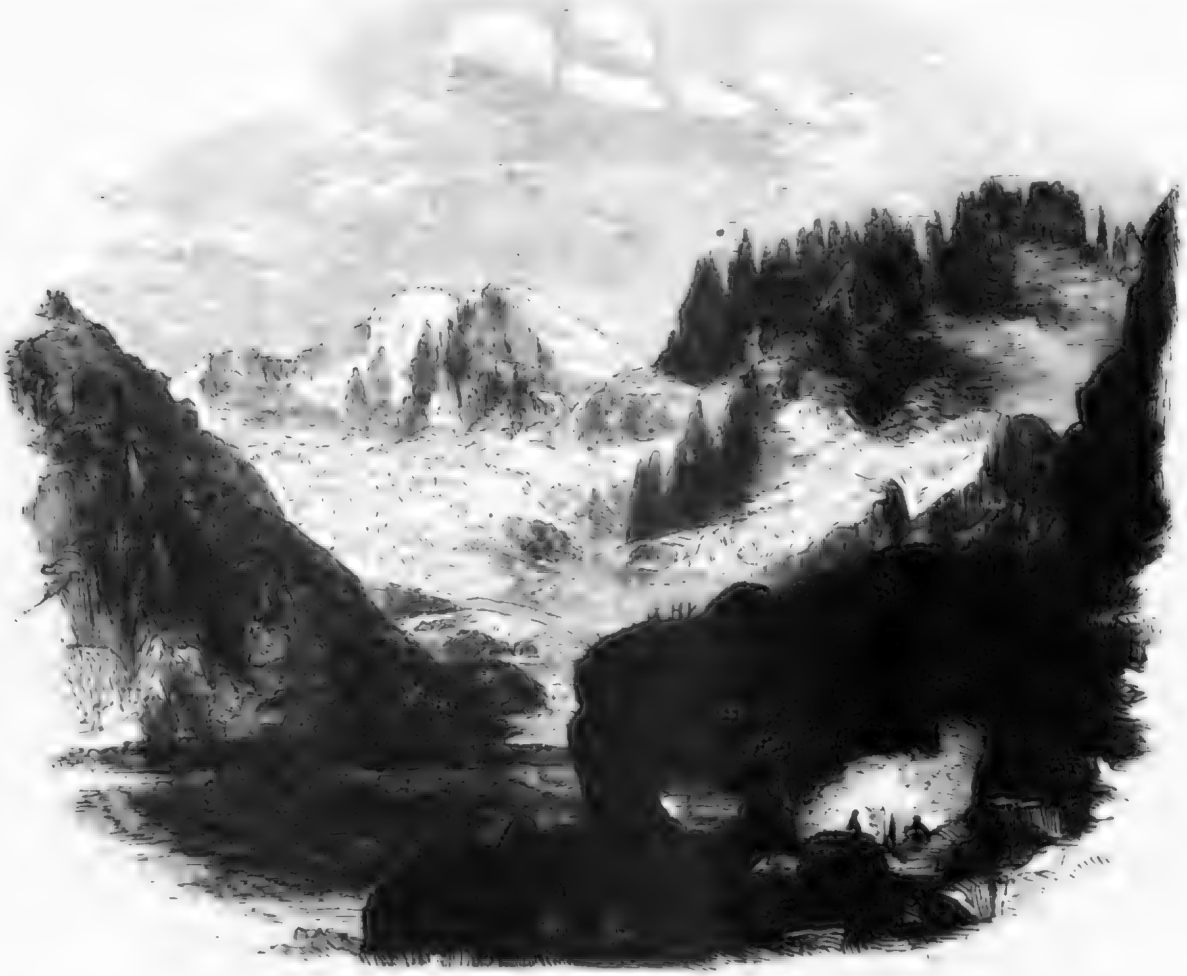
The French republic owns to-day, in fee simple, thanks to right of conquest by the late Napoleonic empire, the two most attractive bits of natural sublimity in Europe, namely, Chamouni with its "Mer de Glace," Niagara-like in majesty; and Mont Blanc, highest peak of the Alps, that dorsal ridge, or backbone of the Continent. Both these natural wonders are in the department annexed to France by Napoleon III., in 1860, though the region of the Alps in which they are situated is still, as formerly, known as Swiss-Savoy, the people really forming a part of the happy family of Swiss mountaineers, alike in language, homely customs and costumes.

Switzerland and Savoy are wholly mountainous, without level ground, excepting the surface of very narrow plateaus walled in by high peaks. At the foot of Mont Blanc, Chamouni stands on a plateau which takes the name of the "Valley of Chamouni," a valley, however, only clothed in desolate grandeur, and over 3,000 feet above the sea. Neither from Switzerland nor Savoy can the great Alpine chain, shutting off Italy from the rest of Europe, be seen in any distinct outline; as the countryman in the city said he failed to see it on account of the houses in his line of vision, so there an excess of mountains in detail prevents the eye from getting even the faintest glimpse of the chain. The best view of the Alps is to be had from the Italian plain, whence they are to be seen extending as an immense wall from Turin to Venice, the eye being enabled, at a distance of twenty miles from the crest of the chain, to take in at a glance a range of mountains extending over 130 miles. In the Italian towns, in midwinter, when the sight is directed down the streets

XUM

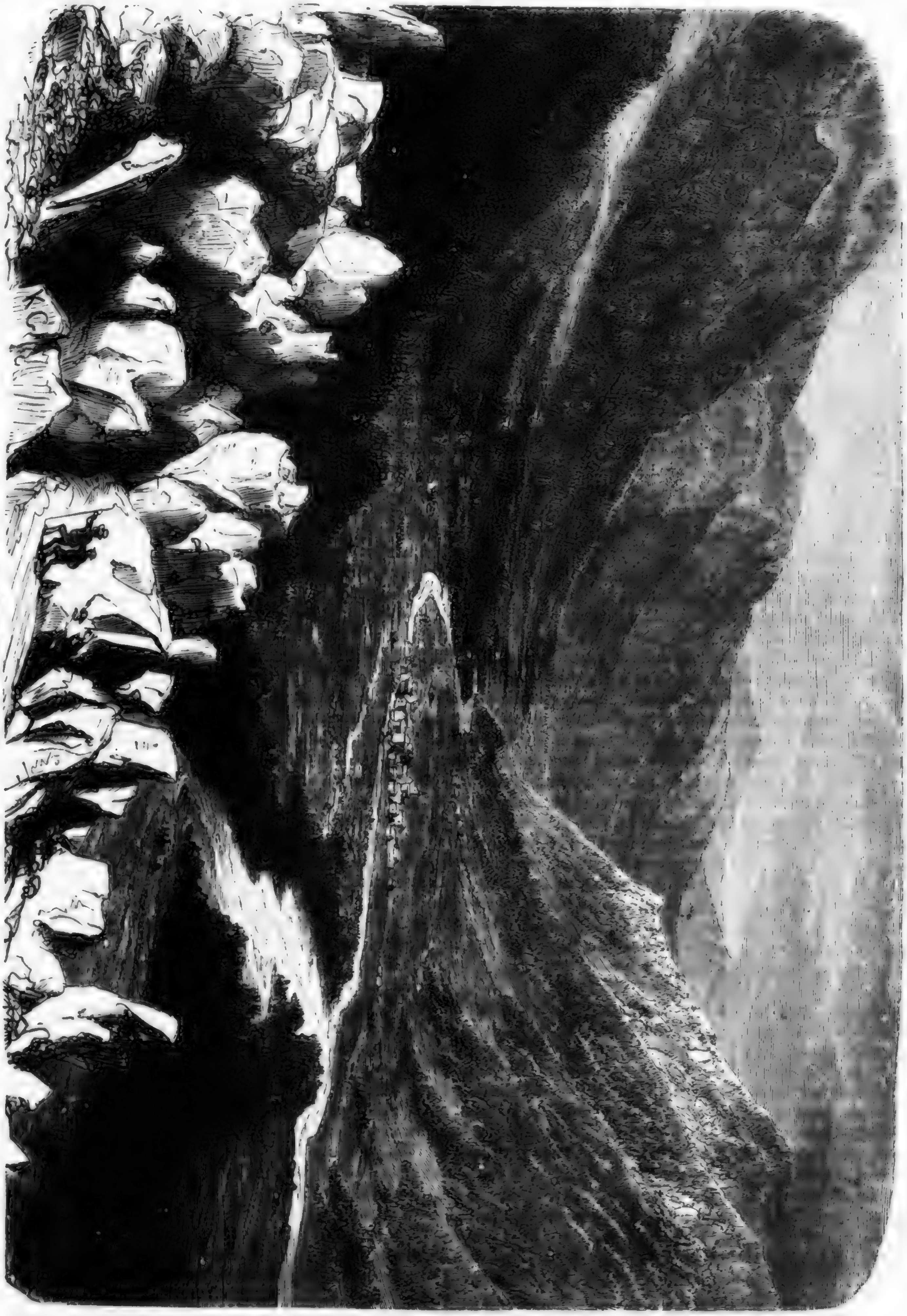
abutting toward the Alps, they seem to be closed at their extremities by variegated piles of snow higher than the houses, such is the towering height of the chain and the limpidity of the atmosphere. The effect thus produced by the colors reflected from the mountain-sides is magnificent. But to see the Alps in detail, or rather one Alp, the grandest of all, Chamouni is the point to look from.

The village dates from the eleventh century; around a Benedictine convent it was built up and took its name, *champ muni*, or fortified field, from its mountain boundaries. In the olden days it was more known for its fairs than its retired wilds and sublime scenery. St. Francis de Sales was a frequent visitor to it. Only from the middle of last century did tourists from England begin to repair to it, thanks to the report made by two scientists to the Royal Society in regard to its attractions; since that time it has annually drawn crowds from every country, and, of late years, great improvements have been made in the village, in order to accommodate the influx of strangers, so numerous, in fact, in the height of the season, that many arriving late at night have to sleep on the hotel-floors. The hotels naturally do an excellent business. For the rest, nothing appears so prosperous among the Swiss people as their inns and hotels, which are really showy beside the natives, sadly deteriorated by frightful ailments and diseases. Hotel-keeping at Chamouni, as throughout Switzerland, is looked upon as the first of all possible callings—the chief end of man. Many of the hoteliers are wealthy, the only wealthy part of the villagers. The same may be said of the neighboring towns of Switzerland, and in the latter additional importance crowns these worthies in the shape of supreme official dignity and influence. The Chamouni magnates are perfectly alive to the fact that they possess a perpetual corner in sight-seers. The approaches to their money-making establishments exhibit in the season a rare spectacle of vehicles of various sorts, from the dirty and rickety *calèche* of the German, trotted out of the back-woods of Germany, to the imposing equipages of wealthy Americans, English and Russian, surrounded by battalions of guides, couriers and servants of all nationalities and languages, some already in employment, the rest clamoring for it. It must be admitted that the hotels themselves are very clean and comfortable, and in them the guest is never troubled by flies, musquitoes, or other pestering insects. The charges, however, are exorbitant, all in keeping with the usual continental rate for candles, twenty cents for the single candle after once it is lighted and put on the mantelpiece—and generally the first thing after a guest is shown to his room, the waiter rushes in, as if the house were on fire, and lights both the candles. That means forty cents additional in the bill, which, item by item at last expands beyond the proverbial apothecary's roll. About the only thing cheap in a Chamouni caravansary is a mineral bath for ten cents, which the guest may enjoy after a mountain tramp.



MONT BLANC AND THE MER DE GLACE

The bustle and excitement among the eager visitors at Chamouni forms a striking picture in such a retired, wild locality. Marked features are the constant arrival and departure of travelers; the presence and disputes of guides, their tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes causing terror to novices; the planning for excursions, the continual anxiety for fair weather on retiring to bed so that plans may not be frustrated; the groups of foot-ramblers arriving from Germany, the Valais, Italy, or from the neighboring points of view; the envy over successful ascents and feats and the mockery over failures,



THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

XUM

above all, for the tourist who will not be willing to brave great risks is out of his element in such a perilous vicinage as that of Chamouni. Those who do not wish to venture, and only wish to look at the grandeur from the hotel-windows, can secure in several little shops the local souvenirs and trophies at small expense and without any trouble.

The village is situated on the River Arve, which, springing from the melting of the snow and ice a few miles to the east, runs at the base of the huge mountain range through the little valley in a northwesterly direction until it joins the Rhone, just out of Geneva. The Arve, fed by snow and ice, looks like a river of mud, and its junction with the Rhone is a curious sight. The pellucid blue waters of the Rhone, driven on one side by the furious entrance of its new ally, for a long time refuses to mix with it, and the line of separation between the blue and white water is distinctly marked; at length, the Arve gains the mastery, and the Rhone, once polluted, does not recover its purity before reaching the Mediterranean. Issuing out of the Lake of Geneva, its water is as blue as that of the sea itself. There are no trout in the river at Chamouni, strangely enough, for this fish is abundant in all Alpine streams and lakes. The small trout in the Lake of Mont Cenis is considered the best of all kinds, a fish for kings, who, indeed, give standing orders for it. Lakes Annecy and Bourget, not far from Chamouni, afford an excellent supply of fish, and, in addition to their fish, these lakes are in themselves a lovely sight, for they seem to serve as mirrors to the lofty mountains for the multiplication of their enchanting forms.

The class of Swiss melodies known as the "Ranz de Vaches" prevails in the Valley of Chamouni, as in all other Alpine valleys. These melodies are particularly wild and high-pitched, and originated in the practice of the cowherds and shepherds communicating with one another from mountain-tops several miles apart. The name, literally cow-rows, is derived from the order in which the cows march home in obedience to the call of the Alp-hornist. The airs vary, and are performed on a simple tube of wood six feet long, and are caught up and prolonged by the mountain's echoes. The Alp-horn in some localities is a good substitute for the vesper-bell, as the peasant then knows that sunset has taken place and the hour for retirement to his hut arrived. The Ranz is said to have a very thrilling effect on a Swiss exile, despite his rosy, burly, matter-of-fact appearance. These simple Swiss melodies are somewhat fantastic, but are not unpleasant except when they are ground out too often.

The guides of Chamouni are deservedly renowned, for they bravely face great perils in piloting excursionists. They charge high fees, from two dollars for a short trip, up to twenty dollars for the longest. They form a corporation, enforcing stringent discipline; it is a punishable offense for any one not a professional guide to carry a traveler's baggage. Their coolness and intrepidity in situations, where a knowledge of the mountain, experience of the weather, a strong arm, and a steady foot, are requisite, save many lives yearly. With a good guide and an alpenstock the tourist usually considers himself safe nowadays, owing to the accumulated stock of explorers' experiences. The alpenstock is a stout ash pole, six feet long, with an iron spike at one end, and is used as a staff and leaping-pole in climbing and descending the mountain-sides; no excursionist can start out without one.

Superb views are to be enjoyed from the hotel-windows of Chamouni, it is true, but the main object of a visit there is the actual seeing and walking over the famous Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice, and the climbing of Mont Blanc, justly crowned monarch of the Alps. In these two natural wonders all interest is concentrated. The Mer de Glace is an immense field or tract of uninterrupted glacier. Glaciers are frequent in the Alps, one of its most wonderful features, but the one rolling down the side of Mont Blanc is the most beautiful and extensive. A glacier is simply a stream of ice descending into the valleys of high mountain chains, fed by the snows which occupy their tops and fill the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges; what it loses at its lower end by the increased temperature is supplied by the descent of new masses from the summit. The snow which falls upon the plateaus of the high Alps is at first a dry and loose powder, which the sun gradually converts into a granular mass, white and opaque but with separate grains easily perceived. In the course of successive years, in consequence of repeated thawings and freezings, the mass becomes consolidated into seemingly solid ice; closely examined, it is found to be penetrated by innumerable fissures, and consists of compressed and cemented granules, and for this reason a glacier on its surface is not slippery like ordinary ice. The common belief that snow never melts on a certain line of high mountains is erroneous, for there is no spot on the Alps, or any other mountains, where snow does not melt under the influence of a Summer sun at midday. It melts even on the top of Mont Blanc, but the sun's heat is so short there that very little is melted during the year, and for the same reason, there is very little moisture in the air, and, consequently, very little snow can fall, so that on the whole, and in a series of years, the quantity which falls is about equal to that melted. Thus the melting produces the glacier which relieves the summit from being otherwise overloaded.

The 600 glaciers in the Alps cover over 1,000 square miles, varying from a few acres to many miles in extent, occupying in some instances whole districts, and branching out into the inhabited valleys, below the region of forests and as far down as the level at which corn will grow. The greatest thickness of a glacier is from 600 to 800 feet, the latter being the depth of the Mer de Glace at Chamouni. But in spite of such great extent and solidity, glaciers undergo a perpetual process of destruction and renovation. The lower portions, descending into the valleys, are gradually dissolved by greater heat at so low a level. The Summer sun and winds act upon the surface, so that in the middle of the day it abounds in pools, and is traversed by rills of water. The constant evaporation produces great diminution in the upper beds; the earth's temperature also melts yearly a small portion of its lower surface, reducing the bulk and height of the glacier, which, toward the end of Summer, is many feet lowered and shrunken. The vacancy thus caused is entirely filled up from above by Winter snows on the mountain-top, pressed down by their own weight. Accordingly, the ice-stream, like a river, moves onward steadily by day and night, and even in Winter, though its progress is slower, its cold and restless mass still keeps moving on, retarded sensibly by hard frost, accelerated by thaw.

The cause of the movement of glaciers has been much discussed by the scientists. Professor Tyndall, who for years studied the subject on the spot, having, in fact, secured his wife in the Alps in the person of the lady who was his traveling companion, holds the theory that the cause lies in the expansive, plastic nature of ice. His theory, of course, is that now received--namely, that the changes in the form of masses of ice are occasioned by the fracture and subsequent freezing together of the component parts, and this accounts for the glacier passing through straits formed by projecting rocks, which contract the width of its bed sometimes to one half of its expanse in the upper part of the valley, and around promontories which intrude to turn it out of its course. The centre of the ice-stream moves quicker than the sides, and, in fact, drags them after it. The mountain's surface, however hard, forming the bed of a glacier, is subjected to an extraordinary process of grinding and polishing from the vast masses of ice constantly passing over it. The harder fragments, such as granite and quartz, interposed between the ice and the rock, act like diamonds on glass and scratch deep and long grooves on the surface; thus the seat of ancient glaciers, which have now entirely disappeared, may still be discovered by the furrows left behind them on the rocks. The nature of the upper surface of the ice depends partly upon that of the ground on which it rests; where it is even, the ice is smooth, but where uneven or slanting, the glacier begins to split and gape in all directions. As it approaches a steeper declivity or precipice, or passes through a narrow passage, the layers of ice are displaced, upheaved or squeezed one above another into toppling crags, obelisks and fantastic towers from twenty to eighty feet high. Being unequally melted, they are continually tottering to their fall, either by their own weight or the pressure of other masses, and, tumbling headlong, are shivered to atoms with a roar like thunder. As soon as the surface of the mountain below is again level, the fragments pressed together close up and assume a compact, level surface on their part. The crevasses, or fissures, which are the dread of explorers, crossing the glacier in advance of its disruption, are numerous, and so confusing through their deceiving appearance that travelers and guides encounter sometimes great difficulty in extricating themselves from the intricate network. Sometimes the crevasses are concealed by a coating of rough snow, and this is the chief source of danger to the explorer. The southeast wind is very instrumental in causing the glacier to split, and then the widening of the fissures may be both seen and heard; they exhibit in perfection the beautiful blue azure color of the yawning ice. The glacier's surface is usually of a whitish color, impure from being sprinkled with mud, stones, and gravel, a rubbish called "moraines" running along at the sides or in the middle, and fallen on the edges after detachment from the mountain-sides. This *débris* has an unsightly appearance, but it is a good geological cabinet containing specimens of all the neighboring mountains. When a single large mass of rock falls on a glacier, the shade and protection from the sun's rays afforded by the stone prevents the ice on which it rests from melting and, while the surface around is gradually lowered, it remains supported on a pedestal like a mushroom on its stalk, often attaining a height of several feet; at length the stone falls off the pillar and the process recommences. An exactly opposite effect occurs when a small stone, not more than an inch thick, or a leaf, rests upon the ice, for, the sun's heat penetrating through them, the ice is additionally melted, and thus holes and pools are formed, out of which the excursionist often slacks his thirst. Owing to the mildness or severity of Winters there are frequent variations in the size of glaciers; the Mer de Glace itself has varied, and about sixty years ago it extended so far in width and in length as to overthrow large trees of secular growth, afterward retreating and resuming its original limits. The service of glaciers in the economy of nature is interesting, when we consider that these dead and chilly fields of ice which prolong Winter throughout the year are, in reality, the source of life and vegetation, the locked-up reservoirs from which the vast rivers traversing all our continents are sustained. Summer heat, which dries up other sources of water, first opens out their supply; when the rivers of the plain are shrunk and dwindled in their parched beds, the torrents of the Alps, fed by melting snow and glaciers, rush down and supply the deficiency, and so in July and August the rivers and lakes of Switzerland are fullest. During the whole Summer the torrents rustling and running below at the bottom of the azure crevasses of the Mer de Glace can be heard. So many rills gushing forth from the subglacial beds are all collected in one stream at the terminus of the glacier, which in consequence is eaten away into a vast dome-shaped arch, as in the Chamouni valley.

From Chamouni there is a very short distance to pass over before reaching Montanvert, the point on the mountain's base where the Mer de Glace begins, and where it can be seen to an extent of six miles accommodating itself to the valley, varying in width and depth. The first view of this enormous sea is somewhat disappointing, because its extent is unappreciated owing to the vast size of every object about it, for directly across it are the pinnacled mountains which form such a striking and peculiar feature in the scenery. To have a just idea of the character of the Mer de Glace, it is absolutely indispensable to walk over it, at least far enough to observe close at hand its beautiful purity and the intense blue color in the crevasses, not perceivable from a distance on account of the superficial *débris*. With guides and alpenstocks the explorer need have no fears in crossing "the Sea" and venturing throughout the upper portions of the ice region; ladies do not object to making the entire tour, so interesting is the wonderful scenery on all sides. One of the sights in July is the driving of the Chamouni cows, each attended by its owner, to Montanvert in order to be conducted across the Mer de Glace to pass their Summer on the slopes of the mountain. Before they are launched, dangerous places are leveled or bridged over, though accidents generally attend the transit. Men are stationed to indicate the route, and the operation, requiring several hours, offers a picturesque spectacle, as the day is a holiday and the procession is attended by a large majority of the Chamounians. One man remains on the opposite side as guardian of the herd, and has an outfit of bread and cheese to last one month, renewed at the expiration of that period, and he is allowed to milk one cow for his daily beverage. Knitting is his chief pastime, and so he passes his expatriation in making stockings and contemplating the wonders of nature that surround him during the season of three months.

There are many points to which interesting excursions are made in the neighborhood of Chamouni, though chiefly with one object ahead, and that is to get fine and varied views of Mount Blanc, the ascent of which, of course, is one of the principal aims of travelers to Chamouni. Its ascent was first made in 1786, and up to thirty years ago only fifty persons had set foot on its summit. The enterprise was effectually popularized by an Englishman named Albert Smith, about a quarter of a century ago, and to go up Mont Blanc is now a very common affair amongst all *voyageurs* who can pay the necessary guides, for they charge roundly for the trip. The route is long and fatiguing, but to get up near to the grand white mass of Mont Blanc and its accompanying *aiguilles* or peaks, is not difficult or very dangerous. It is best to go up to a half-way hut during a moonlight night, and fine weather, in order to enjoy the extensive view and the thunders of falling avalanches, and to be on top for sun-

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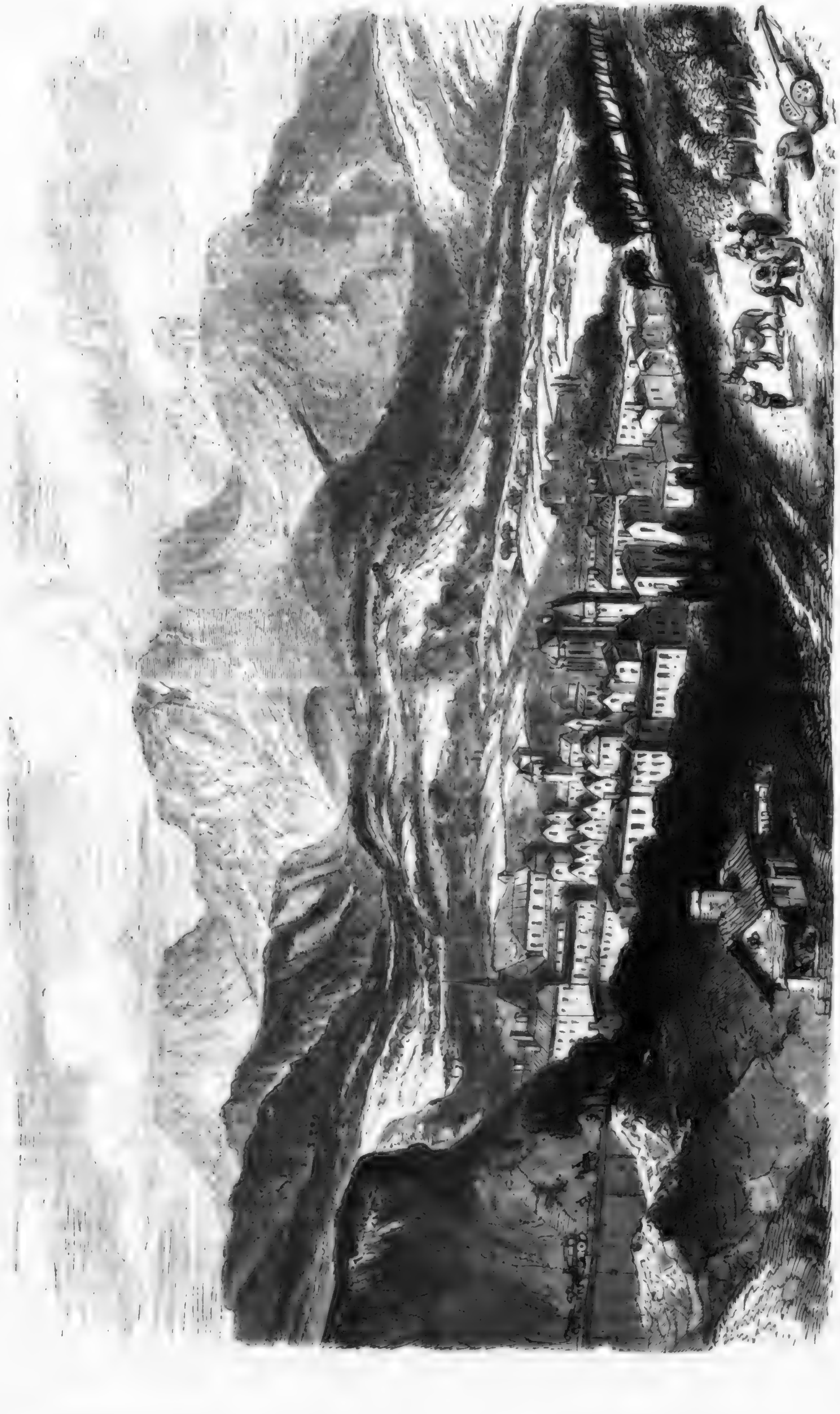
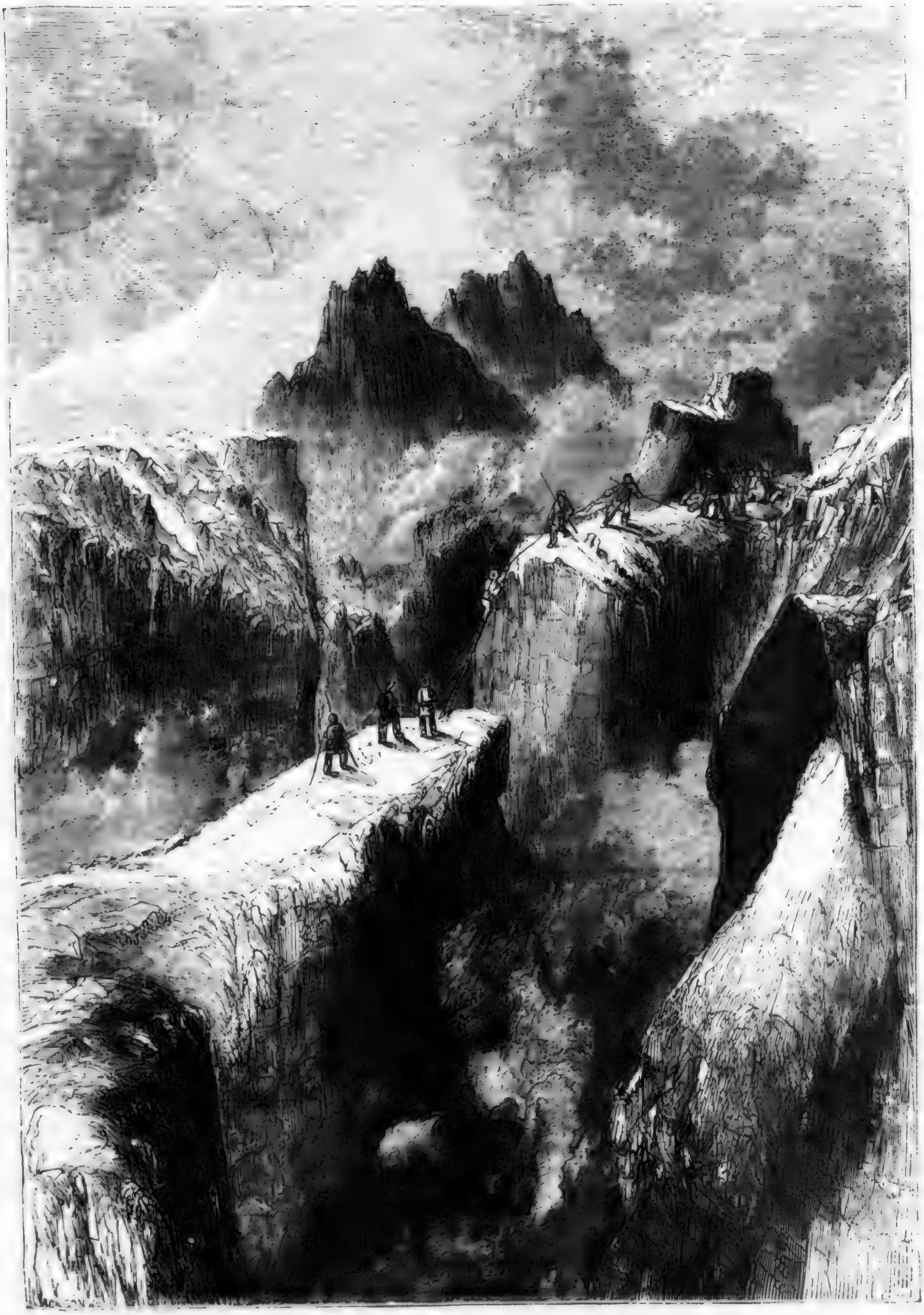


CHAMBÉRY, VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

rise. The avalanches heard during an ascent differ from the simple avalanches of snow, being caused by the rupture and toppling of glaciers; their thunder is an excellent preventive against sleep anywhere on the monarch's flanks, as these tons upon tons of solid ice repeatedly through night and day tumble over the deep precipices to be ground to powder.

Words cannot convey an idea of the magnificent view of the mountains piled upon mountains which meets the eye of the venturesome climber standing on the monarch's



MONT BLANC.

summit. After the extensive panorama is fully taken in, he generally prepares to descend in entire satisfaction at having undertaken the trip. Not all is barren on the wayside even of Mont Blanc in Summer; tufts of vegetation and wild-flowers crop out here and there, and are pleasant sights amidst so much rocky, icy grandeur. Indeed from beneath the snow-bed, on the very verge of the glacier, the relative profusion of flowers of great beauty and variety is truly surprising in the most elevated Alpine regions, but, as the Alpine Summer is brief, their life is short.

When parties ascend Mont Blanc their progress can be watched from several points near Chamouni, for the course lies like a map from the village to the summit, and with a good glass every step they take may be observed. There are dozens of peaks shooting up from the great chain in the immediate neighborhood of Mont Blanc; but the latter overtops them all, and can be seen on a bright day over a distance of one hundred miles. Similarly there are many glaciers flowing from its sides toward the Chamouni Valley, but the Mer de Glace is incomparably the grandest. The precipices on the mountain's side over which tumble the avalanches of ice are channeled with the furrows or grooves made in a long lapse of time. The avalanches are most numerous a little after noon, when the sun and wind exercise the greatest influence in loosening and breaking off the glacier's masses. When one of them falls the attention is first arrested by a distant roar, and in half a minute a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves; it then sinks into a low fissure, and is lost, only to reappear at a stage some hundred feet below, and so on from point to point, till the mass is precipitated into the bottom gulf. Independent of the sound, which is an awe-inspiring interruption of the perfect stillness usually prevailing on the high plateaus, there is nothing that strikes the attention or fixes it upon the falling masses. The apparently insignificant white dust at each thunderous discharge is made up of blocks capable of sweeping away whole forests, or overwhelming houses and villages, were any in the way; but fortunately no harm is done by them. During early Summer three or four such discharges may be witnessed in an hour; in cold weather they are less numerous, and in Autumn scarcely any occur.

In the midst of so much magnificent scenery, exciting emotions of wonder and elevation in the mind, the mountaineers in the country surrounding Chamouni are afflicted with that mysterious disease known as "goitre," and its consequent cretinism, a condition truly pitiable. The same disease prevails in all the grandest and most beautiful Alpine valleys, whether in Switzerland or Savoy. Goitre is a swelling in front of the neck, which increases with the growth of the individual, until, in some cases, it attains an enormous size, and becomes a hideous wallet of flesh hanging pendulous down to the breast. It is not, however, painful, and generally seems to be more repulsive to the spectator than inconvenient or hateful to the bearer; but sometimes its increase is so prodigious that he is unable to support its weight, and hence is to be met crawling along the ground under the unsightly burden. On the northern edge of the Alps women are the principal sufferers from this malady, so much so that in certain districts scarcely a woman is free from it, and those who have no swelling are laughed at, and called goose-necked, the afflicted making, as it were, a virtue of necessity; on the southern slope of the Alps the disease prevails more among the men. Cretinism, its attendant in the same localities, is a more serious complaint, affecting the mind. The cretin is an idiot, with vacancy in his countenance, his head disproportionately large, limbs stunted or crippled, indistinctly articulating, and incapable of executing scarcely any work. He spends his days basking in the sun, and on the appearance of a stranger, becomes a clamorous beggar, ceaselessly chattering, and gladly gotten rid of at the cost of a few sous. They are allowed to roam at large, though their minds are so upset that they are often unable to find their way home when within a few feet of their doors. The disease is attributed to various causes—to snow-water, to carrying heavy weights on the head, to the soil, or the use of calcareous spring water, or to the want of a due circulation of air in certain walled-in valleys, where it mostly obtains. Strange to say, the people on one side of a valley will be afflicted by it, while on the opposite side they will be free. It appears in one spot, higher up it is unknown, and in another situation only a mile off it reappears. It is hereditary in families, but its presence is not pronounced during infancy. As a rule, it prevails in low, warm, moist situations, at the bottom of valleys, where a stagnation of water occurs, and where the Summer exhalations and Autumnal fogs arising from it are not carried off by a free circulation of air, thus doubtless being in part attributable to malaria; but whatever may be the true cause, its ravages among a portion of the mountaineers are lamentable to behold.

Thanks to its annual income from foreign visitors, Chamouni is comparatively well off; but the mountaineers on the slopes roundabout have to work very hard to gain a living. Their chief dependence is in raising cows, and occasionally goats, and the making of cheese. The best cheeses are manufactured from the milk of cows fed on the most elevated pastures, and this is why the cows are driven across the Mer de Glace, to wander about in search of the rich and fattening, though scanty, pastures to be found during the Summer campaign on high, untenanted regions. The business, at best, is not very remunerative, and the cattle require great care to prevent losses. The house in which the hardy herdsman dwells with his family is only a hut built of pine logs, and weighted down with heavy stones, to prevent the fierce winds from blowing it away, for it can be located nowhere very far from gorge and precipice. According to the season and the feeding of the cattle, he has to shift his quarters, and hence keeps running, as it were, two or three abodes. The weary stranger out touring can rarely find anything in the shape of refreshment at the huts; provisions he has to carry along with him, or go without until getting back to his hotel at Chamouni, but this is no great drawback for him, as a highly whetted appetite gives spice to the fare spread before him at the *table d'hote*. The experienced excursionist generally starts out well supplied with eatables and drinkables.

For a near view of Alpine scenery, amidst the recesses of the mountains, the palm must be accorded to Chamouni and its valley, abounding in points which afford a concentration of the most sublimely beautiful objects. It is there the combination is most remarkable of fine forms and great elevation in the mountains, of vast glaciers and snow-fields, of thundering avalanches, rushing torrents and falling glaciers. There are many points whence the semi-circular array of Alpine peaks, capped with snow and bristling with rugged rocks, may be seen extending over a great distance; but not one of them all can be compared with Chamouni. A distant view of the colossal chain lends a degree of enchantment to it that a near view serves somewhat to dissipate—certainly it dissipates the blue tint which distance alone can confer;

but, after all, a near view has the advantage of making one more closely acquainted with the wonderful workings of Nature in actual, visible progress. Such an advantage is enjoyed at Chamouni to an extent unequaled elsewhere.

GREEK POTTERY FROM ANTIPAROS.

The archæological treasures of Great Britain have just received a distinct and very characteristic addition in the shape of a collection—not yet, however, in the national possession—of thirty or forty specimens of Greek pottery and other articles, which, dating from a prehistoric period, cannot be regarded as later than from 1400 to 1600 before the Christian era. They have been excavated in the Island of Antiparos, famous for its wonderful grotto, and for its having been the birthplace of Phidias and Praxiteles, and they are remarkable as being the first find of any importance which has responded to the enterprise of the excavator in the Cyclades or in other of the minor islands of Greece. The specimens of pottery-ware and molded are generally of the rudest description, and present singular marks of affinity with the earlier products of the ancient British artificers in the city. Into the composition of some of these terra-cotta vessels pieces of granite have been introduced, which seem to have been previously granulated for the purpose of imparting consistency to the material of the vessels with which they were incorporated. In the numerous cases of fracture this very precaution, which was intended as an element of durability, forms a special difficulty in the way of the restorer, who is apt to find a homogeneous substance the most amenable to reconstruction. On a few of the vessels which, notwithstanding their rudeness of construction, are very elegant in form, a leaf pattern is represented as the nearest approach to ornament. In addition to articles of domestic and, so to say, of artistic life, there are human figures, which are also of the rudest character, being suggestive and symbolical rather than accurately initiative. This remark applies principally to the limbs, for the faces are more finished, so far, indeed, that they are upturned in a way which is suggestive of prayer or invocation, and have the eyebrows in high relief.

M. Sauvageon, of Valence, has studied the different phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into it, and the results of his observation transform it into a barometer. "If, in sweetening your coffee," says M. Sauvageon, "you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."

A Good Wife.—A good wife is thus described by the quaint Thomas Fuller. He says: "She commandeth her husband in equal matters by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the springtide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."

THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Among the friends and followers of the Pretender, the Earl of Nithsdale's name is familiar to all readers of history, and the story of his escape from the Tower of London is one of great interest.

Into that terrible fortress he had been shut to die, and from out of its gloomy walls only the courage of a loving wife could deliver him.

Lady Nithsdale was in Scotland when the news reached her that her husband was in prison, and condemned to death for following the fortunes of an unhappy master; and, after hastening on horseback over 300 miles of snowy roads, in fatigue and grief, she found it impossible to win a pardon for him from the King, George I.

So, in her London lodgings, she sat down, not to despair and wring her hands, but devise a means to save her dear husband. Her faithful maid, Evans, was the only person she consulted at first, and these two brave women decided that Lord Nithsdale must be disguised in the dress of a lady, and so got out of the Tower.

It was no easy matter to arrange, for even the visitors to condemned prisoners were strictly scanned by the guards and turnkeys. There was nothing to lose, however, and everything to gain, by the attempt. So the very evening before the execution was fixed to take place, the countess drove in a hackney-coach to the Tower, her landlady, Mrs. Mills, and a Mrs. Morgan being with her. These two kind women had consented to help the countess in her hazardous enterprise.

Only one attendant was allowed to visit the prisoner at the same time as his wife; so Mrs. Morgan went in first, carrying the clothes which Mrs. Mills was to wear when she had taken off her own for Lord Nithsdale, for this was to be the plan.

When Mrs. Morgan had paid a visit to the prisoner Mrs. Mills came up the staircase, holding her handkerchief to her face, and seemingly in great sorrow, as was only natural when going to say a last good-by. But the reason for this display of grief was that Lord Nithsdale, when leaving the prison disguised as Mrs. Mills, might continue the trick, and hold his handkerchief to his eyes; since, though his brave wife might paint and powder and dress him up, it is difficult to make a man look like a woman.

Then began the great experiment of changing clothes. Mrs. Mills was soon ready in her changed raiment, and the countess, who neither flagged nor feared while there was work to be done, saw her safely out, and in a loud, earnest voice (as there were sentinels and other people listening), bade her go quickly and send her maid to her, since she must go to the King that night and present another petition for her husband's life.

Mrs. Mills was not crying this time because, you remember, Lord Nithsdale was to do that when he was disguised in her clothes.

Very soon, while finishing her husband's attiring, Lady Nithsdale perceived darkness coming on, and, fearful lest candlelight might betray her scheme, she hurried Lord Nithsdale out into the passage, leading him by the hand, and making believe he was one of her weeping friends.

She was still talking aloud, and begging the crying lady to hasten her maid.

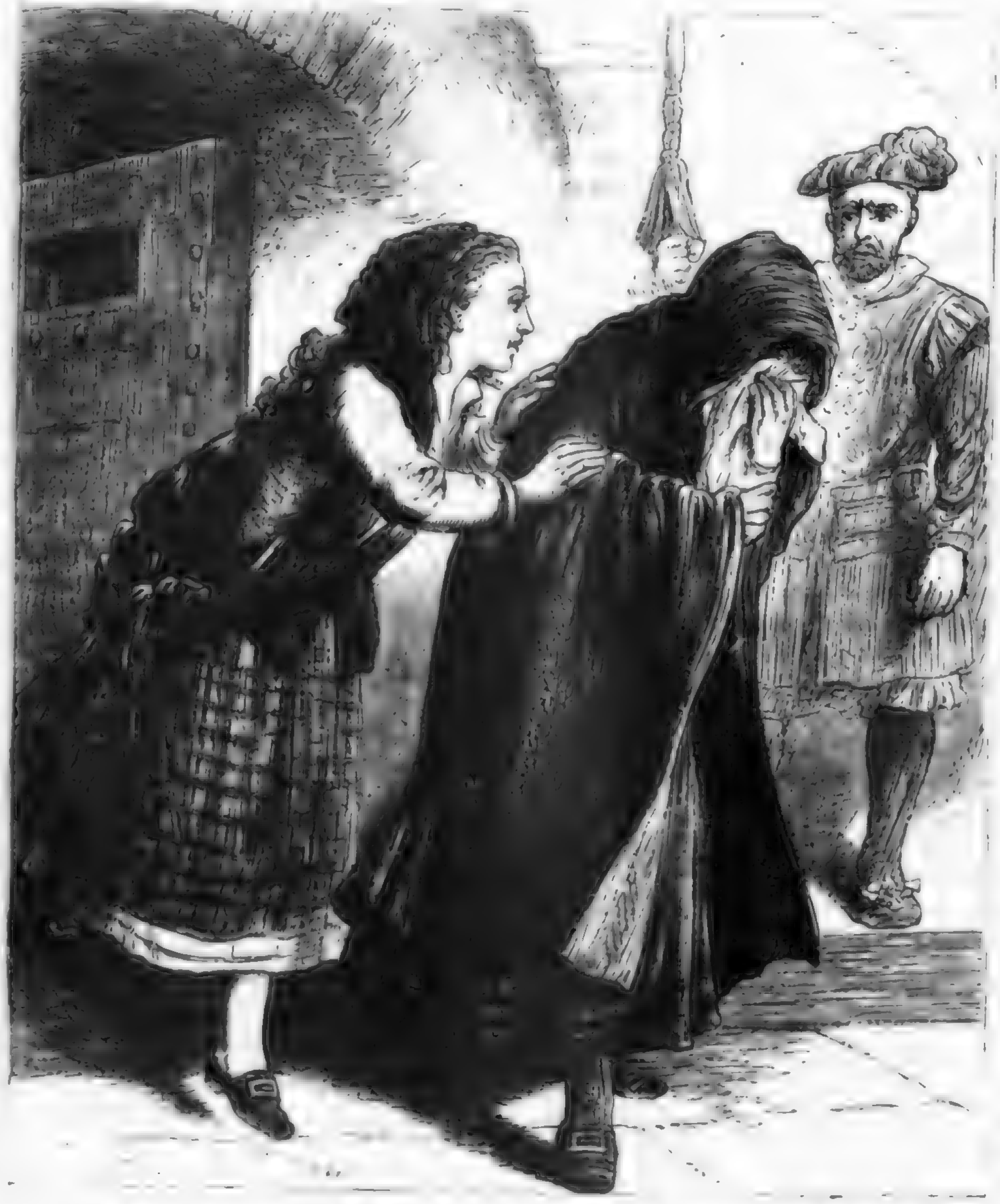
"My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly," she said, "and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with the terrible

XLIM

disappointment. I want her to dress me for an audience with the King."

The guards, who were all very sorry for the kind lady who had given them money the day before, and was in such sore trouble, looked very compassionately at her, and, doubtless, hoped that the weeping friend would hasten the maid, little thinking who was concealed beneath that hood and gown.

Lady Nithsdale put her husband in front of her when she had passed them, meaning thereby to conceal his manly walk from their eyes; and every now and then, despite the need for coolness and composure, she could not help pressing him to make all possible haste



THE EARL OF NITHSDALE'S ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.—SEE PAGE 303.

At the bottom of the stairs stood her faithful maid Evans and Mrs. Mills, and into these good hands she gave over Lord Nithsdale. Then, always brave and collected, she went back to the empty room of the prisoner, pretending to wait for her maid, and all the while talking to her husband as if he were there, and answering to his voice.

When she thought the escaped prisoner had had time to get free of the Tower precincts, she half opened the door of his chamber and wished him a formal good-night, saying aloud she knew not what had detained her maid, but that she hoped to come to him in the morning with good tidings of a pardon; and then, cleverly pulling through the string of the latch, so that the door could not be opened from without, she prepared to leave the Tower.

She forgot nothing that could help to hide her lord's escape, even telling her servant, who knew nothing of the plan, not to carry in candles till his lord sent for him. After that, the brave lady drove to her lodgings, where a Mr. Mackenzie was waiting with the petition, in case the attempt at rescue failed.

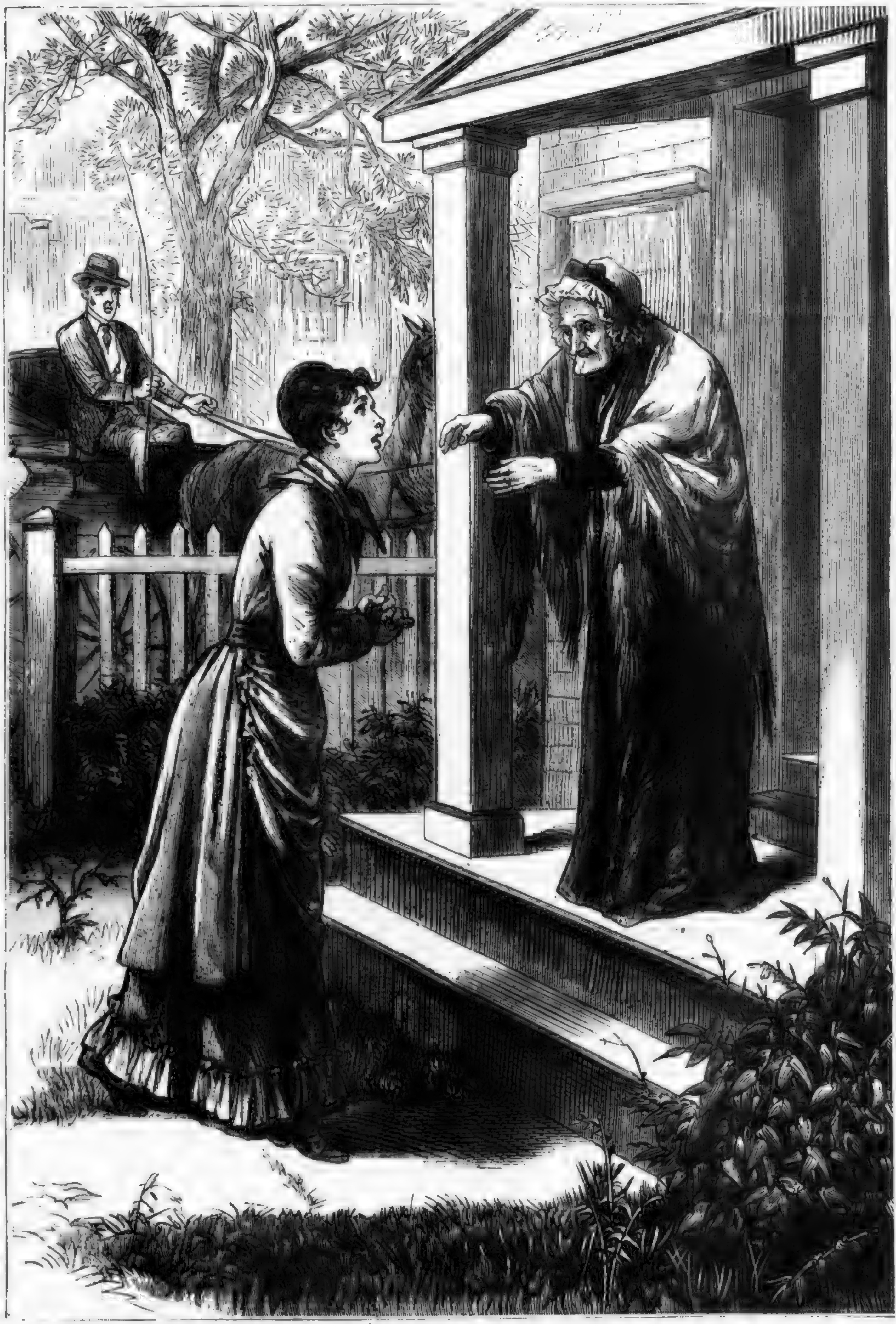
Can you imagine the joy with which she took it from him, telling him she hoped there was no need of it, since his lordship was safe out of the Tower and out of the hands of his enemies? or the greater joy with which she welcomed her husband, a fugitive, hidden in the tiny house of a poor woman, but free, and, she hoped, safe for a time?

For three days the husband and wife lay concealed here, subsisting on bread and wine brought to them in Mrs. Mills's pocket, and then a new disguise was devised for Lord Nithsdale—a servant's livery—in which he went down to Dover in the Venetian Ambassador's coach-and-six, unknown to the ambassador himself, but in charge of one Mr. Mitchell, his servant.

At Dover a little boat was secured, and Lord Nithsdale safely conveyed to Calais. While crossing, the wind was so favorable and the speed of the little vessel so good, that the captain remarked that it could not have served better had his passenger been flying for his life. So many a true word is spoken in jest.

Lord and Lady Nithsdale lived for many years in exile, happy in each other's company, while many of his friends who were imprisoned in the Tower at the same time with himself suffered a violent death.

THE possessor of an ungracious manner will never come up to the standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious, foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected, and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.



SAM BRANDENBURGH'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.—"WHEN THEY WERE NEAR ENOUGH, THE OLD LADY FEEBLY BECKONED, AND KEPT ON BECKONING, UNTIL HER GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER RAN IN TO SEE WHAT WAS WANTED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

SHE SANG TO ME.

By F. E. Weatherly.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
From her trellised window-pane,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
Till my glad heart sang again.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
And I ran with willing feet,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
To my love, my sweet.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
We heard the sea's faint chime,
Under the cliffs by the dusking sea,
In the tender twilight time.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
In mine her dear hands lay,
And naught to me were land and sea,
My love was mine for aye.

She was too fair for earth and me,
She went in her fresh, sweet bloom;
There is no rest on land or sea,
But only near her tomb.
She sings among the angels now,
She leans from Heaven above,
She sings to me, she sings to me,
And the sound is peace and love.

SAM BRANDENBURGH'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

By K. V. Hastings.

"SO mind what I say, Hepzibah Jane! If I catch you speaking just one word to Ben Gilman, I'll break every bone in your body."

And the speaker brought down one fist on the milkroom-shelf with an energy which set all the pans to jingling, and sent tiny breakers across the creamy seas.

All the morning long had Heppy and her stepmother stood side by side churning, washing and working the butter; and for three mortal hours had the girl's ears been assailed by the older woman's harsh voice and violent tirades.

All the morning had Heppy listened, trying not to hear, and made no reply; but this last brought forth an answer.

"I guess not," said she, looking up and showing a peculiar glint in her big brown eyes—a glint strongly suggestive of her father, Captain Abe Sanderson, commander of an oyster-sloop, when indulging in his "tallest talk."

"Guess not, indeed!" screamed his amiable better-half; "guess not, indeed! Jest you try it, you little fool, and yer back'll tell whether it's 'guess not'! I mean what I say; so now I've warned you!"

She paused to emphasize her words with still further pounding of fists and stamping of feet, which sounded much like a restive horse in the stable.

Meantime, outside all was loveliness and peace; and Heppy's eyes kept wandering out of the milk-room window, and over the distant hills lying warm and brown in the Autumn sun. Beside the door the Japanese geese cackled and hissed, and raised their patrician Roman noses toward heaven, condescendingly thanking God that they were not as other geese were.

Yankee Doodle, the spitz, sat blinking in the sun, pensively licking his forepaws, while the guinea-hens called to their absent sweethearts to "Come back!—come back!" and whiled away the time of their absence by chasing a few belated millers, fluttering about in the sunshine.

The air was soft and hazy with the gentle languor of Indian Summer; the broad blue sky just flecked here and there with a mackerel spot or two; while the grass, short and thick and brown, sang many a merry little tune to the passing breeze.

All the morning long had Heppy's eyes strayed from her household duties, and out to the merry sunshine. She longed to go fern-hunting in the woods, or chestnutting on the hills; but, alas! all this could not be till the butter was finished and packed for market. So there was, for the present, no escape from the constant irritation of her stepmother's tongue, nor from Sophronia the "help's" laughable imitations of that lady's tantrums, given *entr'acte*, as her mistress stepped in and out.

Hitherto Heppy had never troubled herself much about her stepmother's rages, for Captain Abe had usually been on hand to keep that lady within bounds; nor did it now occur to her seriously that Mrs. Sanderson would attempt to make good her threat.

In her childhood there had been one constant fight between them; but now that Heppy was eighteen years old, and just returned from five years at boarding-school, it would seem as though all that should naturally be at an end.

And so Captain Abe thought, for he had departed on one of his longest voyages with no idea but what hostilities between the women-folk were things of the past.

Mrs. Sanderson had not seen her stepdaughter since the beginning of the latter's thirteenth year, and Captain Abe had no doubt but what in time the old feud had died out. So he kissed his wife and daughter, commended his dairy farm to their care, and took his departure with no notion that the family peace went with him.

No sooner was he gone than Mrs. Sanderson, who feared nothing but her husband, and him only when present, once more gave free rein to her tongue, and "jawed" till it seemed the English language could be no further perverted from its proper use.

Sometimes it was one thing, sometimes another; oftener nothing at all. Just now it was her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Gilman, with whom she had had words, and on whose account, Ben, Heppy's old playmate and friend, was to be tabooed.

Ben was an orphan, one year older than his little neighbor, and from their babyhood up they had been brother and sister to each other. And as, during the time the girl was at school, Ben also had pursued his studies not a block off, the years which had separated her from her native village had not parted her from him.

Ben had now grown into a tall, handsome young man, with brave blue eyes, a crop of dark-brown curls, and on his upper lip a thick growth which had passed through the downy stage, and which attained the dignity of a full-grown mustache.

He, too, had left school, for his deceased father's property was now nearly spent, and, his education being thus perforce finished, was spending a short vacation with "Cousin Gilman" while he—Ben—looked around for something to do.

At last the butter was finished and packed for market, so Heppy strolled, warm and panting, down the garden-walk to where the golden chrysanthemums were turning their yellow heads to the sun.

She stood with her back to the thick lilac-hedge, gathering a *bouquet de corsage*, and listening gladly to the song of a joyous little bird who, in the top of a neighboring cherry-tree, was hurrahing in anticipation of high jinks to come when cherries should again be ripe; and so absorbed was she in his merry song that she scarcely heard the sound of wheels, nor did she see Ben himself till the buggy stopped beside the gate and the driver jumped out.

"Hallo, Heppy!" cried he; "got through with your butter? Come and take a turn before dinner; there'll be just time enough."

"I can't; it's just on the stroke of twelve, and we'll have dinner in a minute. Stop rumpling those red leaves, Ben; I know they're for me, and you're spoiling them as fast as you can." And she deftly extracted a bunch of Autumn leaves from his button-hole.

Ben stuck out his manly lower lip in a laughable attempt at a pout.

"I don't care if I do spoil them!" letting her take them, nevertheless. "I think you might go riding with a fellow! What's dinner compared to a ride with a friend?"

And so these two light-hearted young geese chattered away as they had chattered from their babyhood up. And neither saw the hidden foe who was stalking them, Indian fashion, from bush to bush, and from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, until a shower of whacks on Heppy's calico-covered shoulders served to remind her of her stepmother.

Sure enough, there stood Mrs. Sanderson, her feet planted wide apart, her little red eyes screwed up into mere gimlet-holes full of malice, her gaudy calico gown flapping and flouncing round her knees, and her brawny red arms wielding the boiler-stick with a fire and fury worthy of a Bashi-bazouk!

Heppy gave one low cry, and tried to catch the stick which was dealing such unmerciful blows all over her poor little shoulders and arms; but failing in this, fled to Ben for protection.

That astounded young gentleman precipitated himself over the gate, and launched himself into the thick of the fray; seizing Mrs. Sanderson by both wrists, and retaining his hold though the lady reared and plunged like a frantic horse.

"Thunder!" cried he, in wrath and bewilderment. "What does all this mean? Mrs. Sanderson, you must be crazy?"

"Let go! Ben Gilman, you let me go! Ah, you hussy!" and she shook the stick she still held in her imprisoned hand at Heppy; and launched kicks at that indignant damsel, who nimbly eluded them. "Just wait till I get hold of you again, and *I'll* make you sorry for the day you didn't do as you were bid! I promised you a whaling, and now you've got to take it! Just wait till I get you into the house again!"

Here the speaker and Ben executed another waltz, caused by her frantic efforts to escape, which, however, had no effect, except that either party trod any number of times on the other's toes, and that the lady's back-hair was shaken off and taken possession of by Yankee Doodle, who tossed and tumbled it to his heart's content.

"What does it mean, I say?" roared Ben, getting angrier every moment, as he saw Heppy furtively rubbing her poor little back, which was smarting and tingling most unpleasantly. "Will no one answer me? Be still, you vixen!" as his captive launched another kick and storm of abuse in Heppy's direction.

This time Yankee Doodle was the sufferer; for, as he lay quietly dissecting his mistress's *chignon*, his tail was trodden on with what seemed to him unnecessary emphasis.

After this the dance became a *pas de trois*, for he flew round after them, chewing the calves of whichever combatant was the handiest at the moment. After a while they came to a standstill, Mrs. S., out of breath, but more vituperative than ever, and Ben, sound of wind and limb, but almost furious enough to have broken her wrists.

"Go outside the gate, Heppy, and close it after you. Go!" he added, peremptorily, as he saw her hesitate. "Now," removing his hands, and standing sternly over the breathless termagant, "will you tell me what all this means?"

"Tell *you*, you sarsy scamp! What have *you* got to do with it, pray? Do you think because you stand over six foot in your Cousin Gilman's old cast-off boots, you can come here and lord it over me? Yes," suddenly changing her mind, as a chance for new insult presented itself, "I told Miss Hepzibah Jane Sanderson," courtesying ironically toward that young lady, "that I'd no mind to have any o' *my* people mixing with low associates, and that if ever I caught her speaking to Mr. Benjamin Gilman," bending even lower, "I'd give her a good licking, and that's just what she'll get the minute you're gone. I don't s'pose you calc'late to stay here for ever."

Ben turned his head inquiringly to where Heppy stood outside the gate, her eyes flashing with anger, yet sparkling with laughter; for what *could* be more absurd than all this rumpus?

Heppy nodded.

"That's it; but I sha'n't give up my old friends for nothing, and father wouldn't want me to, either."

This reference to her nautical spouse reminded Mrs. S. that she must make hay while the sun shone, and that if there were any "licking" to be administered, it must be done in his absence.

She again seized the boiler-stick and made a rush for the gate, which, however, was held against her by Ben.

"What shall we do?" he was asking. "I can't leave you here, Heppy."

"Do!" screamed Mrs. S., in derision. "Every one knows what *you* want to do, Ben Gilman. You needn't think folks is such fools as they look!" becoming incoherent in her rage. "Every one knows it's Captain Abe's money *you're* after! You'll grovel and cringe and do everything mean to get it, I dare say; but you never *will.* Captain Abe ain't the man to marry his darter to a *beggar* or a *sneak*, or a *fool*, Ben Gilman!" And she came to a pause, for, though her vocabulary was not exhausted, her breath was.

Poor Hetty stood hot and crimson, anger and mortification struggling in her breast; and when Mrs. S. stopped, she burst forth:

"It's a lie, Ben, a wicked, shameful lie! Every one knows that you are not courting me at all, and that we're only friends. And, oh, dear!—oh, dear!—why *did* father ever marry her?"

And the tears burst from her hot lids and trickled down in a scalding rain on the golden chrysanthemums that nestled in the front of her dress.

"He must have been drunk," replied Ben, hastily forgetting in his excitement of whom he was speaking. "But, by George, Heppy! we'll do just what she says! We'll go and get married this very day. It'll be better than leaving you here. I *won't* leave you here—and it's the only way."

"But—but—I can't! I never thought of it before."

And poor Heppy felt her brain whirling with all the strange and remarkable events occurring on that Fall day

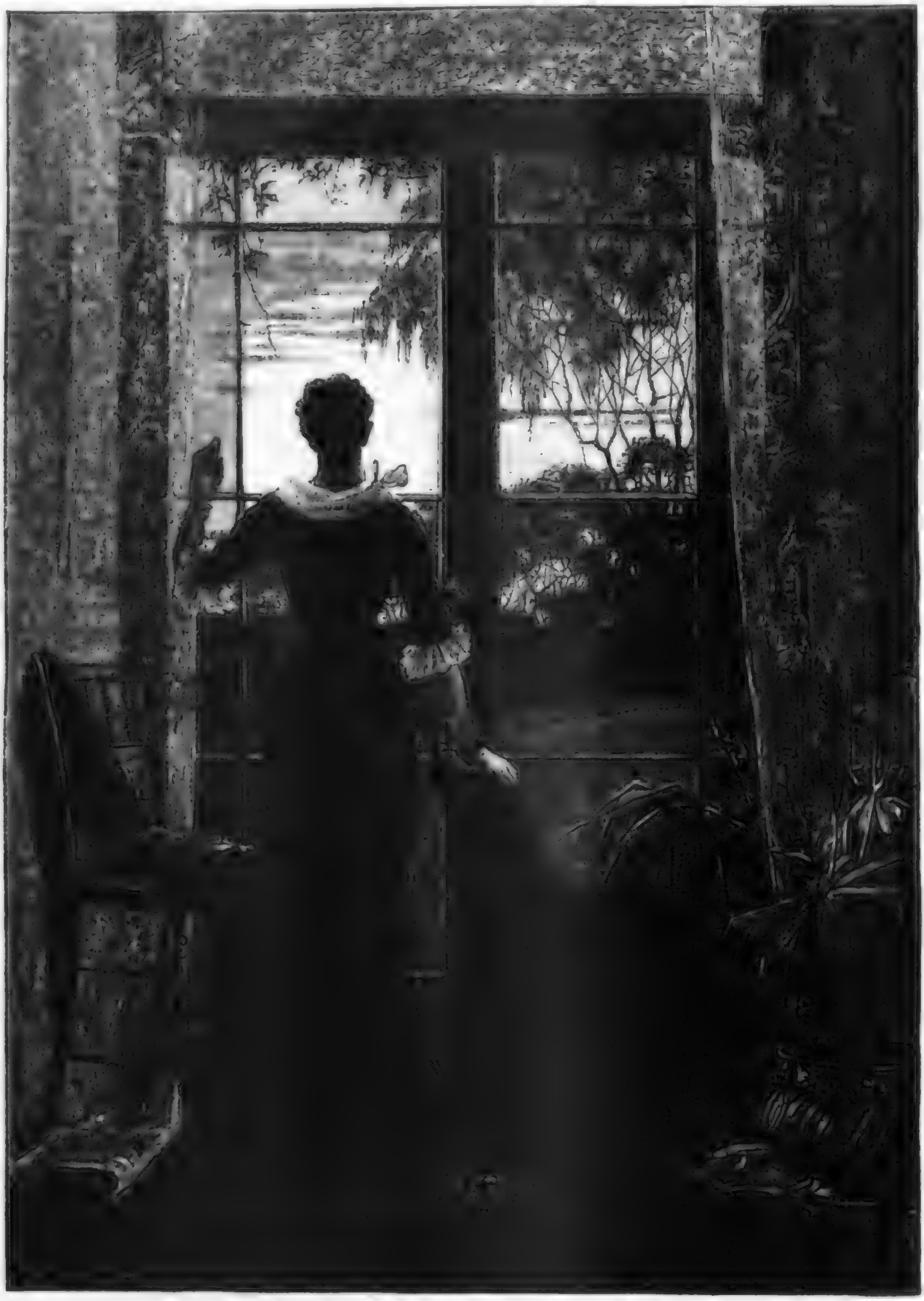
"No more did I," replied Ben, frankly; "but it's all we can do. I shall like it, and I dare say you will when you get used to the idea. We've always been fond of each other, you know, and when we're married, we'll surely be a great deal more so. Don't wait. Heppy, dear; jump into the wagon, and let's be off."

For by this time he was outside the gate, and holding it against Mrs. Sanderson, who was slamming and rattling it like a wild beast in a cage, screaming invectives at both of them, and hurling threats at her stepdaughter in case she just stirred one step.

Heppy hesitated, but her stepmother's menaces turned the scale. So, replying that she should marry when and whom she pleased, she skipped nimbly into the buggy, and before Mrs. Sanderson had taken three steps beyond her own premises, the couple were two rods away.

Then followed shrieks of rage which would have done credit to the Banshee, and volleys of abuse calculated to strike terror to the heart of an army teamster. But no one cared, and no one came to listen except Sophronia, who walked leisurely down the walk, and ironically asked her mistress if she had "heard any one hollering."

Even this self-contained damsel stared a little when she heard the story, but had sufficient presence of mind



"SHE SANG TO ME."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 306.

to add fuel to the flames by saying Ben Gilman was a "real nice feller," and she was "right glad Heppy had caught him."

Then followed another torrent, and so still more time was lost, while the lovers sped on their way to Haverford—the next village—and the house of Mr. Justice of the Peace Fletcher.

Now, Heppy had a young uncle, who was—beside her father — her only real relation, a gentleman who had forsaken farming and the ways of his ancestors, and gone into business in the city.

MESSALINA.

Mr. James Hunter was twenty-nine years old, a bachelor, and with far other views for his pretty niece than that she should marry a penniless boy like Ben Gilman. So to him Mrs. Sanderson resolved to apply for aid. It so happened that he was at home that day, and quietly seated at his dinner, when Mrs. S., after spending half an hour in useless oratory, startled him with the announcement that his niece had eloped.

There was scant time for explanation; so, after a sentence or two, he stormed out into the stable, flung a saddle across a horse, and in five minutes was galloping through Laghorn and on his way to Haverford.

Meanwhile things had gone on swimmingly at "the squire's," and he was just in the act of pronouncing the couple before him man and wife, when in bounced Mr. Hunter, mud-splashes from head to foot, and with his rawhide in his hand.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "I forbid this marriage!"

"On what grounds, sir?" asked the justice, who had just finished the formula.

"Why, confound it, sir, it's a runaway match! The lady hasn't her father's consent!" cried Uncle Jim, in too much of a rage to choose his language. "Gilman, I didn't know you were such a blackguard. Heppy, come home with me at once!"

And he seized his niece by the hand and started for the door. But Ben, crimson with anger, interfered.

"Stop!" he said, sternly; "you're too late. That lady is my wife. Let go her hand." And with one quick movement he separated them, and put Heppy behind him.

Jim turned and stared for a moment, stunned, for he thought he had been in time; then he raised his whip and Ben his fist; but the justice was too quick for them, and pinioned Jim from behind.

"Come, none of that," he growled. "You sha'n't raise a row in *my* office. You're not the lady's father, and if you were, it wouldn't make any difference; she's married now."

"Let go!" cried Jim — "let go, I say! I won't make any row!" Then, on being released: "I'll settle with you, Gilman, another time."

"Uncle Jim," said Heppy, stepping forward, "I'm eighteen years old, and can marry whom I please; and if you quarrel with my husband, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live. But if I'd known you were at home today, I'd have gone and staid with you till father came back. I didn't know it; neither did Ben."

Jim, to whom this was all Greek —for, of course, Mrs. Sanderson had omitted all mention of the boiler-stick — merely scowled, and slashed his boots for a moment or two.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I can do no good here," and turning his back on his niece, left the house, and soon was galloping back to Laghorn, intent on revenge.

He was followed before long by the young couple, who had a nice talk in the buggy, poor young things! about their brilliant prospects.

Of course, Ben was to make a fortune immediately, all through his shining talents and superior capacities; while Heppy was to be, according to him, "the dearest, prettiest little wife in the world," and to make the

XUM

"jolliest home that a fellow ever had." And so they drew up at Cousin Gilman's gate.

But in the gateway stood Cousin Gilman himself, and refused them admittance! He, the good-natured, easy-going, had been goaded to madness by Mrs. Sanderson's taunts—for she had spent half an hour at his house in the course of the afternoon—and he actually told Ben he could take his wife where he liked, but he couldn't bring her in there.

He had nothing against Ben, and nothing against Heppy; but he wasn't going to have his neighbors throwing it up at him that he'd sent his cousin out to run off with an heiress; so they'd just have to go elsewhere. Thus he said, and he stepped inside the gate and closed it, and there was nothing to do except what he advised—go elsewhere.

"I'm afraid I've got you into no end of a scrape," said Ben, gravely, as they drove away. "I wish your father hadn't a penny, or that Cousin Gilman wasn't such an ass—dear old fellow!"

"Never mind, dear," answered poor little Heppy, trying to smile. "We'll get along somehow."

Of course Uncle Jim's was closed to them; so Cousin Frank's was the next place to be tried. And there, too, they met with no success, for Uncle Jim had been before them, and made it a personal matter between himself and Cousin Frank—to whom he had lent money—that they should not be taken in.

Cousin Rachel was next visited; but she, knowing nothing about the boiler-stick, had succumbed to Mrs. S.'s arguments, and merely screamed to them from an upper window that there "warn't no place for them *there!*"

By this time the poor things were driving forlornly up and down the village street, with no place wherein to shelter themselves from the coming night.

Laghorn boasted of no hotel; the efforts of Uncle Jim and Mrs. Sanderson had closed every door to them; and with nothing but a little odd change in their pockets, and the horse and buggy for their sole possessions, what was to become of them?

They did not despair, however, and made light as possible of their troubles. But the fact remained that night was coming on, and there was no roof over their heads; that instead of the frank and friendly faces which had met them all their lives, there was now no one to be seen, except now and then a group who peered curiously at them from some open door or window, and then vanished, giggling, as they drew near.

So they began to feel quite like babes in the wood.

As the news flew from house to house, it at last reached "Aunt Phœbe" Brandenburgh, Heppy's great-grandmother. This lady was ninety-seven years old, and looked more than anything else like one of those South American mummies to be seen at Vassar College, or the Smithsonian Institute. She was brown as a piece of her own old mahogany furniture, and she could not be said to be wrinkled, for she was nothing *but* wrinkles. Her hands were livid claws; her eyes had gone so far back into her head that no one could tell whether or not there was any sight left in them; and as for hearing, she seemed scarcely to have heard a word for years.

She was nothing but a little soft bundle of clothes and cap-frills, which Debby, her attendant, dressed and seated by the fire every day, and which sat there, mumbling to itself, till time for bed.

For years she had been "on the shelf," so to speak, utterly out of this world's affairs, never asking a question, never making a comment; her husband, children and grandchildren dead, about whom or what was it worth her while to speak? There was plenty of room in her house, for she was rich and alone; but it never occurred to Heppy to appeal to *her*, any more than one would think of asking the family portraits for aid on a pinch.

Neither had Mrs. Sanderson nor Uncle Jim thought it worth their while to visit and get her on their side.

So when Cousin Rachel, rather spiteful, and also rather conscience-stricken, ran over to have a half-hour's gossip with Debby, and tell how she had "sent them nincumpoops to the right about," neither of them minded the little old bundle by the fire any more than if it had not been there.

But by-and-by it began to stir and flutter, and finally a little wheezy noise came out from half a dozen shawls.

"What's that, Rachel? Who's that what hadn't any place to go to?"

"Heppy, Aunt Phœbe," answered Rachel, in surprise; for she hadn't heard as much from her aged neighbor in years.

"What! my granddaughter, Heppy Hunter, that married Abe Sanderson?"

"No, no, Aunt Phœbe! Her daughter, Heppy Sanderson—leastways, Heppy Gilman now—she's run off and married Ben Gilman."

"And why hasn't she a place to go to?" queried the old woman, after a pause, seemingly taking that time to recollect who Heppy was.

"'Cause Mrs. Sanderson's turned 'em out, and Gilman's folks has, too, and nobody'll take 'em in, and they're drivin' up and down the street with nowhere to stop."

And Rachel was overcome with giggles at the humor of the situation.

But a change came over the poor old mummy—such a change as would not have been thought possible. She straightened up her little old back till it looked almost perpendicular, and her eyes, that had been so long sunken out of sight, came again to the fore, and flashed fire on the two astonished women.

"Do you mean to tell me that any o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks"—her thoughts wandering back to the lover who had courted and married her in her own lusty girlhood—"do you mean to tell me that any o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks is drivin' up and down Laghorn streets without a place to go to? Why didn't you take 'em in, Rachel? Why doesn't somebody take 'em in?"

"The folks is all mad at her, ma'am, 'cause she ran off and got married," stammered Rachel, beginning to feel rather foolish.

"S'pose she *is* married! She didn't change her blood when she changed her name, did she? None o' Sam's folks or mine shall go wanderin' round like beggars while *I'm* livin'!"

And she rose to the feet on which she had not stood unaided for the last twenty years.

"Let me alone!" she cried, angrily, as the two women made a frightened rush at her.

And she feebly hobbled to the front door, opened it, and stepped out on the vine-covered porch. She shaded her eyes with one blue claw, and looked far down the village street, to where the sun was setting in a glory of purple and gold, giving the signal in so many happy homes for the return of the wanderers, and a merry gathering over the evening meal.

A quarter of a mile away, and coming toward her, was a jaded horse drawing a buggy, and as they came nearer, she could see that it contained a man and a woman, both shivering with the cold, and poor Heppy doing her best to fight away Ben's coat, in which he was insisting on wrapping her.

When they were near enough the old lady raised her hand and feebly beckoned, and kept on beckoning till Ben pulled up, and her great-granddaughter ran in to see what she wanted.

"What's the matter, grandma? You oughtn't to be here alone," for the two women had slunk out of sight.

"Heppy," said the old woman, laying her hand on the girl's sleeve, and looking up in her face with eyes that once more shone wide and clear, "they tell me that you've got married, and that your folks has turned you out. So jest you come in here, my dear—you and your young man. *I'll* do for you, if nobody else will!"

"Oh, grandma!" cried the girl, the tears starting from her eyes, and, in her surprise and delight, hugging the frail little bundle till it seemed as though its head would drop off and roll on the floor, "how very good you are!"

"Jest you tell him to put up his horse and come in," persisted the old lady. "None o' Sam Brandenburgh's folks was ever beggars, and none o' them sha'n't want for nothin' so long's I've got a plenty. So jest you come in, my dear, and stop with me a spell"; and she hobbled back to the fire.

So Ben and Heppy came in and settled down, as happy as two young larks; and "Aunt Phœbe" looked at them with great satisfaction, and made one more original remark to the effect that Heppy's young man was a heap like Sam Brandenburgh.

One evening, after a week had gone by, a step was heard on the porch, and Captain Abe came striding in, a thundering cloud on his brow, but a pathetic twitching about his mouth.

He caught Heppy in both his arms, and kissed her till the poor little girl's face was all red and scratched with his rough whiskers; then he reached out and shook hands with Ben; then he kissed the old lady, and had much ado to keep from crying.

He was just fresh from a brief but pointed interview with his wife; another with Uncle Jim; and still another, but of a more pacific nature, with Cousin Gilman.

The last knew all about the boiler-stick by this time, and had repented himself; so, hastening to meet the captain as the latter stepped ashore, had told him the truth—and the whole truth—before Mrs. S. had a chance to put in her word.

Poor Captain Abe was mortified to the very quick that his only child should have had to wander houseless, homeless, and, but for Ben, friendless, up and down the street. Then, too, his big shoulders ached when he thought of her poor little bones all beaten and bruised by her cruel stepmother.

He pushed his son-in-law in every way possible, so that before long Ben was able to maintain himself and Heppy without aid.

They never left Aunt Phœbe, but remained with her, to her great happiness and content, till she died.

Cousin Gilman soon came and made up his quarrel with the young couple, and so did Uncle Jim; but Mrs. Sanderson and her stepdaughter never spoke again. After a couple of years she—Mrs. S.—burst a blood-vessel and died, and Captain Abe promptly consoled himself with a good-tempered, buxom widow of thirty; and with her Heppy and Ben were great friends.

As for our hero and heroine, their marriage turned out a great success; and as they themselves had not planned it, we can only suppose it to have been one of those which are made in heaven. They are as happy together as the day is long, and the little Bens and Heppys are still happier; but happiest of all is the young grandfather, who has now a little Abe or two of his own, and who "swans he doesn't know which are the smartest, his young 'uns, or his darter's!"

And as for the old lady, she lived to complete her hundredth year, and to name Heppy's first child after his great-great-grandfather, Sam Brandenburgh. Then, one Winter evening, when the snow was falling, slowly falling, filling the air with great sailing flakes, and lightly covering the graves in the churchyard, she suddenly turned her face that way, and called out, loud and clear, "Sam, dear, I'm *very* tired!" then spoke no more, and presently was laid down to rest beside the husband she had loved so tenderly, and remembered so faithfully.

THE TIGER OF THE SEA.

By C. F. Holder.

That the animals of the sea occupy positions relatively similar to those on shore, is in no case better exemplified than in the largest of all fishes—the shark. In all its genera and species, from the ferocious dog-fish up to the gigantic *Rhinodon*, we see the true carnivora of the sea. They are the lions, tigers, jaguars and wildcats of the ocean world; differing in form and methods of life, yet calling to mind these animals in all their habits. So can we compare them to the rapacious birds. The great man-eater is the vulture; the dog-fish resembles the predatory hawk; while the large basking shark reminds us of the great condor, that, though extremely powerful, often prefers the smallest game, and that at second-hand.

The sharks, of which about 260 species are known, differ greatly from the other denizens of the sea, and are literally without bones, the skeleton, if it can be so called, being made up of cartilage. The centre of the vertebral column is only at times more or less ossified, and the dorsal cord (*chorda dorsalis*) does not always exist; notwithstanding this, the vertebræ are generally distinctly indicated. The parts of the skull are not united by sutures, as in other fishes. The gills resemble straps, and vary in number from five to seven in the sharks and rays that are grouped together, forming the order *Plagiostomata*, meaning transverse-mouthed.

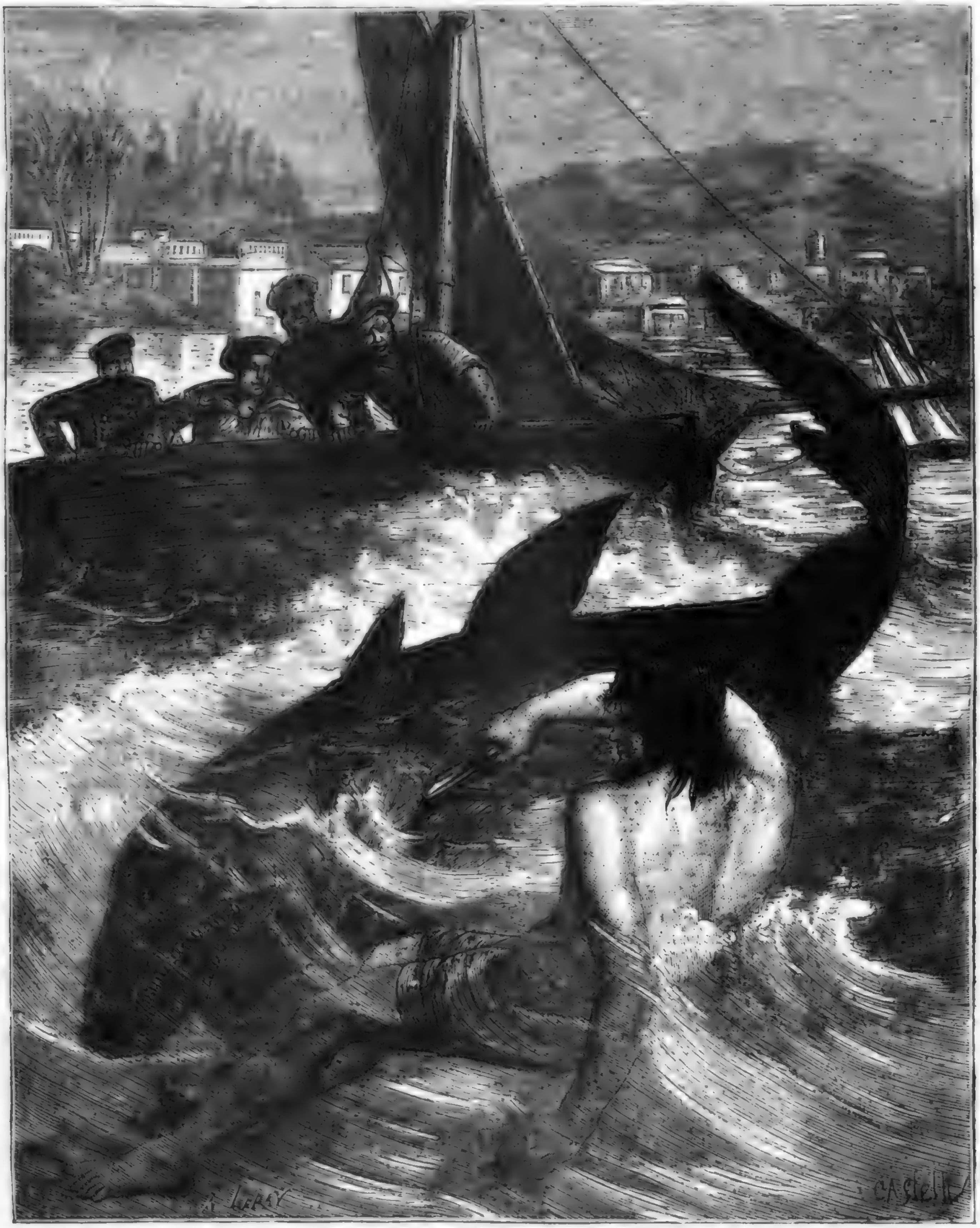
The sharks have no air-bladder, that is such a prominent feature in most fishes. Their eggs, few in number, are often peculiar in form, being inclosed in horny capsules, having four handle-like feelers or tendrils that have the faculty of grasping seaweed or other objects as soon as deposited, exactly as does the advance tendril of a grape-vine; thus the egg is prevented from washing ashore, and often they so resemble the surrounding weed as to find protection in the mimicry. In many species, however, as the American dog-fish, the young are born alive.

In general appearance the shark is repulsive. The skin is rough and file-like, being protected with minute or hardened granules; the mouth is generally placed beneath, and armed with sometimes eight or nine rows of sharp, serrated or saw-edged teeth, all except the first having the faculty of lying down, a reserve force that are only used as occasion requires, rising up so many hooks, to secure, hold, and lacerate the struggling prey. They are found in all waters, from Arctic to Equatorial, and, contrary to the general impression, in both salt and fresh water.

Perhaps no animal excites so much dread as these monsters of the deep. They are the scavengers of the

XUM

ocean, and though their ferocity is often exaggerated, there are many cases on record showing that they are not dreaded without cause. About sixteen different sharks are known on our coast, the majority being more commonly observed from Hatteras to the south.



NATIVE MODE OF ATTACKING THE SHARK.

To the lover of sea-fishing, who delights in honest hard work, shark-fishing is a revelation, and perhaps the writer can speak as an expert, having engaged in many a tug of war with the gamy fish during a long residence on the Florida Reef. Here, at various localities, from the mouth of the St. John's to Cape Sable, shark-catching is more or less of an industry, followed by the Negroes, Crackers, and Conchs, for the oil that finds ready sale; the jaw, backbone, and skin, also forming marketable commodities.

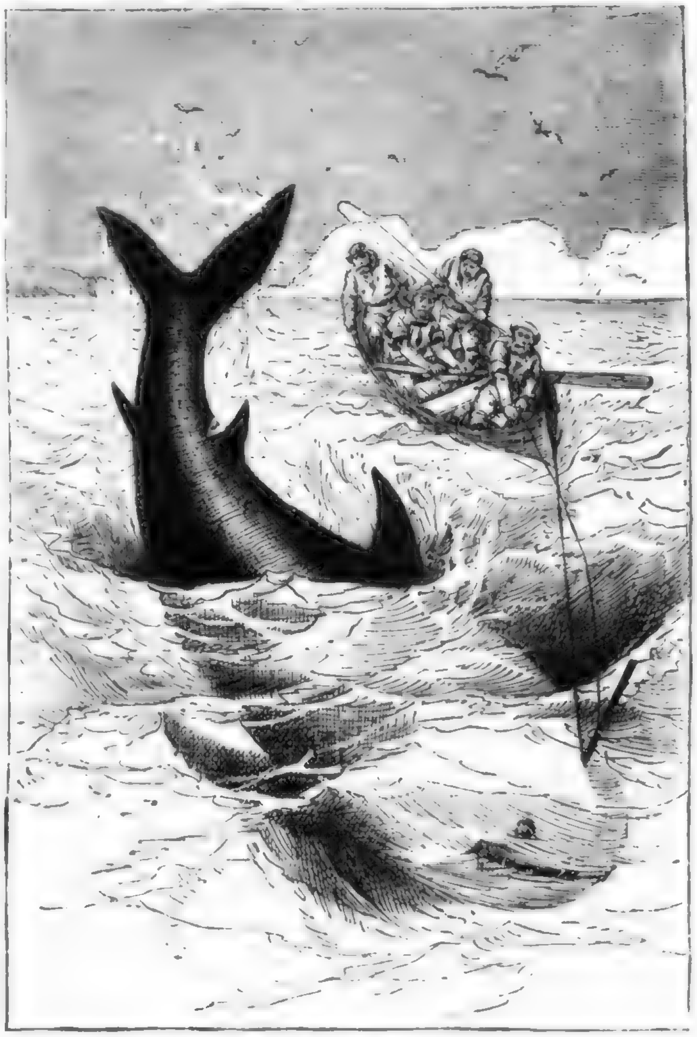
The writer had tested the power of the brutes in many a hand-to-hand struggle along the outer Reef, and one Spring went in quest of the great game in the vicinity of Virgina Key, up near the mainland of Florida. Our schooner anchored off the Key, and we were soon renewing acquaintance with an old friend, a former resident of that part of Key West denominated Conchtown. Our host threw aside all minor duties to afford us a day's sport. "Shark-fishin', eh?" said the Colonel, after the greetings were over. "Somewhat. We're jest commencin' fishin'; got all the fixins. Hyar, you black rascal, get out thatcher dingy, and hooks and lines, and chuck in the grains. Come, git," he continued, as the boy grinned. "What I feed you fo'?"

Sandy got, and sailed away before the advance of the Colonel's number-thirteen foot, and a few minutes later we were moving down the dark waters of the little stream that passed his plantation, the Colonel standing in the bow, grains in hand, now and then striking a fish of some kind, and tossing it into the boat as bait.

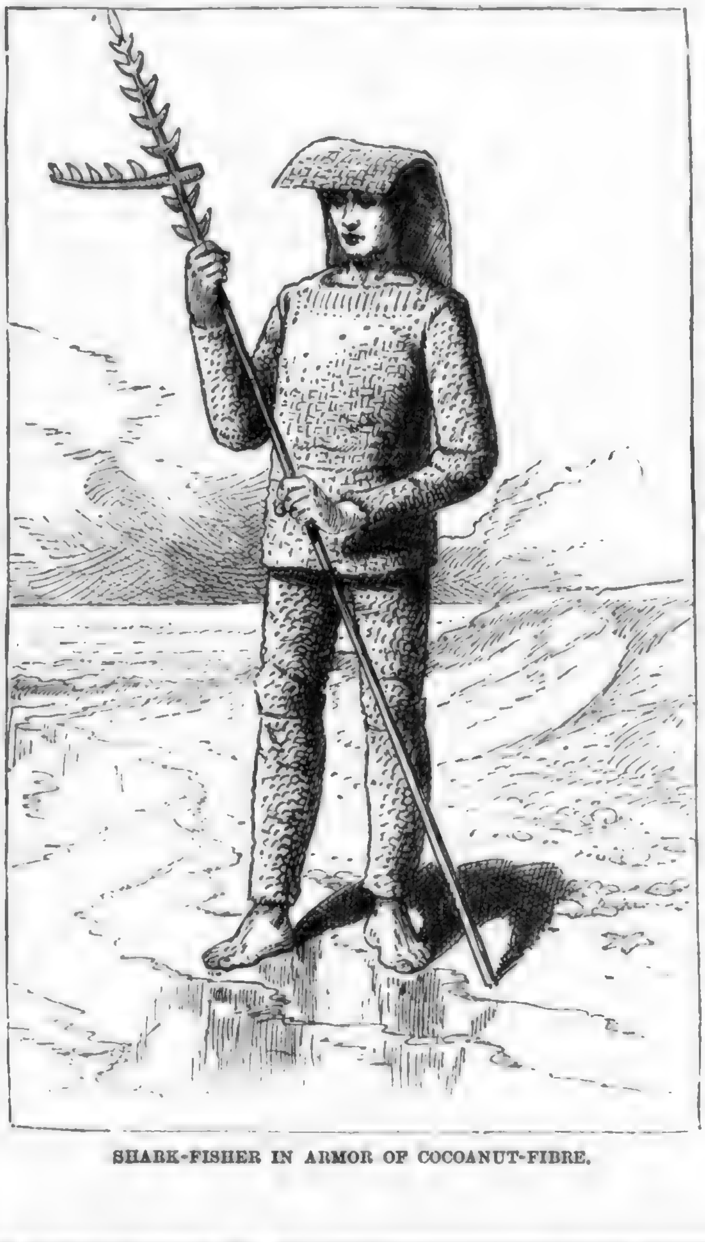
"Didn't fotch thatcher pole," said the grinning darkey, who was forcing the small dingy along with sturdy stroke. "Dars de line we uses," pointing to a large coil of rope, larger than an ordinary clothes-line, the hook being an enormous affair, eight inches across, with a swivel barb and a chain three feet long, and stout enough to hold an ox. "Yes, sah," continued the boy, "that's a reg'lar sherk-line."

"He's a perfessional sherker," put in the Colonel, tossing a crawfish at the boy, "and that's all he's good for."

"Summer's de bestest time fo' sherks," continued the "perfessional," taking the Colonel's jokes good-humoredly, "but de fishin's tolable now. Over yander's de place," he added, pointing to a narrow neck of sand backed by groves of mangrove and wild oak, upon which a few moments later the boat crunched, the writer literally tumbling out and lending a hand in hauling her upon the beach, where she was turned around and headed for the water, to be ready for launching if the game so ordained.



SHARK-HARPOONING.



SHARK-FISHER IN ARMOR OF COCOANUT-FIBRE.

"I've spent some high old nights on this yer strip," said the Colonel, uncoiling the rope and proceeding to impale on the hook a shad that in the New York market would have brought $1.60. "When fishin's good we jest sort o' camp out here; have a big fire to keep off the skeeters, and take life easy."

"What are sharks good for except the sport?" asked one of the party, who was a green hand.

"Good for?" replied the Colonel. "Why, friend, youne folks up thar ain't been curin' yerselves of consumption all these yer years without knowin' whar yer cod-liver ile comes from, hav yer? Hyar, you black imp," he continued, taking an immense slice from a slab of navy plug," tell the Perfesser whar these yer livers goes ter."

"Ole man's boun' ter git dish yer nigger in de sweat-house, dat's sho'; hit ain't no use dribin' roun' de stump wif him," laughed the darkey. "Fer tell de truf," he continued, "I can't tell fo' sartain whar de libers do go, but dere's a little chap wif a big nose wot comes roun' yere 'bout twict a month an' takes all he kin git. We tries out de ile fust. I says ter him one day: 'Wot dey do wif de ile?' and he says: 'Did I ever hear of cod-liber ile?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'hit's gittin' tolable scarce, so we slips dish yer in kinder half-an'-half,' an' he gev me two bits ter keep de secret; but dere ain't much chance hit's ever gittin' out o' Dade County."

"Stan' back!" here shouted the Colonel, who had the coil of rope in one hand, and the hook and chain in the other. Swinging some six feet of the slack about his head for a few moments, he finally, amid much invective,

XUM

launched it far out into the little channel that here neared the beach. The other end of the line being made fast to the painter of the dingy, the shark-fisherman dropped upon the sand to wait for a bite, the line, as it entered the water, being led over a crotched stick called a tell-tale, its downfall being the signal of a nibble.

"Besides the livers," said the Colonel, returning to the subject of the economic value of sharks, "the skin brings a fair price, though what they use it for I don't know. Then the backbones are made into canes, and they say they sell right smart up at Jacksonville as curiosities.'

"Thar she goes," interrupted Sandy, leaping to his feet.

The stick was down, and the line nervously twitching to and fro as if a crab was nibbling at the bait, or the shad had come to life and was trying ineffectually to escape.

"Now, Perfessor," said the Colonel, "hyar's yer chance. Take hold, but don't sound him till I give the word."

The Professor took in hand the rope, that was now running slowly out, and braced himself in the sand for the struggle.

"Gib him plenty ob slack," said Sandy. "Twenty foot ain't too much. Now let it git taut."

The line ran out swiftly, and when exhausted came rapidly taut. When fairly stiff and trembling, the Colonel gave the word and the hook was jerked into the fish. For a second—only a single one—there was no response, as if the great game was petrified with astonishment; then came a flurry of sand and a cloud of spray, and the shark-fisherman found himself six feet away sitting in the water, while the line was rushing out with an ominous sound.

"Yo' held on wen yo' oughter slack," was Sandy's explanation of the manœuvres.

Rallying, the Professor again seized the line from the jovial planter, and laid to, the first pressure producing a jerk that was, however, avoided by paying out. The line now became slack.

"He ain't gone," shouted the Colonel; "he's a-runnin' in, and when he turns you want ter look out."

For a minute and a half the line remained slack, and the Professor was taking it in, when suddenly, without warning, it shot out as if fired from a gun, and dropping it entirely and going through a war-dance with the others to avoid the flying coils, was all that could be done. When finally recovered, the great fish, for the first time, was seen rising seven or eight feet into the air, shaking its ugly maw, and making the chain clank in its desperate efforts to escape. The line was now taken firmly in hand, the shark rushing down the beach, carrying the fisherman along at a rapid pace; now darting in shore, now directly out, all with such force and vigor as to make it evident that the fish could not be landed by one man; consequently all hands laid hold, and putting the line over their shoulders they ran up the beach; then suddenly turning, ran back again; now hauling in, slacking out suddenly, and jerking this way and that, until the fish, buffeted, confused, half-drowned, and thoroughly conquered, gave up its powerful struggles and was dragged in shore, where a blow upon its rounded, shovel-shaped head finished it.

It was just twelve feet long, but of great bulk, and must have weighed eight hundred pounds. Upon the body, as it came in, clung several of the curious sucking fishes, remora, that has upon the head an oval sucker, with bands something like those in a Venetian blind. By pressing this upon the shark, they adhere to it and are carried about, in this case proving their destruction as they were hauled, with their companion, upon the beach. The strength of their sucking power can be imagined when it is known that the Colonel could, with difficulty, tear them from the shark; and later, the writer lifted a pail of water, to which a ramora was attached, by using the tail of the fish as a handle. They are found about all large fishes and turtles. Another species cling to the sword and saw fish, while one in West Indian waters is used to capture turtles. A cord is attached to its tail, and the fish, thrown overboard when one of the reptiles is sighted, immediately fastens itself to the victim, and is then hauled in with the unfortunate object of its attachment.

The man-eater having been deprived of its choice parts, the line was again tossed over, baited with a sea-trout that was evidently a tempting morsel, as the line was soon running out, Sandy taking it in hand this time. The moment the fish was hooked it broke, rising high in the air, shaking its head and the chain, coming down with a resounding splash, and showing a form so huge and bulky that the boy sang out for the dingy to be made ready. A moment later the suggestion proved a good one. So furious were the rushes of the great fish that the entire party were carried into the water at a dead run, and were obliged to give up the line. Every attempt was made to stay the onward rush of the monster, but the line was soon exhausted and the end quickly came, and plunging into the dingy we were off, flying down the bay at a furious pace behind the powerful fish.

"Stan' by fo' de slack," shouted Sandy, who was keeping the line in a notch at the bow that was buried in foam, and arranging ourselves along the line, we slowly took in, every haul seeming to start the shark to renewed exertions.

For half a mile we were thus carried along by our unseen steed, and then the slack was taken in, so that the powerful tail and dorsal fin were distinctly visible. Inch by inch the line was gained, and preparations were made for quickly passing the fish astern and completing the capture, when the shark, without warning, turned abruptly, and wrenched the line from the notch. In a moment it was over the side, and the water pouring in.

"Git ter the wind'ard!" shouted the Colonel, advice scarcely necessary, as the fishermen were soon perched upon the upper side of the boat. This righted her, and she slowly settled back, half full of water and foam. The line was flying out now, fouling with the oars, hissing and throwing the spray, and finally coming taut with a jerk, snapped, leaving the fishermen with a half-sunken boat and no line.

"Datcher sherk must hev been thirteen foot, sho'," said Sandy, as he bailed out with his hat, an occupation to which the others now turned. Having reduced the load, the dingy was got under way, and slowly rowed to the beach, where she was hauled up and tipped.

"Well, Perfessor," said the Colonel, as the party turned homeward, "you hed a pull at a sherk, anyhow," which fact the victim frankly acknowledged; barked shins, hands with the skin burned off by the hissing rope, a ducking, not to speak of eyes filled with flying sand, being some of the mementoes of the sport, which, however, has no equal in the annals of fishing. There is not a muscle that is not brought into play, all the exercises and arts, real and imaginary, of dancing, ground and lofty tumbling, flying, diving, crawling and burrowing, forming a portion of the pleasures in hauling in a man-eater.

Further down the reef the writer has been towed several hours by a large white shark, and when finally a barge and eight rowers were attached, the line broke. This shark was never seen, but it must have been of extreme size, as for a while it carried both boats. When first hooked I noticed, as we rushed away, that on either side of the boat there were four or five sharks, ten or more feet in length, coming swiftly along, their bodies inclined upward, evidently following us in curiosity.

In this locality (Garden Key) about 200 miles from the Florida mainland, a case of shark-bite was never known, though the writer has often, in company with others, leaped into the water and swam to Long Key, a quarter of a mile distant, when large sharks have been seen, a few moments before, swimming with their attendants, the remoras.

Among the sports of sharking is the capture of the nurse, a shark of the genus *Scyllium*, that attains a length of about nine feet. In color they are nearly black, and as it is their habit to sleep or lie motionless on the pure white coral reefs in droves, they form very prominent objects, and in feeding remind one of a drove of pigs rooting, as they dig up the sand in search of the small animals that constitute their food, creating a cloud about them. When asleep, or feeding, a boat can be put within several feet of them, and as the water is only about four feet deep, they are easily speared. In attempting this, ludicrous results often follow. The writer once, when sailing upon the reef, had a man as rower who weighed nearly 300 pounds, and who was extremely anxious to strike a nurse, and to oblige him the boat was put carefully among the nurses, that, all at once becoming aware of the presence of an enemy, darted off in all directions. The heavyweight becoming excited, hurled his grains at a large shark, and forgetting to drop the pole, was in a second jerked into the water, and in less time than it takes to tell it was flying along behind the affrighted animal, presenting a most laughable spectacle.

Although the water was shoal he could not obtain a foothold upon the bottom, on account of the rate of speed, and finally seeing that in time he must tire out the fish, he took it philosophically, grasped the line, and offered no resistance, allowing his strange steed to tow him about at pleasure. This performance was kept up for some time, the shark swimming round and round the great shoal, until finally the rider was intercepted by the boat and lifted aboard, and the nurse, well worn out by its exertions, hauled up on a neighboring Key.

Ashore, the nurse is seen to be of a brown hue above and whitish below. The eye is very small, with horizontally linear pupil, of a bead-like whiteness. The skin is covered with small, round, hard scales, that give it a decided value in polishing. The mouth is extremely small, as are the teeth, being only adapted for small animals. The nurse is also valued for its liver, from which a fine oil is made.

Though we have shown that at Tortugas sharks were not dreaded, this is not true of other portions of the reef, and probably not at this locality beyond the reef proper. Some years ago a smack was lying at anchor above Key West, and the men were in swimming, when the captain saw a shark approaching, and gave the word. All had reached the vessel, and the last man was hauling himself aboard, by a rope ladder over the stern, and was nearly at the rail, when a tiger-shark (*Galeocerdo tigrinus*) darted clear of the water and dragged the unfortunate man down before the eyes of his comrades.

A similar case is reported as having occurred on a man-of-war, a man being carried from the yard to which the boats were attached. Commerson relates a case of a shark that seized a negro that had been hung from a yardarm ten feet over the water; but fortunately these occurrences are rare.

Sharks do not always turn on their backs in taking food. The writer has observed them tearing at a dead horse and running their heads out of the water. A friend, however, saw a shark seize a man, and stated that it turned and took him by the waist, almost severing the body at a single bite. The victim was a man-of-war's-man, who, contrary to orders, swam from the vessel. The shark was seen approaching him, and a boat was at once sent to his rescue, but before they could reach him he sank from fright, and a moment later the boat darted over the spot, the rowers looking down into the water only to see the enactment of the terrible tragedy.

One of the most ferocious attacks by a shark occurred many years ago off Lynn, Mass. The victim, Mr. Joseph Blaney, was one of a party who had gone out fishing, and for some reason he took the small-boat and pulled off a ways from the others. Suddenly he was heard to cry out, and looking around, his friends saw him fighting and striking a huge shark, that repeatedly threw itself over the dory, ultimately crushing and sinking it, and carrying the unfortunate fisherman off, the others being unable to render any assistance.

Sharks occasionally attack boats, either thinking they are fish or with more vicious intent. For several years fishing-dories along the Maine coast were attacked from time to time by a huge fish that the men called the great biting-shark. It made desperate attempts to get into boats, and a fisherman at York said that his grandfather was attacked by it, and with difficulty drove it off, the boat nearly tipping over. Accounts were heard of the shark for a long time along the coast. A few seasons ago a fisherman was sitting in his dory off the Nubble, near York Beach, when a shark, nine feet long, deliberately jumped into the dory and began hurling the oars about, much to the astonishment of the fisherman. In this instance the fish had evidently made a mistake.

The Kanakas are said to be extremely agile and successful in attacking the shark, and armed with a sharp knife, they dart under the monster and disembowel it, either killing it or putting it to flight. The most terrible wounds, however, seem often to be disregarded by these brutes. The Greenland shark has been seen to feed along after its bowels had been cut, and its head repeatedly wounded by darts and lances.

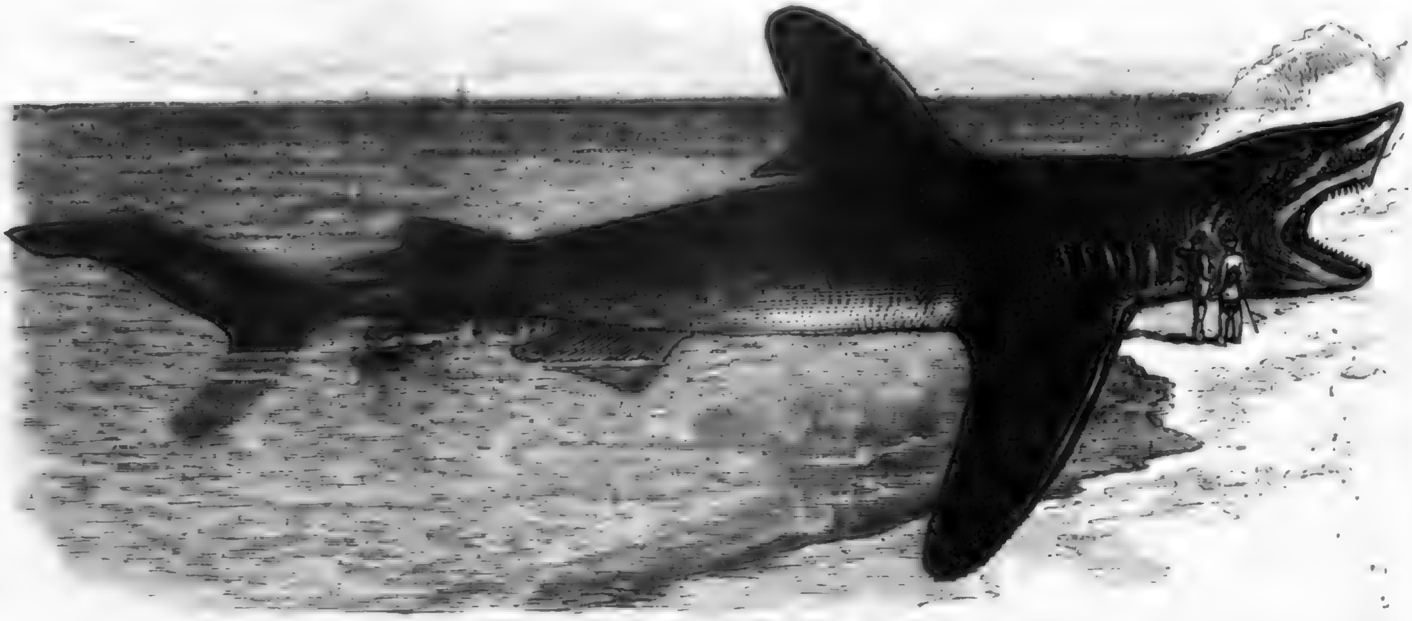
The shark generally known as the man-eater of the American coast is Atwood's shark (*Carcharadon Atwoodi*), a rare and formidable creature, bulky in the extreme, and attaining a length of thirteen feet. It ranges from Newfoundland to Florida. One struck by a harpoon, some time ago, off Cape Cod, turned upon the boat, seized the cutwater in its mouth, crushed it badly, and only succumbed when it had been repeatedly struck with the harpoon and lance. The most ferocious of all the sharks belong to this genus. Fortunately, in our waters they do not attain their full size, but in the British Museum is a jaw of a man-eater (*Carcharadon rondelettii*), captured in Australian waters, that measured thirty-six feet and a half in length, twice the length of the largest so-called man-eater shark that the writer observed on the Florida reef. Such a fish would be a much more terrible enemy to encounter than a whale, and a match for the largest vessel. The jaw of such an one would well allow a man to stand upright in it, and a man or a horse would be but morsels to appease its appetite.

Among the predatory sharks is the mackerel-shark, a beautiful fish, somewhat resembling that after which it is

XUM

named. The lobes of the tail are equal. These sharks attain a length of ten feet, and a weight of 400 pounds, and greatly annoy the fishermen by biting off their hooks. Their oil is greatly esteemed by tanners. The thrasher (*Alopeas vulpes*) or fox-shark, attains a length of twenty feet, with a tail of nearly half that length, and presents a remarkable appearance; while others are the blue shovel-nosed, dusky, and hammer-head. The latter has two projections or lateral hammer-like prolongations upon each side of the head that bear the eyes, giving the fish a most singular appearance. They attain a large size, and are much dreaded for their boldness and ferocity, as previously shown.

It is not generally known that sharks live in fresh water; yet such is the case, one kind having been seen in Lake Nicaragua by Belt, the naturalist; and in the River Wai Levi, in Fiji, another shark, the *Carcharias gangeticus*, also lives. This shark is likewise found in the Tigris at Bagdad, 350 miles from the sea. In Viti Levi it breeds in a fresh-water lake above the falls, where there is not the slightest possibility of the water being even brackish. These may be considered the phenomena of sharks, and the list would not be complete without reference to the luminous shark (*Squalus fulgens*), that blazes with a wondrous light, and on several occasions in the East has astonished and startled divers while at their work.



MONSTER FOSSIL SHARK OF THE TERTIARY PERIOD.

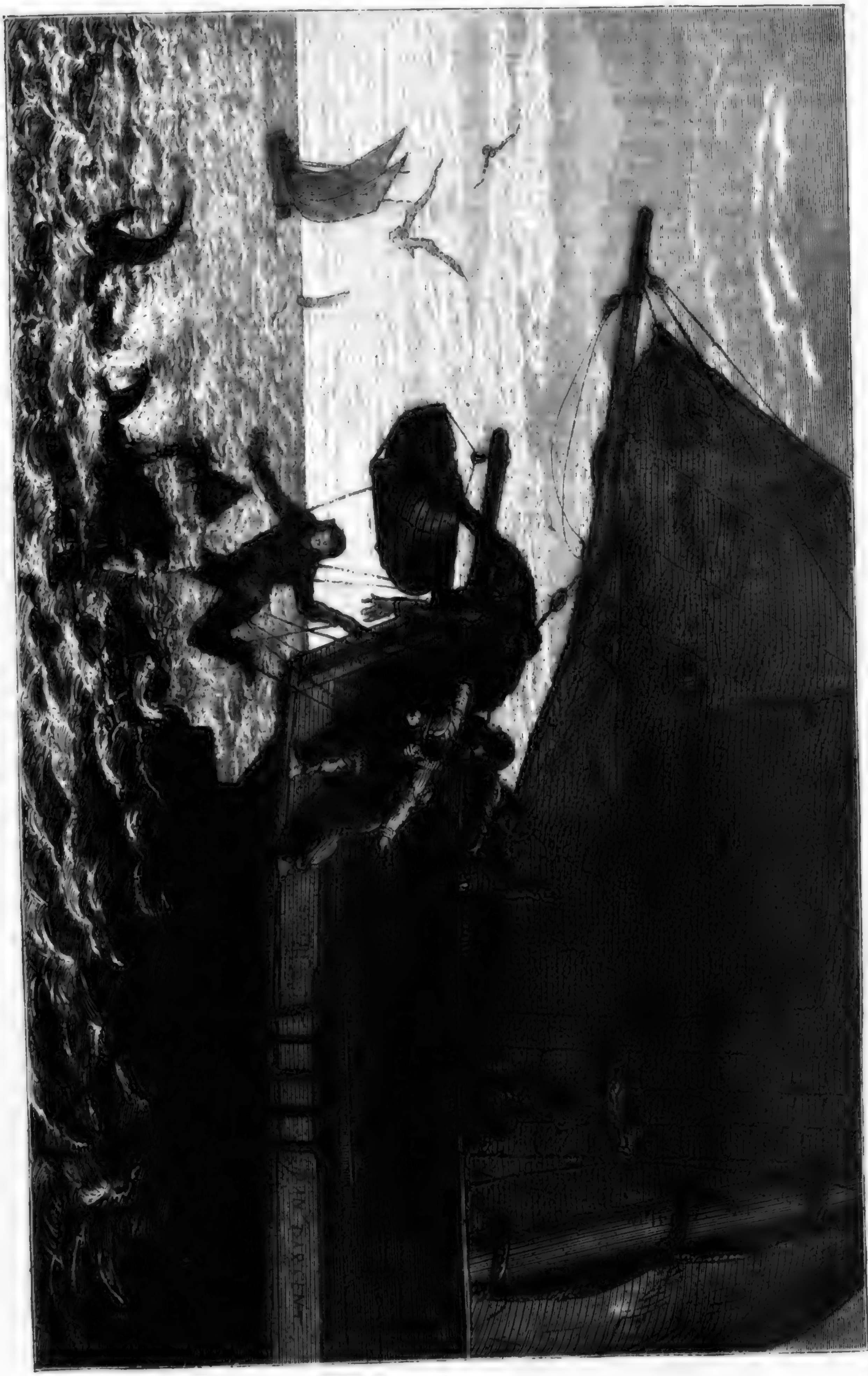
In general appearance it closely resembles the black or brown nurse, or *Scymnus*, of our southern coast. This interesting light-giver was discovered by Dr. Bennett, and we cannot do better than give his version of the find: "Being dark when I first saw it shining in the net, it resembled a *Pyrosoma*, emitting, as it did, a bright phosphorescent light. This was in lat. 2 deg. 15 sec. S.; long. 160 deg. W. The length of my specimen was five and a half inches. It is not a little singular that my brother, the late Mr. D. F. Bennett, obtained a specimen of this fish in almost the same latitude, and another in lat. 55 deg. N.; long. 110 deg. W. The first was taken in the daytime, and was ten inches in length—much larger in size than my specimen. The second was taken at night, and its entire length was one and a half feet. Both were alive when captured, and fought fiercely with their jaws, tearing the net in several places. On putting my fish in sea-water, and observing it in the dark cabin, it swam about for some time, emitting a bright phosphoric light; and when this had become so faint as to be almost imperceptible, it was readily rekindled on the animal being disturbed or excited. My specimen was of a perfectly black color, and died about four hours after it had been taken. The luminosity was retained for some hours after life was extinct."

The above shark was an extremely small one, the adult attaining a length of nine feet, presenting a magnificent spectacle in the water.

"When the larger specimen taken by my brother," says Professor Bennett, "was removed into a dark apartment, it afforded a very extraordinary spectacle. The entire inferior surface of the body and head emitted a vivid and greenish phosphorescent gleam, imparting to the creature, by its own light, a truly ghastly and terrific appearance. The luminous effect was constant, and not perceptibly increased by agitation or friction. I thought at one time it shone brighter when the fish struggled, but I was not satisfied that such was the fact. When the shark expired (which was not until it had been out of the water more than three hours), the luminous appearance faded entirely from the abdomen, and more gradually from other parts, lingering the longest around the jaws and on the fins. The only part of the under-surface of the animal which was free from luminosity was the black collar around the throat."

The man-eater, *Carcharias*, is by no means the largest shark. In the waters about the Seychelles Islands a shark is found that attains a greater size than many whales, some reaching, it is said, seventy feet. The native whalers often mistake them for those cetaceans and harpoon them, but their error is soon seen, and, it is said, so lightning-like is their rush and dive that the rope is often burned or entangled and the boat torn in pieces. In one case one of these monsters was struck, and as it dived, the men, seeing what it was, rushed to the line to cut it, but this was impossible. One man was caught in the coils and disappeared so quickly that no one saw him go. The men cried for help, and several dashed into the water and started for another boat, when suddenly the line became exhausted, and with a lurch the *Pirogue* and the rest of her crew disappeared and were never seen again.

The *Rhinodon typicus*—for this is the name of the monster—occasionally upsets boats by rising under them,



A SAILOR NABBED BY A LEAPING SHARK.

evidently taking them for others of its kind, but otherwise than its terrible strength it is perfectly harmless, not having the sharp teeth and carnivorous nature of the man-eater, being in fact an herbivorous creature. The mouth, however, is not by any means a beautiful sight, being of enormous size, but furnished with extremely small teeth.

Comparatively few of these fishes have been caught. One of the finest specimens, now in the Colombo Museum, was captured in the Indian Ocean at Moratuwa last year (1883). Its length is twenty-three feet; girth, thirteen feet. It was taken in what the Cingalese call a *maha-dlhdle*, or great net, that they run out nearly a quarter of a mile into the sea. Mr. Ward, friend of Dr. Wright, of the Dublin University, measured one that was forty-nine feet long, and the latter saw others that exceeded fifty feet. He likewise obtained the assurance of competent witnesses that they had been seen seventy feet in length. Dr. Wright verified his statements of their great size by seeing specimens harpooned and photographing them.

This, with the exception, perhaps, of the basking-shark of our shores, is not only the largest living fish, but the largest animal in existence next to the great rorqual-whale. As has been hinted, these sharks, like the whales, prey upon extremely small and pelagic animals, and have certain modifications for this purpose similar to that of whales or the basking-shark. They are remarkable for their enormous bulk. The mouth, instead of being underneath, opens on a level with the snout, and in which are found cartilaginous bands, evidently for retaining small prey, analogous to the whalebone of whales. The gills are five in number, and in a shark twenty-three feet long were two feet three inches long. The general color is brown, spotted or mottled.

Equaling in size this monster, is the basking-shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*), of our own shores. It is known under a number of names, as, sun-fish, sail-fish, hockmar, and bone or elephant shark. It is quite harmless, its food being the small pelagic animals that float at the surface of the sea; and if the mouth is examined, the peculiar modifications to enable it to secure such prey will be seen. The gill-openings are five in number on each side, the first pair almost meeting at the top of the back. They are of immense size, serving both for purposes of nutrition and circulation, as to their inner edges are fastened regular whalebone fringes through which water is strained, the fringes catching the small animals taken into the mouth. Thus the basking-shark has an arrangement similar to that of the whalebone-whale, and serving a similar end. On the Greenland coast they are caught in great numbers. The most important fishery is at Naorkanek, where three hundred or more are taken during the season (a short one), their livers yielding about two thousand four hundred barrels of oil, which is preferred to seal-oil, and finds a ready market and good price at Copenhagen, and other ports of Europe. It is extremely pure, resists the cold effectively, and is perfectly adapted for lubrication. Chemically it is comparable to seal-oil. The fisheries on the Greenland coast now extend beyond Fiskenaes and Proven, where the "spec," or blubber, of "hoowcalder," as the Icelanders call the great fish, is taken as a medium of exchange for tobacco, pipes, coffee, and other luxuries from the outer world.

There is a legend recorded by Mitchell that bone-sharks were formerly caught at Provincetown, Cape Cod, in paying quantities. Twenty years ago one was washed off Rockaway that was thirty feet long. Earlier than this one came ashore at Cape Cod, of such gigantic proportions that the inhabitants went to the beach for blubber, thinking it a whale. Seven barrels of oil were taken from its liver and sold in Boston for $104. In 1848 a number of them were caught off Cape Elizabeth, near the coast of Maine; and a tradition also exists there that bone-shark fishing was once a profitable industry in the neighborhood. About the Orkney Islands is a favorite place for them, where they are called the hocmar.

Mr. Daniel Perkins, a school-commissioner of Wells, Me., informed the writer that the fishermen of Gloucester claimed the largest shark—a monster seventy feet long. Later, to refresh my memory, I wrote him upon the subject, and the following is his reply: "Your remembrance of the shark story was mainly correct; the facts are these: The schooner *Virgin*, of Gloucester, Captain Charles Merchant, of which vessel one of my neighbors, now deceased, was one of the crew, caught a shark off Block Island from which they took eight barrels of liver. They lashed its head to the windlass-bitts and his tail extended past the stern, so that he was longer than the vessel, which was of sixty-eight tons burden. They also struck another shark the same day, which they reported larger, but he took their harpoon and line. . . . Several well-authenticated stories of sharks, of nearly equal size, are reported. My great-grandfather emptied a pan of coals on the back of a shark which was lying alongside of his vessel, on the Grand Banks, which he said was longer than the vessel."

Norway is a famous country for the sharker; indeed the people are a race of fishermen; 78,000 persons are engaged in the business, or four and a half per cent. of the entire population, and it is said that the yearly result of their work amounts to $16,000,000. The shark in greatest demand is known as the gunny, or *Somniosus microcephalus*, and is found along certain banks of the Polar Sea. These banks lie at a distance of fifteen to twenty miles from land, at a depth of 250 to 300 fathoms. Decked boats are used in their capture, although they seldom exceed fifteen tons burden, with a crew of five or six men. The mode of capture is by means of a line about four-tenths of an inch in diameter, to which a lead of six to nine pounds is attached as a sinker. This line ends in a tinned or galvanized iron chain about three fathoms in length, so that it cannot be injured by the familiar habit of the fish of winding itself up. The hooks are made of strong iron or steel, nearly four-tenths of an inch in diameter. As soon as the boats reach the bank they are brought to anchor and the cord is let down. Before this, however, a perforated box, filled with rancid or putrid seal-blubber, is fastened about two fathoms above the hook. This substance escapes through the holes of the box, and is carried along by the water, thus attracting the fish to the hook, which is also baited with seal-blubber. The fisherman holds the line in his hand, as in cod-fishing, and as soon as it is observed that the animal has taken the hook, by a sudden jerk this is forced into the mouth. As soon as captured, the shark rolls himself round and round in the chain, which is not injured by the rough, file-like skin, as would be the case with a line. The animal is then hauled up, sometimes by the use of a windlass. As soon as it appears above the surface it is killed, and held fast until the belly is opened and the liver removed. The swimming-bladder is then filled with air, by means of a pipe, so that the carcass will not sink. It is then fastened to the stern of the vessel. Sometimes other sharks follow the body of the dead one, being occasionally caught by means of gaffs. When the boats leave the banks a buoy is generally fastened to each fish, so that it may remain at the surface without sinking;

otherwise it would be eaten up by its fellows, who would neglect the baited hooks. The yield of this fishery is not only dependent upon the wind and weather, which are so inconstant in the Arctic seas, but also upon the variation in the size of the fish, and their abundance. Some of the fish furnish a liver weighing only twenty-five to thirty pounds, while from others livers of 220 to 450 pounds are obtained. Of late years the carcasses of these sharks have been brought ashore for the purpose of being manufactured into manure or guano, especially when they are taken ashore near the land, as is the case, in the Winter, on the coast of Finmark, where they are sometimes taken with trawl lines. These trawls usually carry thirty hooks, six or seven fathoms apart, and are kept immediately above the bottom by means of glass floats. The annual yield from this fishery amounts to 8,000 to 10,000 barrels of livers, worth 150,000 gulden. The oil, obtained by steam-heating, is extremely fine, and is used for purposes of illumination. On the coast of Portugal is another great fishery. The fish are brought up from a distance of nearly two-thirds of a mile in the bay, and are invariably dead when they reach the surface.

Strangely enough, the smallest sharks are often the most dreaded. The simple dog-fish has it within his power to cut off the income of the fisherman almost entirely. On the Maine coast, during August, where boat-loads of cod, hake and haddock are brought in to-day, to-morrow not one can be had; the cause of this peculiar disappearance being the sudden appearance of immense schools of dog-fish. It would be impossible to estimate the vast numbers of these fish. All other fishing is given up; everybody goes dog-fishing, and after several hours the dories come in loaded to the water's edge. The fish are so ravenous that the men spear them while waiting to haul their trawls, and they bite at the sails that drag overboard, and even at the oars and boat. The water seems fairly alive with the starving horde, that bite and devour each other on the hooks. Their livers are worth three-quarters of a cent apiece for the oil, while the bodies are carried to farms for manure. The skin is also valued in the manufacture of sword-handles, covering for boxes, card-cases, etc.

In form, the American dog-fish (*Squalus Americus*) resembles the typical shark, only before each dorsal fin is a sharp spine, that is a disagreeable and effective weapon. Their food consists of whatever they can get. The writer examined several hundred, for the purpose of finding out if there was any special food, but in the stomachs of only one or two was there anything found, this being a deep-water star-fish (*Ophiacantha*). During September vast quantities of jelly-fish, cynanea, aurelia, etc., are found in the Maine waters, and it is said that the dog-fish eat them, biting out a piece from the centre of the jelly.

Concerning the voracity of the fish there is little doubt, and to fall overboard out upon the Banks would be fatal. Some years ago, during a run of dog-fish, a child fell from a schooner on the George's Banks, and the men reached the rail only to see a ball of dog-fish so large about the body that it could not be seen. A man at Town End was caught by them while swimming out to his boat, and the lookers-on from the shore saw him leap out of the water when attacked, seemingly literally covered with dog-fish, that tore him in pieces quicker than would a pack of wolves. The visitation of these fish is of yearly occurrence, generally during the month of August. The fishermen believe them to come from the Gulf Stream and warmer water, as they disappear upon the approach of cold weather. Most of them are females containing nearly full-grown young, but they breed at all seasons.

In English waters the dog-fish are equally a scourge, and as many as 20,000 have been caught in the single haul of a net. Their numbers are beyond conception. A fair example is a school of picked dog-fish observed by Professor Couch, who states that they extended in an unbroken phalanx from Moray to Aberdeen, and from twenty to thirty miles to sea. They are used as guano, and in many parts of the New England coast large signs are seen, "Dog-fish factories," "Dog-fish bought and sold," etc. Here the fish are taken, ground up, dried and prepared, and sold as soil-dressing, or as a substitute for guano. There are over thirty different species of dog-fish, all of which are looked upon as a scourge to the fisheries.

The economic value of sharks is not confined to their oil and hides. The negroes of the Guinea coast eat the flesh after it approaches the "high" state of excellence so esteemed by epicures in hare, venison, etc. In the Mediterranean the young sharks taken from the old ones are esteemed, and the ventral portions of the adult sharks. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of shark-fins are imported yearly from Calcutta to China, where they are in great demand for soup. On some parts of the African coast the shark is valued as a god, and dubbed the Jon-Jon. Its mouth is the sure and only way to heaven, and three or four times a year a human victim is sacrificed to it. In some of the islands of the Pacific the teeth are greatly regarded as weapons, being bored at their bases and lashed upon swords, daggers and spears, forming terrible arms, the serrated edges lacerating and tearing the flesh. As a protection from these the natives have a regular armor, made of cocoanut-fibre, fine examples of which may be seen, as well as the weapons, in the archæological collection at the Museum of Natural History, Central Park. The most formidable weapons are a pair of gloves, or long gauntlets, that cover the arms, and are faced with long recurving teeth. These are worn only by the largest men, who, in battle, rush boldly into the throng, seize a victim in their arms, and literally tear him to pieces.

The real value of the shark, however, is its work as a scavenger; it, with the vast droves of dog-fish, forming the purifiers of the sea.

The fossil sharks form an interesting chapter, especially from their gigantic size. The man-eaters of the Tertiary time attained 125 feet in length. The teeth of these great sharks are extremely common on the site of Charleston, S. C. Dr. Sir John Hunter says, in describing a tooth of one of these monsters, not of the largest size: "The length of the base of this tooth, from *Carcharodon megalodon* (Agassiz), is four inches eight lines, that of the longest of its sides, five inches ten lines; with it is placed a tooth of an unusually large specimen of the largest known living species of *Carcharias*, the length of the base of which is one inch eight lines, and that of the longest of its sides two inches three lines. This tooth is from a shark twenty feet long. The fossil shark, if bearing the same proportion to the teeth, must have been over sixty feet long."

Interesting in this connection is the Port Jackson shark, *Cestracion Philippi*, four species of which have been discovered in the Indian Ocean. It has crushers instead of teeth, and is altogether a most remarkable creature. But strangest of all, it seems one of the few forms of the ancient geological times preserved unto this, closely allied forms being common in the older geological formations.

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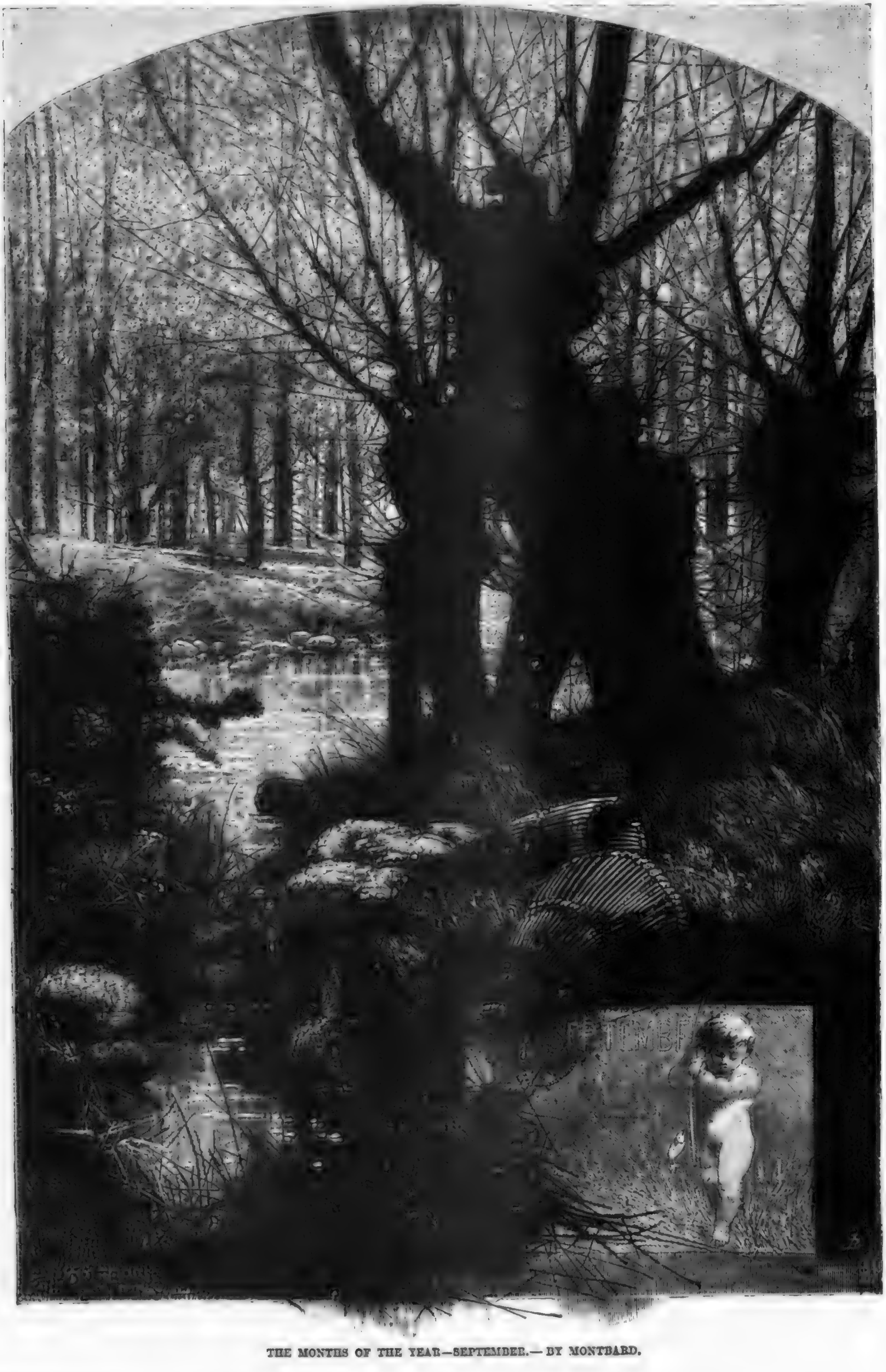


THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—SEPTEMBER.—BY MONTBARD.

LITTLE MAY.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXI.—At Millbridge.

Season after season came and went. A dreary Autumn twilight was falling over the busy town of Millbridge. Work-hours were over in the great woolen factories. A bell sounded, and the operatives came pouring into the street, like a flock of sheep—men and women—with specks of wool clinging to their coarse, common garments, and on their faces the pallor and weariness born of a long day in the stifling mills.

Some of the girls laughed and talked among themselves, flung light chaff at the men, and gave rough joke for rough joke; but there was one who, as she hurried forth with the others, looked neither to the right hand

XUM

nor the left—laughed not, spoke not. She was among her fellow-workers, but not of them. The very shabbiness of her cotton gown, her old gray shawl, her straw hat half covered with a cheap vail, served to emphasize the marvelous beauty of her face and figure. Under the coarse straw shone a coil of hair golden as the silk of ripe corn. Through the faded vail gleamed a skin like alabaster, and a pair of great pansy-dark eyes full of something strange; unutterable—sad as death. Few persons in Millbridge ever passed this girl without turning to look after her.

"You're tired to-night, Miss Smith," sighed an emaciated, hollow-eyed operative, as she hurried along at the heels of the person in the gray shawl.

"Yes—a little, Lizzie," answered the latter.

"God knows it's a hard life!" said Lizzie, with a cough that seemed to rend her thin lungs. "I've been spitting blood all day. I sha'n't last much longer here. Oh," with sudden childish eagerness, "do you know, Miss Smith, that there's a new music-teacher come to Millbridge, and some of the girls have been saving their money, and they are going to club together, and hire a piano, and take lessons after work-hours. Isn't that heavenly? How I wish *I* was of 'em; but you see, what with losing days and days with sickness, and buying medicine continual, *I* never have a cent to spare."

"Poor Lizzie!" sighed Miss Smith, gently.

The girl went on. No other person spoke to Miss Smith. She was no favorite with the operatives. For two years she had worked in the mills, and lodged with the herd of common men and women at the great boarding-house by the river, yet she was still a stranger in Millbridge. Nobody knew anything of her past life—nobody could boast of the smallest degree of intimacy with her. She did not lack civility, yet she had a way of keeping her fellow-laborers at a frigid distance.

Miss Smith did not hasten, as usual, to her boarding-house to-night, but turned mechanically from the open street into a secluded footpath that stretched along the river-side.

As soon as she had passed beyond the reach of curious eyes, she sank suddenly down in the faded fern of the bank, tore off her hat and vail, and threw back her old shawl, like a person suffocating.

"'Oh, ye gods:
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?'"

She murmured the lines under her breath. The sunset died in the west, the river grew gray with twilight. A boat passed along its current, the oars splashing softly in the water. Miss Smith did not see it. She was sitting very still among the faded ferns, plucking absently at their brittle, frostbitten blades.

What was it that aroused her at last? The boat was coming back, going down-stream toward the mills. Through the dusky silence the echo of a voice was wafted to her ears: "I must go to-morrow, Denham."

Only those commonplace words—part of a sentence, evidently. Denham was one of the mill-owners, a hospitable millionaire. His pleasure-boats were often on the river, and usually filled with guests.

Miss Smith leaped to her feet. The hue of ashes fell upon her face, a choking sensation filled her throat. On went the boat, into a shelter of a clump of willows—she could barely distinguish its receding outline.

What strange trick had her imagination played her?—what morbid fancy had got possession of her senses? Was the buzz and whirr of the mills affecting her head? As she stood motionless, breathless, waiting for she knew not what, a man with a roll of music under his arm appeared suddenly in the footpath, passed Miss Smith, glanced backward at her statue-like figure and uncoverd head; stopped as if thunderstruck, then uttered a sharp exclamation, and the next instant stood, panting, at her side.

"My God! *Ethel Greylock!*"

She had not heard that name for many a day. She turned quickly and looked at the speaker.

"Don't be afraid of me!" stammered the new music-teacher of Millbridge, as he fell back from her a step.

"I am not afraid," she said, coldly.

"Thank God!" he cried. "I was mad at our last meeting, but I am sane enough now. How came you in this place, and this disguise?" pointing in an agitated way to her cotton dress.

She tied on her hat hurriedly, and drew the shawl about her shoulders again.

"It is no disguise," she replied; "I am an operative in the mills here, earning my living by hard work, and my name is not Ethel Greylock, but plain Miss Smith."

They stood face to face once more—Arthur Kenyon and the girl whose life he had once attempted. The man looked old and haggard and shabby. Time was now taking vengeance on him for the success with which he had so long withstood its ravages. There were crow's-feet under his languishing eyes, and streaks of gray in his abundant curls.

"I heard of your change of fortune," he said, with something like a shudder. "The affair got into the newspapers—they are always picking up such things. I was not particularly surprised, for I had always known you could not be Iris Greylock's daughter. I was once that woman's husband, you see, and if she had been your real mother, Heaven knows I should never have approached you as a lover! They cast you out, of course—the whole precious lot of them, with the baronet at their head? Faugh! Such love was not worth the having, Ethel!"

"I decline to talk with you about myself or my former friends," answered Miss Smith, with the haughty air that reminded him of the days of her power and splendor. "You must understand, without being told, that the sight of you is abhorrent to me!"

He winced.

"You are very hard! I am earning my living as a music-teacher—I came to Millbridge a few days ago to pursue that calling, never dreaming of meeting *you* here. Ah, you have not forgiven the cowardly assault which I made upon you two years ago!" He flung up his right hand wildly. "This is the hand I raised against your life; the deed ought to have withered it for ever. But remember, I had lost you—a misfortune great enough to turn any man's brain. I loved you more than my own soul, but I was mad—this is my sole excuse. Surely *you* ought to pardon though the rest of the world condemn me, Ethel!"

"I pardon you," she answered, sternly. "But Ethel Greylock has ceased to exist, and Miss Smith does not know you—can never know you!"

"That's a poor sort of forgiveness," he complained, weakly.

"It is all I can give you."

He cowered away from her a step.

"You have me at a great disadvantage, Ethel. What shall I—what *can* I do, to prove my repentance, and win your full pardon?"

"Leave me," she answered, pitiless as Nemesis, "and never return: at any time, nor in any place, dare to approach me again! There is no person living whom I would not meet sooner than you!"

He hung his head.

"It is for you to command and for me to obey," he said, in a stifled voice, and he turned and went away toward the town, never looking back.

Miss Smith lingered a while by the river, afraid to follow immediately in Kenyon's footsteps, lest she should encounter again this dark ghost of her past. When the danger seemed no longer imminent she started for her boarding-house.

The moon had not yet risen, and the stars shone faint and small in the far purple. The little footpath was now very dark and very lonely. Only the sad crickets chirped in its bordering grasses, and the river rippled softly on the bank. Involuntarily Miss Smith quickened her steps.

She had almost reached the street when two figures came sauntering toward her from the direction of the mills. It was impossible to distinguish their faces in the darkness, but the red spark of a cigar, the odor of the lighted weed, betrayed their sex. As the pair brushed by Miss Smith in the narrow path one chanced to jostle her.

"Pardon!" he said, politely, and disappeared in the night beyond.

It was the same voice which she had heard by the river.

Overcome with a sudden great terror, Miss Smith started and ran all the way to her boarding-house. Supper was over there, the other operatives had left the table. She drank a cup of cold tea, ate a few morsels of heavy biscuit, and flew to her own room at the top of the house—a closet so small that, luckily, it could not be shared with any other boarder.

She was shaking in every limb, and her eyes had the look of some hunted wild animal's. She locked the door hurriedly behind her. She must go, she must leave Millbridge by the first morning train!—leave the place where she had found work and shelter for two years, and fly forth again into the wide world. She opened a drawer in her toilet-table. There lay the money which she had saved from her labor in the mills—not much, but enough to take her to another home, and supply her needs till she could find new employment.

Mechanically she began to pack together her small belongings. While doing this she heard loud peals of laughter, mingled sometimes with a hollow cough, rising from the chamber below her own. The mill-girls had gathered for a frolic in the room of Lizzie, the consumptive—they often did so, but never had their mirth jarred on Miss Smith's ears as it did to-night. When her preparations were complete she extinguished her lamp, threw herself on her bed, without removing any of her garments. for she meant to be up and away by dawn, and fell straightway into a deep sleep.

Cruel dreams beset her. She heard the voice of Sir Gervase Greylock calling to her across a wide black river, whose current she could not pass. She was back again at Greylock Woods, moving down the great rooms in bridal white, with hands full of orange-flowers, and Strauss's waltzes throbbing upon the perfumed air around her. Then she bent over the white face of Godfrey Greylock, as he lay dead before the chancel-rail, in the light of the stained-glass window. Then she was flying for life, over gray lonesome tracks of salt marshes, to the low-ceiled keeping-room of Cat's Tavern, where Mercy Poole's furry family rushed upon her, spitting and mewing. Presently the snarls of the felines became a dull roar in Miss Smith's ears. This noise was succeeded by a loud crash. The sleeper awoke, with her heart in her throat. She sprang to her feet, in that small, dark attic, with a confused sense of something awful pressing down upon her.

Ah, the room was *not* dark, for a red, infernal glare wrapped its one window, and played over the four bare, whitewashed walls. The noise which had aroused Miss Smith was a blow, dealt by some hand, upon the door. Even as she stood clutching her bedpost helplessly, scarcely knowing whether she was still dreaming or not, the assault was repeated; hinges and locks gave way, the door crashed down into the room, and over it leaped a man—scorched, blackened, breathless. A terrific volume of smoke rushed into the chamber with him. He caught Miss Smith in his arms.

"The house is in flames!" he said. "They told me you were up here. Everybody else has escaped. Some girls in a room below upset a lamp in a frolic. Ah, God help me!" with a cry of despair which she remembered long after; "how am I to save you, Ethel?"

She felt one awful thrill of fear, like the thrust of a sword; then, with the blind instinct of self-preservation, she broke from Arthur Kenyon and ran toward the smoke-shrouded doorway. He drew her back.

"The staircase fell behind me," he said. "You cannot escape that way. The old house is like tinder—its walls can stand but a minute more. Outside, the street is full of people, but whether they can help us or not remains to be seen."

She began to comprehend something of his heroism. The boarding-house by the river-side was sheeted in smoke and flame without and within, and in this little room, at its very top, alone with midnight and death, she looked in Arthur Kenyon's begrimed but fearless face, in something like amazement.

"Why did you risk your life like this?" she said. "I might have perished in my sleep if you had not aroused me—that would have been a painless, merciful end. Save yourself somehow. As for me," the terror had all gone from her now, and she spoke quietly, almost cheerfully, "ah, life is over for *me!* I may as well close it here and now, as in any place or at any time."

The fire was curling around the doorway, and thrusting red hands into the room. After it came the smoke, in a black, strangling storm. The shouts and cries of firemen and spectators, assembled in the street far below, mingled with the din of roaring flames. Kenyon drew Miss Smith to the one window of the garret.

"There's but an instant between us and death!" he said, quickly. "Why did I risk my life to find you, Ethel? Because I owed you this much by way of atonement. None dared enter the house to search for you—none but *me!*" exultantly. "I was glad of that. I said to myself, 'I will save her or die with her! She shall see now that I loved her better than my own self—she shall give me the full pardon which she refused a few hours ago!'"

He seized a chair, and dashed out the small narrow window. At the same moment a ladder was planted against the wall outside—the cap of a fireman appeared at the top.

"Be quick!" he urged.

Kenyon lifted Miss Smith to the level of the casement, and forced her into the outstretched arms of the man. Something impelled her to look back. It was all the work of an instant. She saw Kenyon framed in the window, with the flames making a red background behind him. His hand touched the sill, and then—then—as the floor under his feet broke up like an eggshell, and went

XUM

down beneath him, he clutched once at empty air, fell back and vanished.

A great sea of flame surged resistlessly over the spot where he had stood, licked up the broken window with a hundred forked tongues—a storm of sparks soared up to the midnight sky, and all was over.

He was gone, and nothing more was ever seen of Iris Greylock's divorced husband, save a handful of charred bones, gathered by stranger hands from the ruins of the house by Millbridge river.

Down fell the wall, and the ladder with it, hurling the fireman and Miss Smith to the ground together. The latter was lifted up insensible and carried to a neighboring refuge, opened by some kind Samaritans to receive the homeless operatives.

When consciousness returned Miss Smith found herself confronted by the memory of Kenyon's tragic sacrifice, and certain grim facts that well-nigh took her breath. She was absolutely penniless. Her earthly possessions had perished with the house. Even the clothing had been nearly burned from her body in her perilous escape. How were her immediate and pressing needs to be supplied?

All the ensuing day the injuries which she had received kept her a prisoner indoors, but as night fell, and the necessities of another day approached, she arose, borrowed such garments as she needed, and prepared to go out.

Attached to a chain about her neck were two valuable rings, the last relics that she possessed of her past. They had been the gift of Godfrey Greylock. Money she must have, and at once.

She took the jewels and went out into the streets of Millbridge, to search for some place where she might dispose of them.

Through a sombre twilight Miss Smith hurried by the blackened ruins of the house where Kenyon had perished, turned a corner and plunged into a small, dark shop, in the one window of which watches were displayed, and various kinds of jewelry. A clerk was just lighting the lamps as Miss Smith walked up to the showcase, and laid upon it her two rings.

"I wish to dispose of these," she faltered.

The clerk threw down his lucifer and stared at the girl's pale, flawless face, and great ropes of yellow hair; then he examined the rings in a business-like way.

"What value do you set upon them, miss?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"I know very little about their actual value. Give me whatever you please."

"The proprietor has gone to supper. You'd better come again when he is here, miss—I'm not authorized to make such purchases."

The disappointment brought a rush of tears to her eyes. She picked up the rings to go—one slipped from her hold and rolled away over the floor. As she turned to recover it she became aware that somebody had entered the shop, and was standing close behind her—the man whose voice she had heard in the darkness by the river, the man who had once gone to Blackport Church with her, to utter marriage vows—the man whom she had thought to be thousands of miles across the sea—Sir Gervase Greylock! There he stood in that little Millbridge shop, looking straight in her face, with the grave, gray, overmastering eyes that she remembered only too well!

"Have I found you at last—at last!"

Those were his first words. Then he took her hands quickly in his own, bent down, and kissed her on her white, trembling lips.

"My betrothed wife!" he said, gravely and firmly, "you have never ceased to be that, you know!"

"Oh!" she gasped, striving to draw back from him, "do not mock me! Remember Hannah Johnson's story—remember all that stands between us now!"

He smiled grandly. His hold upon her tightened.

"Nothing stands between us. For two years I have been seeking you the world over. You escaped me on our luckless marriage-day, but you will never do it again. Nan! I have you now, to hold and to keep for ever! The Greylock pride is not so strong as the Greylock love. I care not whether you sprung from a gutter or a palace—enough for me to know that you are, and will always be, the best, the loveliest, the sweetest of women! Under any circumstances, it's not possible for you to be less than this, and more you could not be, if you were a born princess. Oh, my darling, my darling! I ask but this—do you love me still?"

"I love you still!" sobbed Nan, with the light of heaven shining in her great, glad eyes.

* * * * * *

"What brought *you* to Millbridge?" she said to him, after they had talked of many, many things.

"A mere chance," he answered. "Colonel Denham, whose acquaintance I made at a club in town, invited me here to visit his mills. I have been his guest for three days, and was on my way to the station to take the train back to Boston, when I saw and recognized you as you entered the shop. Now let *me* ask how you came to choose an insignificant village, less than a hundred miles from Blackport, to be your hiding-place, and how could you resist the countless advertisements, in which Polly and I entreated you to come back to your home and friends!"

"I never saw them," she sighed; "newspapers were scarce at the boarding-house. I never dreamed that anybody at Greylock Woods could be wishing for my return. As I was flying from the villa, I chanced to overhear two workingwomen, passengers upon the same train with me, talking of a lack of operatives in the factories of Millbridge. That conversation led me to the mills."

"And all the while," he said, "I was looking for you in every theatre, near and far. My poor child, as it is now more than certain that you are for ever done with Millbridge and everything in it, let us start immediately for Blackport and Polly."

CHAPTER XXXII.

POLLY SPEAKS.

At the end of two years I left school and returned to Greylock Woods. I had been at the villa but a few weeks when Nan came back to me, one black Autumn midnight, by the late express.

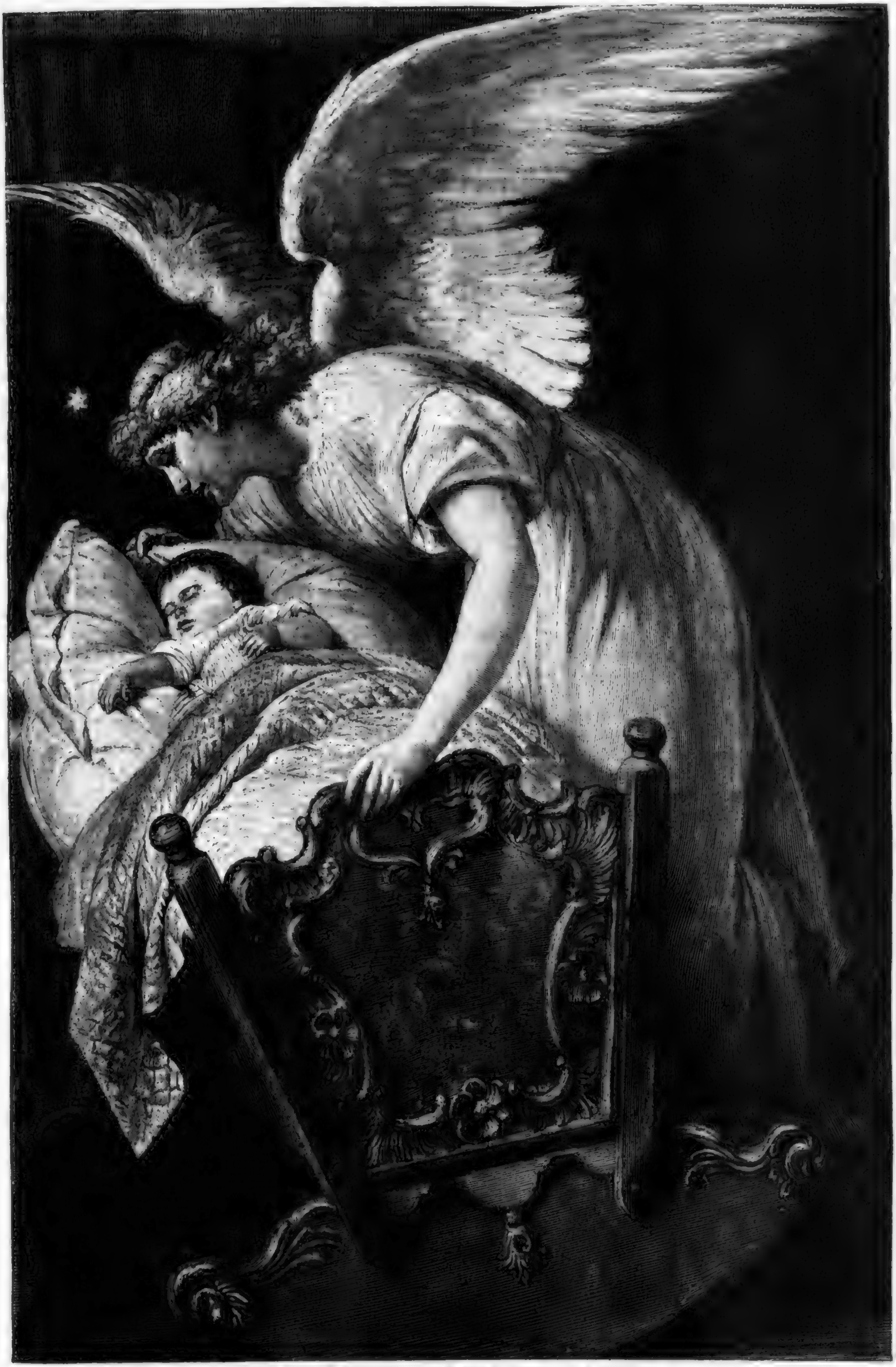
She was expected. Some hours before Sir Gervase had telegraphed the glad news of her discovery, and Aunt Pam and I were waiting with open arms to receive our wanderer.

"By what name are we to call her, Ethel?" sighed Aunt Pam.

"Her own," I answered, Nannette Harkness. Oh, I wonder how the baronet chanced to find her? Of course he could not explain that in his telegram. Aunt Pam, something tells me that he loves her still—that he has never ceased to love her! Has he not spent two long years searching for her everywhere, and wandering from America to England and from England back to America, seeking rest and finding none?"

Aunt Pam shook her head.

"My dear, you forget the immense social gulf betwixt



THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

XUM

those two. English baronets do not marry the daughters of clog-dancers."

"Nan has no living relatives to disgrace her," I replied stoutly; "she is kinless and alone in this world, with the education, the accomplishments, the instincts of a duchess."

Aunt Pam sighed, but answered nothing. I had sent the carriage to the station. It came back through the dark night, bearing Sir Gervase and Nan. No surprises awaited the latter at the villa, for the baronet had told her everything. Very gravely he led her into the great hall. How worn and pale she looked, and yet how radiant! I opened my arms, and the next moment the beggar children of Harmony Alley were folded in a long and close embrace.

"Welcome back to Greylock Woods!" I sobbed; "to your home, Nan; for it is, and shall always be, your home! I have nothing here that does not belong to you, also."

"And forgive me—pray, do, my dear!" entreated poor Aunt Pam—"for turning away from you that dreadful morning at the church, Fairy! I was quite distracted with the trouble which had overwhelmed us all. You cannot imagine how bitterly I have, since then, reproached myself for my heartlessness."

"Dear Aunt Pam," replied Nan, smiling through her tears, "there is nothing for me to forgive. You never did a heartless thing in your life. It was perfectly natural for you to turn from me that day. My only wonder," very sadly, "is that you have all tried so hard to find and bring me back to home and happiness."

There were shadows under her large eyes, and she had lost flesh and color, but she was my beautiful, peerless Nan still! Late as the hour was, a grand dinner waited for my guests, and when it was over, and we sat together in the drawing-room—for nobody thought of sleeping this night—Aunt Pam and I heard Nan's story.

"You shall never leave us again!" I said to the wanderer; "Sir Gervase knows my plans. I am going to divide Godfrey Greylock's fortune equally—one-half shall be yours, one half mine—even then, we both will be rich women, Nan."

The tears rushed anew into her lovely eyes.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Polly!" she protested. "Oh, you noble, generous creature, what will you propose next? I will never, never touch one dollar of your fortune."

"Quite right!" cried Sir Gervase, warmly, and then he turned to me with a laugh in his gray eyes. "You have had many doubts concerning me, Polly"—everybody, even to Aunt Pam, liked to call me by my old name—"but now I will put them all to rest. Nan cannot accept a home at Greylock Woods, because she is going with me across the sea. Our engagement has never been broken. At an early day she will be my wife, and I shall take her from you, but not one cent of the Greylock money with her. Her beauty and worth are an ample dowry. I ask for no other—I will accept no other!"

It was useless to argue the point with him—he was stubborn. My joy in his constancy was so great that I could not be angry with him. I put my hand upon his arm, looked up into his grand, glad, triumphant eyes, and cried out involuntarily: "Cousin, I am proud of you!" He raised the hand to his lips, and answered, laughingly, "Permit me to express a like sentiment in regard to yourself, Miss Greylock."

"Very well," broke in Aunt Pam; "my dear Sir Gervase, you may browbeat Polly, but not *me*. I have a fortune in my own right—Polly will never want it—she has enough of her own. Consequently, it is going to Nan—half upon the day of her marriage, half at my decease."

Ah! Nan already possessed a richer fortune than lands and money—I mean her lover's priceless love. How I rejoiced in this glad end of all her trials! It was like some pretty fairy tale—the prince had remained faithful, and for him and his lovely beggar-maid there could be nothing but happiness in the future.

Just one month from the date of her return to the villa, Nan, for the second time, stood in bridal fleeces with Sir Gervase, at the chancel-rail of the little Blackport church, and became Lady Greylock. Only the few that she loved were present at the ceremony, but there were plenty of congratulations and good wishes—plenty of heartfelt joy, not to speak of a faultless wedding-breakfast and many costly bridal gifts, for, after all, Lady Greylock was not permitted to go dowerless across the sea to her English home.

On the deck of a trans-Atlantic steamer Aunt Pam and I bade her farewell, with mingled smiles and tears. We had found her, only to lose her again.

"Good-by, Polly," she said, embracing me with happy eyes shining through wet lashes. "Both you and Aunt Pam will come soon to see me at Greylock Hall—you have promised this much to Sir Gervase, you know."

We stood in a pouring rain on the wharf, and waved our handkerchiefs to the receding steamer till we could no longer see it for our tears. She was gone, with her proud and happy bridegroom, and Aunt Pam and I turned sadly back to Greylock Woods.

"I suppose," said Aunt Pam, with dismal apprehension, "that my next blow will be *your* marriage, Polly! At some future date somebody will be taking you from me, as Sir Gervase has to-day taken Nan."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You borrow trouble for naught, Aunt Pam. I shall never marry. You and I will live together at the Woods. I never had a lover—I never shall have one."

Aunt Pam stared.

"What nonsense you talk, child! Why should you not have a lover? Your marked Spanish style is very effective. I really think, my dear, that you had better close the villa and open a house in town for the Winter. I should like nothing better than to introduce you to fashionable society. I have many, many friends moving in the choicest circles, you know, and you cannot fail to create a sensation among them. Of course, you must be properly settled in life, like other girls."

"No, no, Aunt Pam, no match-making for me if you please; and I do not care for society. I would rather live with you at the villa. We will make a little world here for ourselves."

"Ah, but I am old," sighed Aunt Pam; "my time is short; and when I go, my dear, you will be left alone."

The days that succeeded the departure of Sir Gervase and his bride were quiet, even to dullness. I passed my leisure hours principally at the grand piano—for I had developed a passion for music—or in the library, amid Godfrey Greylock's books and *bric-à-brac.* Winter closed in early about my splendid hermitage, and seemed to shut me closer than ever from the world.

One night Aunt Pam appeared at our late dinner dressed in her heaviest crape and blackest bombazine, and with an uncommonly sad look on her dear old face.

"Do you know what anniversary this is, Ethel?" she said.

"No," I answered.

I had been playing one of Schubert's sonatas, and the music was still beating its delicious changes through my head.

"It is that of your father's death," said Aunt Pam, gravely.

My father's death!—the mysterious event which I had once heard Mercy Poole discuss, in a very strange fashion, with Regnault, at Cat's Tavern. I sat down silently to dinner. The meal was not over when Hopkins appeared at the door.

"There's a messenger waiting from Cat's Tavern," she announced. "Mercy Poole is very sick, and wants to see Miss Ethel without delay."

I had never entered the inn nor encountered its landlady since the day of Godfrey Greylock's death. I looked at Aunt Pam.

"How odd!" she exclaimed. "It is a cold, dark night—do not think of venturing out, Ethel."

"But she is sick," I answered; "and perhaps alone. I must go, Aunt Pam. You need not wait up for me."

"Then, pray, take Hopkins with you."

"No, indeed; I do not need company. Hopkins is old, and will be much better off in bed."

"Ah, you are such a fearless, independent creature!" sighed Aunt Pam, in a tone which implied that such characteristics in her niece were a cross to her.

It *was* a bitter night. I heard the wind roaring in the tops of the evergreens, and the frozen boughs of the chestnuts rattling like the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision, as I rolled away down the dark avenue, into the Blackport road. The coachman drove rapidly. It was not long before I alighted at the ancient tavern.

No light was visible, save in the old keeping-room. Without ceremony I stepped into the low, dark entry, lifted the latch behind which the lamp was shining, and so found myself face to face once more with Mercy Poole.

She sat before the fire, with all her cats snarling and rubbing around her. An old blanket covered her shoulders, and her bony, wasted figure, grown weak and tremulous with disease, was bent forward to the warmth. At sound of the opening door she started up—a sharp cry escaped her lips.

"Do not be alarmed, it is I," I said, for I thought my unceremonious entrance had frightened her. "You sent for me, and here I am."

She staggered to her feet. I could then see the startling change which two years had wrought in the landlady of Cat's Tavern.

Her iron-gray hair had become as white as snow. Her once erect body was now bent and emaciated. In her gray, shrunken face the hollow black eyes burned with a devouring light—terrible eyes, they seemed to me, as she beckoned me forward.

"Come in!" she cried, in a harsh, cracked voice; "I scarcely knew you. It's a cold night. Come up to the fire, Miss Greylock, and warm yourself."

I obeyed mechanically. Captain Kidd sniffed at my fur cloak; Ravaillac and Pontius Pilate mewed about my feet. Mercy Poole looked at me curiously—touched my warm garments, the thick rustling silk of my dress, with shaking fingers. So!" she said, "you're Polly no longer, but a rich woman—the richest in the county! I've heard your whole story—'twas the talk of Blackport for days and days. God only knows how I could have had Robert Graylock's daughter under my roof so long and never once suspected it!"

The hollow eyes flamed on me like great coals.

"Pray be calm," I said, soothingly; "I fear you are very ill."

"Yes," she gasped, as she fell back in her chair, "I'm done for—my time has come! If I hadn't known this, I shouldn't have sent to Greylock Woods for *you* to-night. And now that you are here, girl, what do you think I've got to say to you?"

The cats snarled and rubbed and mewed around their gaunt mistress. Apart from this sound, how still the old inn seemed! The very lamp on the mantel burned feebly. All life had departed from the place.

"I really cannot tell," I answered "Often a sick person has many things."

"It was no whim that made me send for you."

"Perhaps you wish me to help you in some way? Surely you are not living here *alone*, in your present helpless condition?"

"There's a girl in the kitchen," she replied, "that's all. Nobody ever comes to the inn now—guests, I mean. And Dr. Vandine—he left more than a year ago. He's got a handsome house of his own, down the street, and some relative to keep it for him. He's growing rich—is the doctor. No, Miss Greylock, I want no favor of any one, and if I did, *you* are the last person on earth to whom I would appeal. I'm a bold woman, but, God knows, I shouldn't *dare* to ask help of *you!*"

Startled and uncomfortable, I could only stare at her.

"We two are all alone in this room," she went on; "there's nobody to hear us but God. Do you know what night this is?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is the anniversary of my father's death."

She nodded once—twice, and dropped her wasted hand on the back of Pontius Pilate, as he purred against her chair.

"The beasts haven't been fed," she explained, with a feeble smile, "that's what makes them so restless. I couldn't get into the kitchen, and the jade there doesn't like cats. Yes, it's the anniversary of your father's death, Miss Greylock, and I've called you to the inn to tell you about his murder."

I had never seen such wild, strange eyes! I held my breath, and waited for her next words.

"When he left the inn that night to go to Greylock Woods," she went on, her voice growing firm and strong, "I stole up-stairs, put on a long cloak and low-crowned hat belonging to my father, and followed him. All the way to the villa I dogged his steps through the darkness—I waited for him at the gate—back, down the hill, I went with him to the salt-pits, and there, I, with this hand"—holding up the shaking, emaciated member—"shot him dead! Do you ask what prompted me to do such a deed? Vengeance! He had broken my heart, and I had repeatedly sworn to myself to kill him, if we should ever meet. His evil genius sent him to the inn that night, and Godfrey Greylock's hardness drove him from the shelter of the Woods to his doom. You see, my soft woman's heart held me back from the murder till he was on his return way to the tavern.

"I never tried to screen myself—often I used recklessly to wish that I might be suspected and apprehended for my crime. I declared to Godfrey Greylock that his son had been foully murdered. I said the same thing to that worthless creature, Robert's widow! I have told others a like tale; but no one would ever believe me. If only a single voice had been lifted against mein accusation, I would have confessed everything, for Heaven alone knows what remorse I have suffered since that night—what agonies of regret! Often death would have seemed to me a blessed release from my misery. I loved Robert Greylock better than my own soul!"

I could only gaze at her in utter horror, as she sat rocking her gaunt body to and fro in the midst of her cats.

"You don't believe me, maybe?" she cried, wildly; "look at me, then—look at this hair! Isn't it whiter than that of a woman of eighty? and I've barely seen two-and-forty years. What but remorse is killing me now? With my strong body, I ought to have lived to a ripe old age. He gave me a look, as he fell, that I shall take with me into eternity. Ah, my God!" throwing up her hands before her eyes, with a bitter cry, "I see it yet!"

Then she started up a second time, and stood before—a terrible ghost of a woman. Her voice arose to a shriek.

"I am his murderess!—I killed him at the salt-pits—I loved him, and I killed him! I could not live another hour without confessing this to you, his daughter! Now, do with me as you will—punish me as you will—call in the officers of justice; I am ready to meet them. I will deny nothing. Come, do not look so dazed, but act quickly or death will cheat you, after all. A red-handed creature like me should never be allowed to die in her bed! Go now, and do your worst!"

She was *not* mad—of that fact I felt painfully sure. I sprang from my chair. The air of that low dim room choked me; the opal eyes of the cats glared upon me like the eyes of demons. I thought of the cairn which she had, with her own hands, heaped above my father's death-place—I thought of her nocturnal visits thereto—I thought of all her strange ways—the sanguinary names of her brood of felines, and I felt—I *knew* that what she had revealed to me was solemn, awful truth!

"You had better have died with your secret untold," I gasped. "God forgive you, Mercy Poole!"

A wan, bitter smile curled her lips.

"I could *not* die until I had made this confession to Robert's daughter! Something here!" clutching her breast, wildly, "compelled me to speak. It was part of my punishment to be obliged to tell you—to see the horror in your innocent young face—to see you shrink away from me. Well, go, I say! I shall be upon this spot to receive whatever you may send—go, avenge your father, as you ought—you would be no true daughter if you did not. I ask no favor, no mercy, only act directly!"

I left the self-accused woman in the midst of the cats, flew to my waiting carriage, and bade the coachman drive back to the villa.

Luckily, Aunt Pam had retired to her own chamber. I was not obliged to tell my ghastly story for a few hours, at least. Sleep I could not—I felt like a person in the horrors of a nightmare. As soon as morning broke, and before anybody was astir in the house, I put on my outer garments and started for the salt-pits.

An overmastering impulse, a power that I could neither understand nor resist, drew me thither. On foot, alone, I crossed the high road, and descended the hill, by the very path which my father had taken on the night of his death.

There was no snow on the ground. The old cairn stood up, ugly and dark, in the pink dawn. As I drew near to it, I saw, extended at the rude base, a human figure, wrapped in an old blanket—the limbs quite motionless, the arms flung outward, the face in the dust. I ran toward it. It was Mercy Poole, lying there on the very spot where she had murdered her false lover, more than twenty years before! I bent over her.

"Mercy Poole," I called, "you have nothing to fear from me! I have no heart to take upon myself the office of avenger, for I believe you have already suffered something worse than death!"

She did not stir or answer.

I raised her gray head. Her eyes were closed, and from their quenched fires the lids would never lift again. Her wasted face had put on a look, strange, supreme, unsearchable. In the shadow of the cairn, Mercy Poole, my father's murderess, was lying stark and dead.

(*To be concluded.*)

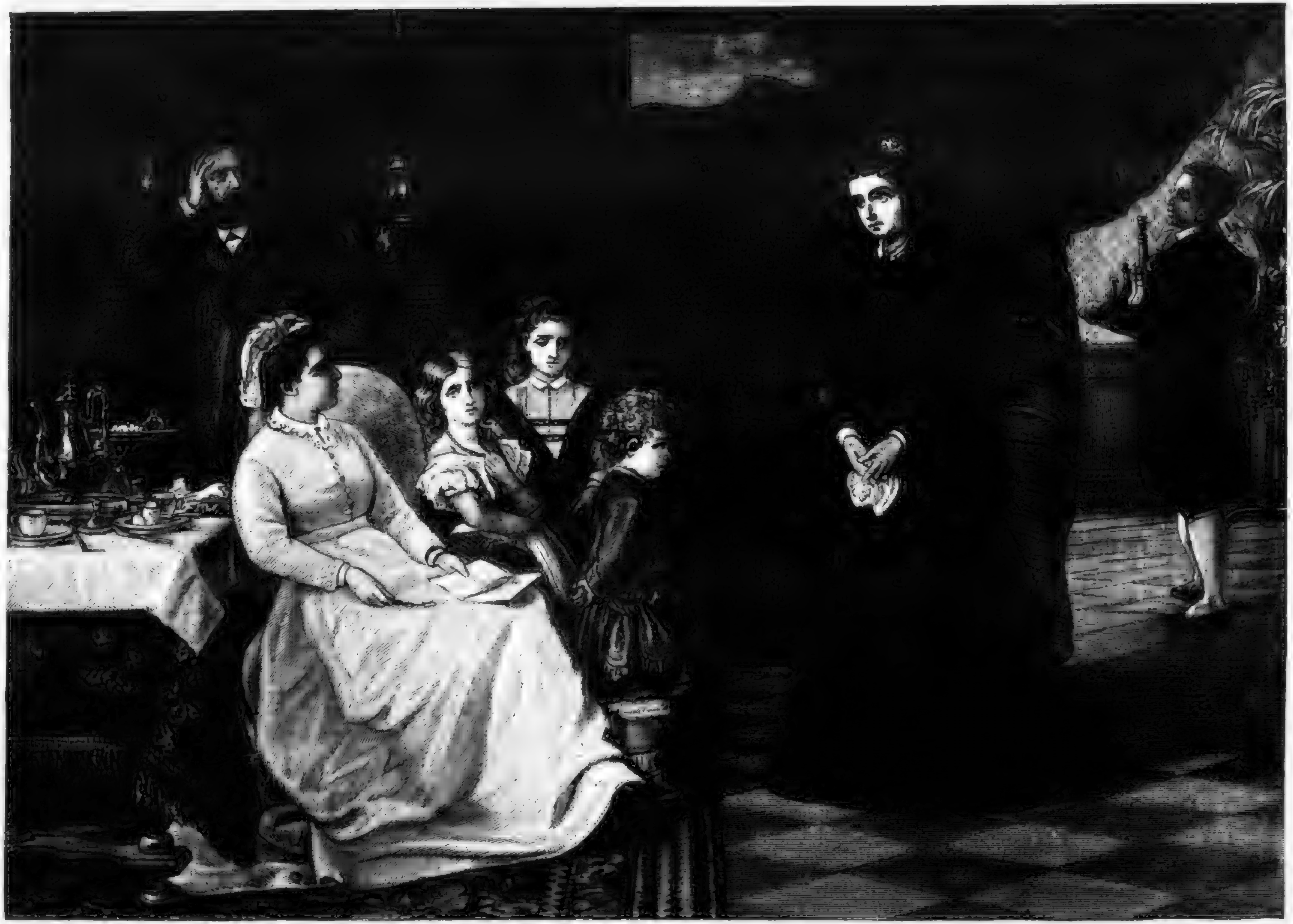
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SCHOOL FOR VERDANTS.

I was a precocious lad, and was thought at school to be something of a wag. Be this as it may, I was always an aspirant, from my earliest recollection, to the position of monitor, at least, in the School for Verdants. I took special pains and pride in influencing their actions and conduct. To this ambition I attribute the eminent success I have experienced in after life, and the high position I have attained to in the school.

The pupils of the school are recruited from the seven ages of man; from the mewling infant in the nurse's arms to second childishness, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. Even the brutes and fowls of the air, and fishes, more than any other of created things, furnish their quota. As, witness the dog in the fable that drops its bone crossing a stream for its own shadow reflected in the water, and the fishes, more verdant than all, that daily furnish the repasts of man. It is cosmopolitan, universal in the scope of its benefices. Experience is the primordial test of perfection in its curriculum; novelties, the stumbling-block through which victims wend their weary way. A quick perception often disengages one from awkward dilemmas, but just as often leads him deeper and deeper into the meshes set for him. Those local knowing ones are chiefly the most prominent and promising pupils in the school, leaving a name and a reputation behind them which serve to lure rather than to check their successors.

My first experience as monitor in the School for Verdants was fully displayed at the plantation of a relative in Louisiana when I was but a lad. In what were then esteemed to be sickly localities, there were always two residences: one, somewhat pretentious in its surroundings, on the plantation; the other, more simple but quite as convenient, in the pine hills, where was water more abundant, limpid and pure; and the air, impregnated with the healthful and refreshing odor of the pine, was invigorating and lovely. At both these residences the kitchen was invariably located in the back yard, more or less remote from the house, and would be the rendezvons of all the house-servants, after supper in the house, and the white children would delight in joining the social circle, listening to the ghost-stories, traditions and negro lore, or joining in an impromptu dance to the music of a good banjo, monotonously thrummed by some musical aspirant.

Aunt Becky, the cook, would meanwhile, perhaps, be busy in the preparation of that *pièce de résistance* to a negro's palate, a plump, fat possum, that had been captured the night before, and had hung in the frost to mellow and to sweeten it. The large Dutch oven would be placed on the dresser, cleaned to a nicety; the possum, previously stuffed with breadcrumbs and puckons (pecan-nuts), would be laid in the midst of it, as carefully as an infant is laid in its cradle, the vacant space filled-in with "swee'-taters"; then, with the old-fashioned pothooks, the oven



THE NEW GOVERNESS.

XUM

would be lifted to its place on the hearth, over a pile of coals, the lid taken from the flames, where it had been heating, deposited and heaped with live coals, and the contents left to sizz and brown. Meanwhile, the pot of *big* hominy hanging on the old-fashioned crane is occasionally stirred, and the plump, white grains tasted to see how it's doing. The hot stones of the hearth are swept clean for the ash-cake that lies waiting on the dresser, the moment it is to be deposited, and covered up with hot ashes, to do, and to become imbued with the flavor thereof. All these interesting and mysterious preparations of Aunt Becky are going on whilst the dance waxes furious in its childish, innocent *abandon*. The occasional lifting of the lid would fill the whole room with a savor so delicious that the mouth would fairly water; and the youngsters, squatted in silent expectancy, would give evidence of their satisfaction in murmurs and grunts. The baking possum! the stewing hominy, and the furious saturnalia! the *ensemble!* would lend a zest to the evening's entertainment absolutely irresistible. Then, when 'twas done! Ye gods! 'twas, indeed, a feast fit to set before a king! Charles Lamb's roasted pig dwindled into insignificance beside it. That is to say, when served up in the kitchen with all the sable surroundings. Possum fat and hominy! There's nothing half so delicious within my recollection. The "swee'-taters," brown and juicy with the absorbed possum fat, I tell you, sir, or madam, you've got to assist at such a feast, as I did, over and over again, to appreciate the full magnitude of its excellence. The crisp, brown skin crackling between the teeth of a darkey, and the gusto with which he *wallows* his ash-cake in the rich gravy, reaches the deepest well of the palate and creates an appetite nothing else will. In the midst of the feast the housemaid will, perhaps, put in an appearance, and, to the great discontent of the children, deliver a message: "Your ma say, you all must come in de house dis minit, an' go to bed!" and, in another tone: "Save me some o' dat possum, Aunt Becky. 'Clare to goodness, it smells better'n puddin!"

The evening's entertainment would vary with the seasons. In the Autumn, when the rare ripe persimmons are turned of a purplish hue, and made soft and mellow by the frost, and the pawpaws—a wild fruit, only eaten by children and negroes—lay on the ground, luscious in their golden rinds, coon and possum hunts would ensue. A couple of cur-dogs, trained to the work, would be important factors in the sport, the object being not to fight, but to tree "de ole coon" or possum. This effected, the tree would be felled, in the case of the coon, the dogs, and the negroes with sticks, tackle and put it to death. The possum would generally take to a persimmon-tree, be dislodged by some expert climber, and put into a sack.

Corn-shucking was a most popular and exciting entertainment. Thirty or forty negroes from the neighborhood, men and women, boys and girls, would assemble some night at the corn-cribs, and by morning have shucked two or three hundred barrels. Enlivened by a little rum or whisky, furnished by the master, and the usual license allowed them, the true inwardness and joyousness of the negro would be developed. The scene would be enlivened with their peculiar melodies and stentorian choruses, making the welkin to ring again and again.

Sometimes the white children would personate ghosts; a stick held upright, with a gourd at top, pierced with holes to represent the eyes and nose, and a lighted candle inside, the whole stick and figure enveloped in a sheet, or dough faces, the most cadaverous of similitudes, would be assumed, to frighten the darkies in the kitchen, or at the "quarters."

Mais nous avons changé tout cela! exclaims the Northerner. Alas, and alack, yes! sighs the Southron; but you have not destroyed our memories! The disease was violent, so the remedy must be commensurate. I would not be understood as regretting the manumission of the slaves. *Tout au contraire!* I am only sketching and enjoying, for the moment, the pleasures of memory; memories which often recur to most Southerners who have entered the sere and yellow leaf of their existence, as I have. I was merely comparing, in my own mind, the difference in the social relations of the black and the white: especially domestic relations. Then, they were genial, kind, hopeful and paternal; the man servant was proud of his inherited name, of his master and of his family. He was heir to all his cast-off garments, and imitated his master in his deportment and in his associations. There was no vain and detracting gossip, for he would not be the dirty bird that soiled its own nest. The maid, when going out to a party of her own color, wore her young mistress's gowns and jewelry, and presented herself for inspection before her departure. If she was to be married, she would be decked in the best the wardrobe afforded, and the ceremony would, most probably, take place in the "house," amidst the family circle. There was a mutual pride, the one in the other; and a confidence, love and affection which no power, save manumission, could eradicate. Now, the relations are sordid, mean and despicable. The children shun each other as they would a pestilence. A favor is never asked of a "colored person" now; but the employé is paid on the spot the value of the service rendered. There is no intolerance manifested; but a morbid lack of sympathy, the one with the other, pervades every community. The license which the negro now enjoys, which had become unnatural to him in the long years of his servitude, is fearfully abused, and often results in scenes of violence and rapacity.

Ah, me! The memory naturally reverts to the past; and I take a pardonable pleasure, I trust, in recalling the scenes of my childhood. There is a melancholy sensibility in the act, which soothes the troubled soul, and does no one any harm. Methinks I see now the rotund form of Aunt Becky, as she stands in the lanehead, neatly turbaned in a blue-check bandanna handkerchief, and thrown back in all the pride of culinary majesty; her bosom heaving with offended dignity as she calls to her young hopeful: "You Dandehy! Wy'n't you go long drive dem shoats out'n de pastur, deh! You stan' dar gazin', an gazin', an gazin' at dat are kite! I wish't you was a kite!" The latter ejaculation, *sotto voce*, but emphatic. Dandy was an idle, worthless boy of twelve or thirteen, with a black, sooty face, and an indolent air. He was my first scholar and victim in the School for Verdants.

It was on the occasion of one such symposium in the kitchen, I have sought to describe, that afforded me the opportunity of testing the value of my acquirements in the *rôle* that had been assigned to me. The moon, at her full, was shining with unwonted splendor in the heavens, shedding a dim, silvery lustre on all the surrounding objects; not a breath of air disturbed the autumnal foliage; the great pine-trees slept, and dreamed in their majestic splendor; all nature was quiet and in repose, and seemed to invite the fairies to their nocturnal sports. The dance and the romping were at the flood when, "Pee-u-u-u! m'ah! skunk!" with other like manifestations of sensitiveness and disgust, resounded in the mirthful circle. Dandy was squatted on the floor near the fire, watching his mother and the oven, as she busied herself 'tending the baking possum, and his olfactory nerves were sensitive only to the savory aroma that would emanate from the latter as she would occasionally lift the lid. So he sat, heedless of the strong odor of the skunk, which affected the rest of us. Very soon a disturbance was heard amongst the chickens in the hen-house. "Git up from dar, Dandy, an' go 'long out an' see'f dat critter ain't in de hen-house! 'Long wid you, dis minit! Don't stan' dar stretchin' you'self. Don't you hear de chickens squawk?"

Dandy had risen at his mother's first summons, and was stretching his limbs, apparently loath to leave the blazing fire, or a single whiff of the savory dishes simmering thereon. "Come, Dandy," said I, "I'll go along with you, and keep off the spooks. Come along, old fellow!" Approaching the hen-house, the odor of the skunk became more and more intolerable. "You go and look in, Dandy, and I'll go on the other side and watch for him." "Mas' Henny, I'm 'feard o' dat critter." "Psha! go 'long; there's nothing to be afraid of." Dandy crept cautiously up, and tried to get a view of the interior from a distance; at length he reached the hen-house, and placing his ugly mug against an opening in the slats, he cried "Shu!" The word was no sooner out of his mouth than there issued from the interior a stream of dense vapor, like the blowing off of a boiler, which struck the wretched darky fairly in the face. A stench succeeded so intense, so subtle, and so overwhelmingly disgusting, that one with difficulty could maintain themselves within its influence. All nature seemed suddenly to have fallen into corruption. The baleful influence extended to the entire premises, impregnating the atmosphere, and making abhorrent that which before was sweet and grateful. Dandy, poor fellow, the victim of such misplaced confidence, retreated, and casting himself on the ground, rolled and pitched and cavorted as though he was in a fit, foaming at the mouth the while, and ejaculating "Pee-u-u! m'ah! Ak-pte! dat was a dose't! Dat critter stronger'n pison!"

The commotion thus occasioned brought the denizens of the kitchen streaming into the yard. Old Uncle Abram, the boy's father, taking in the situation at the first glance, opened with wrath on the miserable victim. "Git up from dar, you misbul whelp!" quoth he. "Git up! an' go 'long down to de crik, an' wallow in de water an' in de mud. You needn't be a'feard a nothin'! Nothin' 'll come nigh you; dey'll run soon as dey smell you. Old master and old missus's ghosts, dey'll smell you a mile off, and run, too, quick enough. Don't you hear me? you 'tarnal tief, you! You smells worser dan a skunk, kase you got nigger smell, too, wuss kind. I boun' 'f'd give you a taste a this foot you'll mind." Dandy rose from the ground, and went off slowly and reflectively to the creek, as he had been bid, whilst we all returned to the kitchen, laughing immoderately, now that the paroxysm was over, at poor Dandy's mishap, and to listen to Uncle Abram's oracular description of the skunk and its attributes.

"Dis 'ere skunk is the curiestest varmint you eber see; 'ceitful, too, as he can be. He ain't much bigger 'n a rabbit, an' he's pieded black an' white, jes' like one o' dese pieded hosses. He's got a long tail, bushy, like a fox's tail; an' when he's mad it stan's out straight, an' brustles, ebery hiar stan'in' up. *Den*, I tell you, chillens, you better begin to git! His head's like a coon's head, ony a little bit sharper; his eyes shine like two a dese black beads, sha'p and cunnin'. He ain't a'feared a nothin'. He jes' knows he's got his belly-full a ammunition, an' kin squt it like a steamboat blowin' off de steam. He kin send it twenty foot, scatterin' it trou de hiars o' his tail. It's lightnin', I tell you! You all knows what it smell like. Ef eber you see one a dem critters in de woods, go way roun'. I tell you, chillen, go roun'! Dere's no use talkin', git up an git from dar." Uncle Abram having thus delivered himself, fell into a reflective mood, and smoked his black clay-pipe furiously.

The civetcat, polecat, or skunk, as it is indifferently called in this country, is, as Uncle Abram very justly remarked, the beastliest of all the beasts our country produces. With its constant supply of noxious fluid, which it is ever prepared to "squt" right and left at its enemies, no wonder that all living creatures fear and abhor it, and that its peregrinations are unchecked. Like the winds, it goes where it listeth, and no one knows whence it cometh until within the noxious influence of the odor it leaves in its trail. He is much given to prowling at night within the precincts of farmyards in search of food, and the knowing dogs skulk into some secure corner, whining and tails between the legs, giving his imperial majesty full liberty to pursue his peregrinations undisturbed. On occasions a dog of the School of Verdants will tackle one, but he soon retreats, howling and frothing at the mouth; an experience it never forgets to its dying day. Snakes, even, have been observed to writhe and squirm under the infliction of this terrible little beast.

Many years after my adventure with Dandy, and I had entered the army, that School of schools for Verdants, I became an assistant professor, and destiny took me to Florida. Here the skunk abounds, and may be encountered at every turn. The ranks of the army at this period (1838) had a considerable leaven of Poles, refugees from their own country on account of political troubles. I remember that, frequently marching through pine-barren hummocks, or swamps, the scent of the skunk would strike the column, and the soldiers with one accord would ejaculate, "Pee-u-u-u! skunk!" Some irascible neighboring Pole would immediately interpose, with scorn and defiance: "No Pole cat! Deuced American stink cat!"

The "school" lacked not for pupils. All was grist that came to its mill—the verdant surgeon, the newly-fledged lieutenant, and the ripe gray-haired colonel. One was skillfully led to believe that the fruit borne by the palmetto were Florida olives, and made an excellent pickle, so that the verdant actually put up a barrel of them in salt and water. This last victim proved himself "the biter bitten." He, forsooth, would sell a simple-minded, good-natured gambler by commissioning him to purchase for him in New Orleans a "bottle of beeswax." This learned professor in the "school" was himself sold by his subalterns. Hearing the order given, and knowing full well that there was no such article in existence, they prepared a veritable bottle, put it in a store in an intermediate town, and instructed their friend, the merchant, to charge five dollars for it. Meeting the returning victim of the colonel's sell, who deplored his failure in finding "beeswax in bottles" in New Orleans, they, very sympathizingly, suggested that he might find it at Mr. Blank's store in town. Delighted, he proceeded thither at once, and secured the bottle, cheerfully paying the price demanded. On his arrival at headquarters and seeing the colonel, the latter asked, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye: "Well, Mr. P——, did you find a bottle of beeswax for me?" "Oh, yes, colonel, here it

XUM

is." "What did you pay for this, Mr. P——?" "Five dollars; a big price, but I was bound to have it!" "Here's your money, Mr. P——." Then, in a stage-whisper: "I thought all the deuced fools were dead." Both were "sold," but the veteran verdant at the greatest cost.

I might fill volumes with examples of verdancy, but must content myself with a few "siftings":

Dr. B—— was a surgeon in the army. He was of good form, neat and comely in his person; a gentleman in the highest acceptation of the term. Reared in the City of New York, and educated in the best schools that city affords, he soon became one of the *dilettanti* in his profession, and the cynosure of the Fifth Avenue society. He might have become eminent in his profession and wealthy, but he was seized with an inordinate military taste; presented himself before the Board of Surgeons for examination; was passed with distinguished credit, and commissioned in the army. His first duty was with a detachment of recruits ordered from New York to Texas. Arriving at Port Lavaca by sea, the balance of the route was continued by land, a train of wagons being supplied to San Antonio, the headquarters of the department and distributing depot. It was on this march that the doctor first manifested his candidacy for the School of Verdants. Of course, a wagon had been designated expressly and exclusively for hospital purposes, and was more or less under the direction of the surgeon.

The beginning of marches are always more or less attended with accidents, breakages, etc. Now it so happened that the morning after they had set out, the hospital-wagon needed repairs; so the wagon-master reported to the commanding officer, as they were all standing round his camp-fire in the morning: "I shall have to put some *hounds* into that hospital-wagon, sir." "Very well!" responded the colonel. "Do it at once." The doctor, ever ready, with his New York learning, to jump at conclusions, instantly demanded of the colonel if he had understood his order to mean that *hounds* should be put in the hospital-wagon. "Yes," said the colonel; "you understood me correctly. Those were my orders." "Well, sir," retorted the doctor, anger and indignation ruffling his ordinarily placid countenance—"well, sir, I remonstrate and protest against any such brutality, and I shall not quietly submit to such a monstrous invasion of my rights. Steward! get yourself a big stick, and if any one attempts to put any dogs in the hospital-wagon, knock him down!"—proceeding to his wagon in person ready to assault any unfortunate offender. Observing the wagon-master approach with several men bearing certain mysterious appliances, and set to work on the front part of his wagon, the doctor began to "smell a mice," and concluded that he had "sold" himself. He began to moderate his transports, and to inform himself as to the different parts of a wagon; inquiring of the official the name of this, that, and the other, until he came to the part lying on the ground. "Those are hounds, doctor. These, you see, are broken, and we are going to replace them with those." A light flashed upon the unfortunate doctor, and he was greeted on his return to the fire with the *smiles* of his expectant comrades. But the good doctor, like a young bear, had all his experiences in the School for Verdants before him. He had many a hard row to hoe.

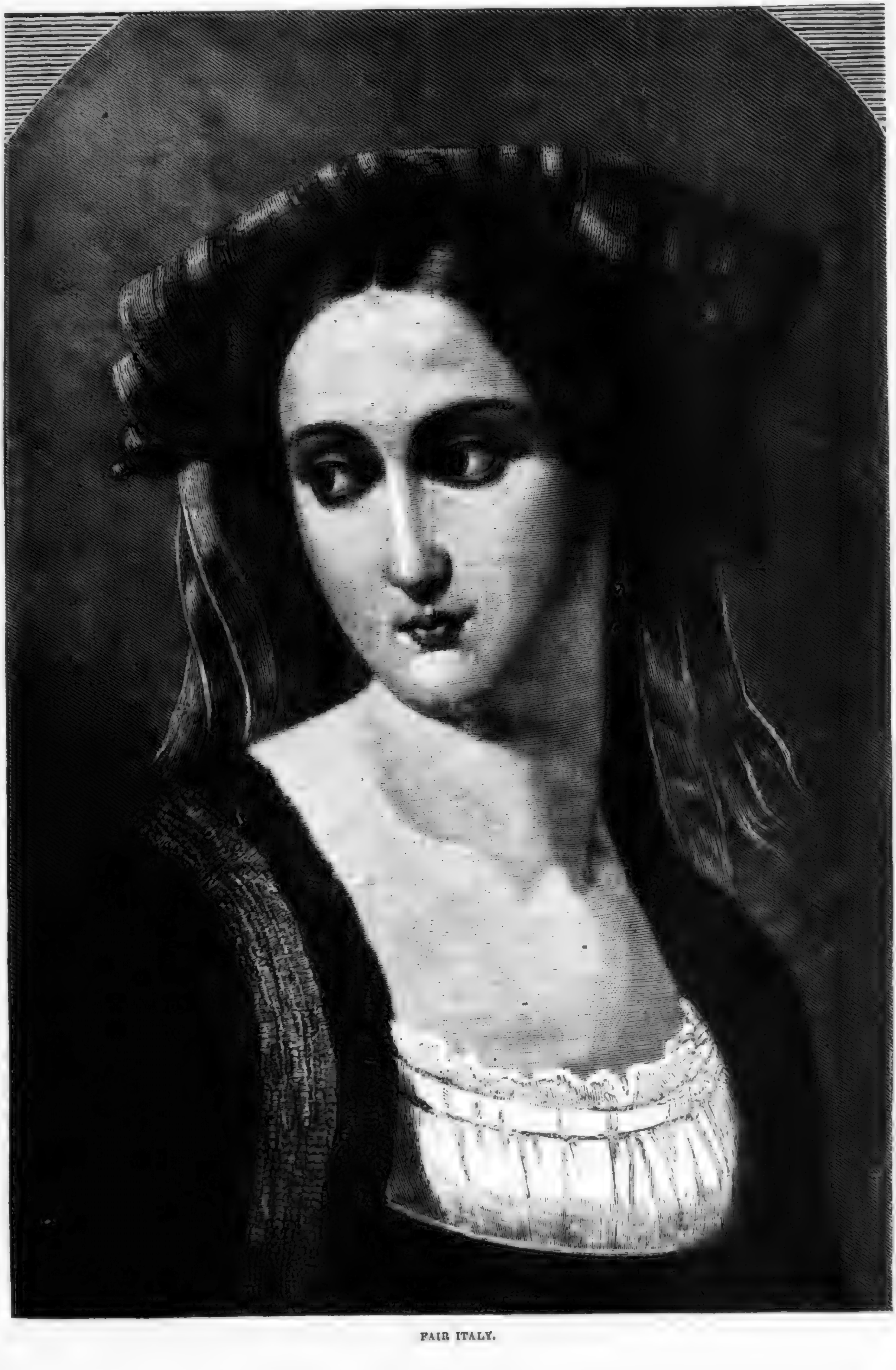
His first post was on the extreme northern frontier of Texas, distant from ours forty miles. We had no doctor, and a man having been grievously wounded in a skirmish with northern Comanches, an ambulance was sent to fetch Dr. B——. The route was over high, rolling prairies, the monotony of the landscape being relieved by occasional "motts" of "black jack" and plum thickets. The Autumn having set in, this fruit was in its prime, and the doctor supplemented his luncheon by indulging his appetite to the fullest extent. Whilst thus engaged he observed at a little distance off a strange and beautiful animal enjoying its midday meal. Seized with a desire to possess it, to add to a cabinet he was collecting, he cautiously approached the confident and cunning creature, whose small, round eyes twinkled at the thought of exerting its powers on this cynosure of New York society. Alike confident, his naturalistic enthusiasm aroused to the highest pitch, he ran in to make a grab. Heaven and earth! Instead of catching a pet, he had caught a Tartar. A skunk had lured the witless wight to his doom. A vapor, such as he had never experienced in his pharmacopœal studies for strength and nauseousness, enveloped him in such a manner that he could neither see nor hear, only smell.

Dazed at first by the unexpected onslaught, sickened by the overpowering odor, he scarcely knew which way to turn; all creation seemed suddenly to have been concentrated into a horrible stench; the plum thicket, into a forest filled with noxious and venomous reptiles. At length, recovering his senses and full consciousness, frothing at the mouth, and with an excruciating nauseousness of the stomach, he hastened to the ambulance, carrying the horrible odor along with him. Writhing and moaning, with occasional anathemas against all the villainous beasts in the forest, he laid on the grass for half an hour, flooding his stomach with water. "A pretty-looking object, truly, to present himself at a military post"—thus the crestfallen doctor moralized, as the ambulance approached the garrison. "Why, they'll smell me a mile off, and wonder what in thunder I am going to do with a load of skunks. I feel as if I had been sprinkled by the whole tribe of disgusting brutes."

On his arrival he was greeted with a—"Pee-u-u-u! Doctor, wherever have you been?" "Don't ask," said he. "For Heaven's sake give me a bath; plenty of soap, bay rum and eau de cologne, and a fresh suit of garments. Ask me no questions now, I'm too miserably disgusted for anything!" A bath, and the requisite appliances, including a fresh suit of clothes, were soon provided, and the doctor came out a wiser if not a better man. His vitiated suit of clothes were buried for a week, to sweeten them. He was so ashamed and mortified, that it was with difficulty we could extract from him a full confession of his untoward adventure.

Ah, doctor, notwithstanding your sad experience hitherto in the School for Verdants, your education had not entitled you yet to a diploma! Methinks I can see you smile now in all the haughtiness of your well-ripened experience, as you read this authentic history. Never mind, my old friend, let those laugh who win. He had come learned in the arts and sciences of medical lore, and the pharmacopœia of chemists, but could not distinguish between a mushroom and a toadstool, except by chewing and swallowing; as the philosopher did by chewing the bag to test the excellence of the pudding. The doctor actually ate a toadstool submitted to him by a young officer, to know its character, remarking, "If it's a mushroom, it will stick; if a toadstool, it will come up."

And it did "come up," and go down, too! In twelve hours he had lost forty pounds, and was so prostrated that he could barely articulate to the steward a violent remedy as a last resort. Ah, me! Those were the good old days of the "Brazorians"—the days when the good doctor, not yet satisfied with his former experience,



FAIR ITALY.

XUM

committed his terrible *faux pas*, returning from Austin with Mac and his bride, Major and Mrs. S., and Lieutenant G. You'll remember it, doctor; it would be unfair to tell it.

Apropos to the burying of clothes that have been contaminated with the vapor of the skunk, a good story is told of a countryman riding in a B.W. stage. He had seated himself beside a fashionably dressed lady, who occasionally flourished a pocket-handkerchief highly impregnated with musk. Leaning over toward her, he whispered, loud enough for others to hear, "Tell you how to get shet o' that." "Sir!" said the lady, with offended dignity. "Tell you how to get shet o' that," repeated the countryman—"Bury it!" The lady pulled the strap and vanished, amidst the smothered "smiles" of the passengers. A gentleman sitting next him asked the countryman what he meant by giving such advice to the lady. "You see," said he, "I had a tussle once with a skunk, and he scotched me bad, you bet! I went home, and the old 'oman made me bury my clothes, to get shet of the smell. The neighbors made all sorts of game of me, and called me skunk. I couldn't stand it; so, like the three flies, I thought I'd seek another clime, and I came to York, where I've been trading in skunk-skins ever since. We always bury 'em; it sweetens 'em. That's the reason I gave the lady that advice about her pocket-handkercher."

The late Lieutenant Tree, of the "Old Second Dragoons," was a great wag, and sensible and intelligent, withal; very popular in his regiment, and a noble, good fellow generally. Experience had perfected him in the "school," and he had graduated with high honors. He was regimental quartermaster, and having some dealings with a German, one day, which were protracted until the dinner-hour, Tree asked his friend to dine with him. Now, Tree's bill of fare was very limited, and consisted chiefly of a highly seasoned soup. The chiltapin pepper, which is indigenous to Texas, and found, of perennial growth, in the Colorado bottoms, and in the chapparal, westward, was one of the chief condiments of the soup, and a supply was always placed near him on the table. On this occasion the soup, which had been made hot enough, in all conscience, in the kitchen, was made doubly so by the addition of sundry chiltapin pepper-pods, Tree stirring the soup the while. Meantime the German, ignorant or indifferent to the *consommé* thus in preparation for him, bethought him of a word he had heard frequently in Texas. "Mr. Tree," said he, "vat ish dot dey call schtampede?" Tree made no reply, but continued to add more and more pepper-corns to the soup, and when he had gotten it to a satisfactory strength he asked the German if he would take some soup. "Yaas," he responded. "But you never tells me dot schtampede." "Eat your soup," said Tree; "I'll tell you after a while." The German took a spoonful of the soup. Pots tauzend! Mr. Tree, vat ish dot?" "Stampede," said Tree, in his quiet way, as the German broke for the water and never returned.

Captain W. was a distinguished officer in one of the scientific corps of the army. During his service of twenty years or over he had been continuously stationed in the East, being ordered to Santa Fé, and taking Fort Leavenworth *en route*, he very naturally consulted an old and experienced friend as to the necessary outfit. A list of articles he would need was accordingly made out; but his friend, in view of the extreme verdancy of the captain, could not resist the temptation of practicing a little on his credulity, so he added to the list two barrels of buffalo chips (*bois de vache*) and six dozen desiccated eggs, all of which, he assured the captain, could be gotten from old Rich, the post sutler. Rich promised to put up the articles for him, but when he called for them he was informed that his supply of buffalo chips and desiccated eggs were exhausted, but he trusted he would find the former abundant on the plains, and the latter in any one of the *mare's nests* he might encounter.

Thus it will be perceived the School for Verdants is universal, and numbers amongst its patrons pupils from every clime and from every rank.

BALLADE OF DEAD HOPES

By Robert Richardson.

We launched our hopes in the long ago,
Or ever we wist what life would be,
Like nutshell boats on the stream's swift flow,
With sail and pennon floating free;
They drifted down by lawn and lea,
They drifted into the golden south;
But how many reached the brimming sea,
And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

In the idle hours of the noonday glow,
We built in pride and hopeful glee
Tall chateaus in Spain, row after row,
Master-builders I wis were we:
And Time—the pitiless wizard he—
Touched our castles, and knew no ruth,
And they faded like dew-mist silently—
And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

Loyal je serai, we sang, heigho!
We carved one name on pale and tree;
We courted the god of the fatal bow
With service fair and bended knee;
We knew but one divinity,
(Oh, laughing eyes, and rose-red mouth!)
But which of us won the bright ladye,
And where are the dear dead hopes of youth?

ENVOY.

Prince, we wasted the golden hours, I trow,
Ere we woke from the dream and knew the truth—
Little it boots to wonder now
Where are the dear dead hopes of youth.

CRANSTONE'S SENSATION.

Ours is a quiet country town, scarcely more than a village, and it has had but one sensation in many a year. That sensation was the work of one woman and *several* men. In fact, *all* the men in whom we take pride had a lesson of some kind from that fair and false creature.

It was two years ago—I have allowed time for "things to settle"—that the Ball girls drove round in their pony-carriage, with their usual dash and rattle when they have anything on hand, and announced the expected arrival of Amabel Arden. She was their cousin, and she was, of course, something superlative. Every one knows the Balls and their "way," so every one laughed over their speeches, and were curious, at the same time, to see Miss Arden.

I saw her first at an evening party they gave soon after she came, but I had heard of her from others more fortunate than myself, as something really out of the common. No one had told me she was beautiful or wise, or anything in particular, yet I had formed an idea that she was a brilliant, high-colored, clear-voiced, gifted being, who would strike me at once as a fascinating creature. In reality, I found a quiet, very pleasant, sensible girl, of apparently twenty-two or twenty-three, with a serene face, and calm eyes that looked one straight into their own. She could talk, and did talk, fairly enough, with some sly little dashes into wit that created a laugh on all sides; but she was as often indolently quiet, watching and enjoying what went on around her. And there always was a great deal going on at the Balls'. Miss Arden could not have happened upon a better field for playing her part in life, which, I take it, was unsettling everybody else in theirs. A more audacious, determined, successful "gay deceiver" was never launched under manly colors than that same serene-faced girl. She lived for it, and, moreover, enjoyed it for its own sake. Her conquests were not public property, and my knowledge of them, in the first place, was gained accidentally.

I am the maiden aunt of some half-score youths and maidens, and if there is any other woman who reads this in the same position, *she* will know that I see young life under many aspects. Chips of the old block are cut sidewise, edgewise, crosswise, every wise even to contrarywise, and the respected family nature crops out before me in a new guise each day. It was not long until I saw that all my boys were "gone on her" in as many different styles, and it was the fact that they each confided something of a tender nature to me, which proved her a different girl to each, that aroused my suspicions and my interest. Here was a study evidently! A girl swaying, in a noiseless manner, every nature which approached her by yielding or guiding as suited each nature. What mischief might not be done in our midst! Then I began to watch her closely, and almost at once she knew it, and played into my hands adroitly. A thousand trifles fell in my way that were *such* trifles they disarmed suspicion, while all the time she worked her wicked will in a quarter far more open to ruin than my boys' idle young hearts.

The model couple of Cranstone was Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barrett. They had grown up among us from babyhood to bright, hopeful, careful youth, always loving each other better and better. They had married early, and were filling their lovely home with round-faced, happy, healthy children in a manner quite encouraging in these days of delicate wives, careless husbands, and sickly babies. His was a kindly, steadfast, faithful nature, with but little real knowledge of the world of men, and a consequent scorn of those whose lives were not like his own—clean, prosperous and highly respectable. Hers was less evenly balanced—narrower as a whole, and yet wider in certain respects. She was passionately fond of him; he, wholly devoted to her; both aspiring to the position of wise and tender parents. And all Cranstone knew their solid worth. We would have looked for the falling of the Milky Way into our High Street quite as reasonably as for a tragic ending to their sunlit life.

One night my favorite scamp—he *is* a scamp, I declare!—came to me in very low spirits. We were all going to an evening party at the Adairs', and he was in full dress, and as handsome as a picture, but sullen or sad, I could not tell which.

"I want you to walk down with me, Tidy Bloom," he said, putting his arm around me, and nervously pulling at the roses on the trellis over us. "Tidy Bloom" is the construction put upon Ida Brune by the latest arrival at my sister's.

"To be sure!" I assented. "You really look almost a man to be proud of, particularly in the twilight. But which of the brethren is on duty to-night? I thought it was your turn to go off for Miss Arden."

"Oh, bother the brethren!" was all he said until we were out of sight of the house in the avenue. I never ask a question at such times. The poor fellows come to me many a time, because they can fight it out unremarked under the shelter of my silent presence. Presently he began:

"Aunt Ida, do you know what is going on?"

"Where, my boy? Between Miss Arden and Tom? or Jim? or Paul? or the Symingtons?"

"No, no! I don't mean that. *That's* all nonsense, you know; but I mean *really!*"

"No, I certainly have no knowledge of anything real about Miss Arden. I have come to the conclusion she is only 'a phantom of delight,' and have ceased to trouble myself. But you are troubled. What is it?"

"Aunt Ida, she is a dreadful woman! Do you know—Here, wait, read that!"

He thrust a note into my hand, struck a light from his cigar-case, and held it close to the scented page. It was a dashing scrawl of a few lines, but it carried death to some soul in its meaning. Whose? I looked at the fair, proud, troubled young face visible in the dying flash of the light, with fright in mine. He took the paper from me, drew my hand through his arm, and turned to walk on in silence.

"Wait, Rex!" I exclaimed. "Of whom does she speak? That note is to some man who has a wife."

"Yes!" he said, in a low, stern voice; "it belongs to Harold Barrett. What do you think of it?"

I remember his exact words and his tone, and the shock it gave me. Harold Barrett! And I could not even doubt!

Then Rex told me all he knew. He had been at Mr. Barrett's that afternoon, to a garden party. Miss Arden was there, of course, and, like many others, had wandered from her party. Milly Ball sent him to tell her the carriage was waiting, and he met her coming slowly toward the house with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. She made her adieu, and hastened away with Mr. Barrett, while he followed with the wife. At a turn of the path he saw this note lying before them.

"I knew the paper, Aunt Ida, for I had had one like it this morning, and I thought it was mine. I wondered, too, how it came there, but I sprang to pick it up. Mrs. Barrett jested with me about it, and claimed it, as found in her grounds without an address. I made a joke of it at first, but finally asked her not to speak of it, and she promised. When I went to dress to-night I emptied my pockets and found two notes. In my surprise I opened this, and one glance was enough. Aunt Ida, what shall we do? What shall *you* do, at least? I cannot come to the front."

"I shall tell her to-night that I have seen the note she lost this afternoon," I answered, promptly. "I shall tell her when we are alone, and promise to keep her secret if the affair goes no further. She will not think it so strange in me as in another, for she knows I suspect of her something more than shows on the surface. Heaven knows, until this hour, I never had a thought of more than a mature girl's amusement with boys, whom she half teased and half charmed. But I might have seen deeper. I can see *now*."

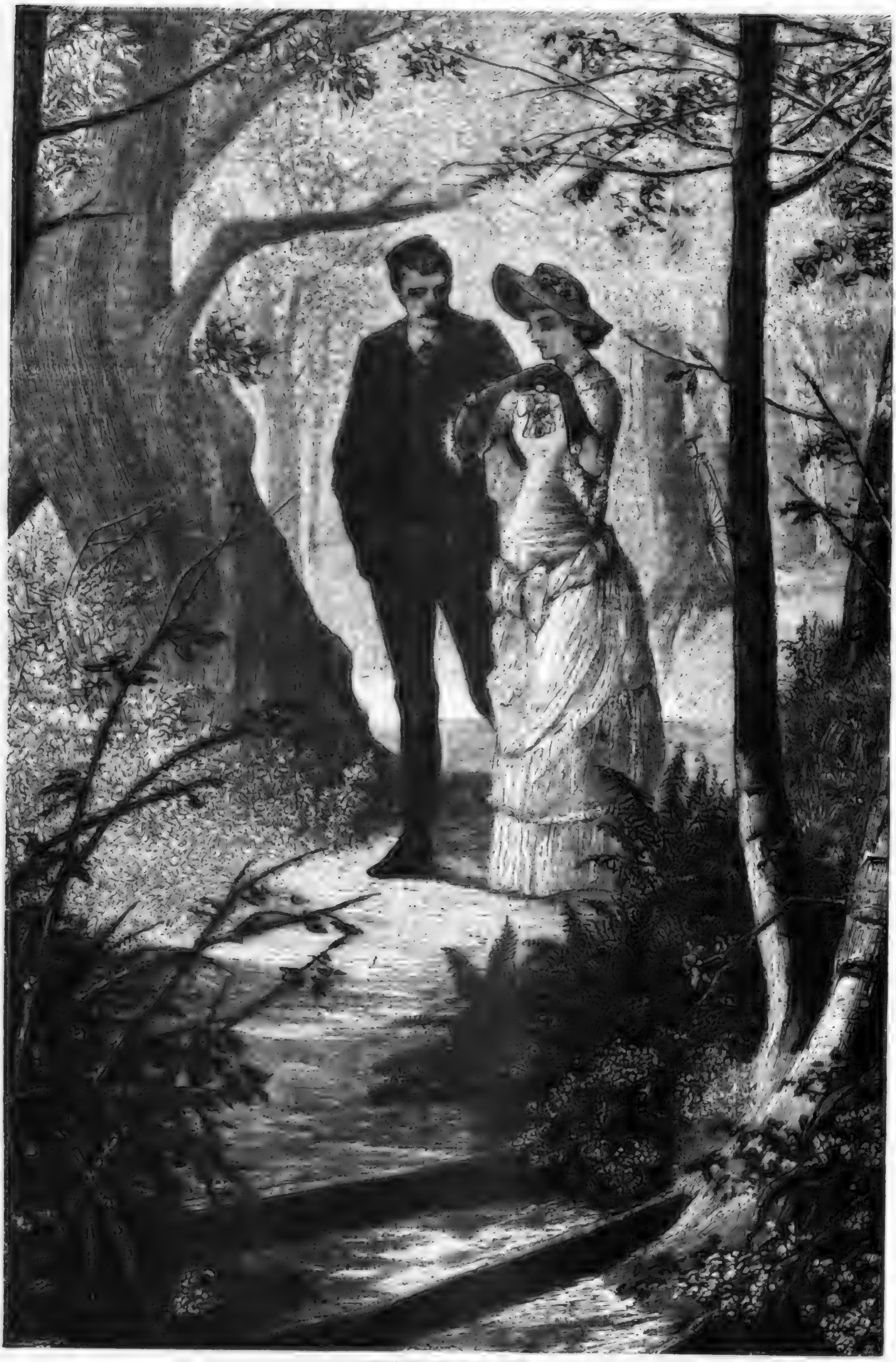
"You—must you say who showed you the note," asked poor Rex. "I would not like her to know that I have found her out. She has always been so sweet and good to me."

"I was at the Barretts', too," I answered. "I can spare my boy, and I will."

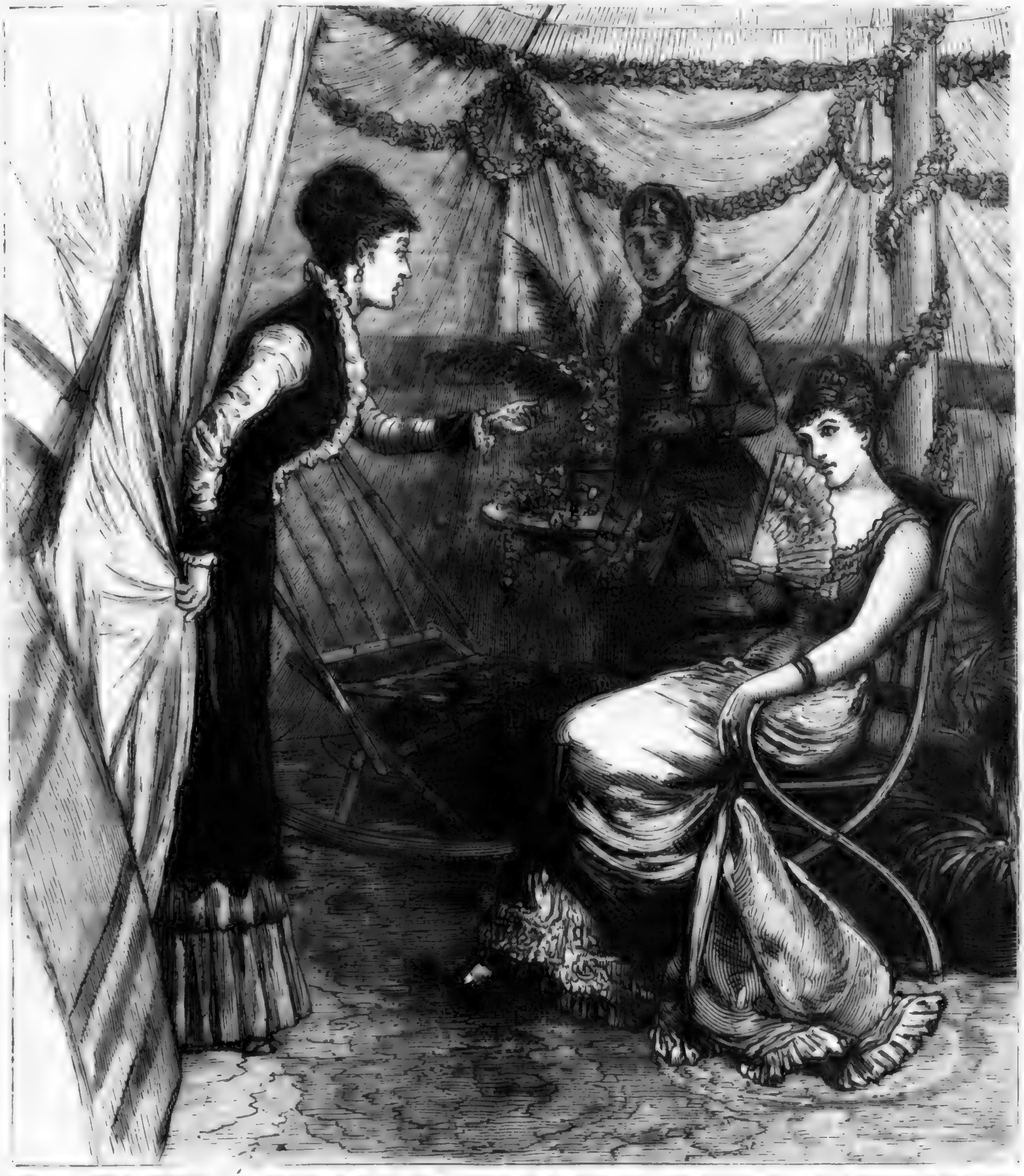
"Thank you," he said, and said it fervently, just as we entered Adair's gate.

The first person I saw across the rooms was Miss

XUM



THE 'CYCLIST IN DANGER.



CRANSTONE'S SENSATION.—"'HOW DARE YOU SAY SUCH THINGS OF MY HUSBAND!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'MY HUSBAND, WHO NEVER, NEVER GAVE YOU A THOUGHT, YOU FALSE WOMAN!'"—SEE PAGE 235.

Arden. She was sitting in a low basket-chair, against a background of airy lace curtain, a quiet figure in deepest black—not mourning, but some soft, dull, sweeping drapery, that made her fair skin fairer, and her brown hair lustrous by comparison. Her hands and arms—lovely white things made for caresses and caressing—drooped gracefully across her lap, lightly clasping a great round fan of shining feathers. Her face was turned toward me, and in perfect repose—the most innocent of faces, with its one beauty a lovely mouth, rose-pink, incurved, with slightly drooping, deepened corners, and a look of freshness and tenderness most bewitching to a man, I could believe. She was alone, and watching the crowd. I went straight to her.

"Miss Brune!" she exclaimed, courteously and cordially as she always spoke to me. "Why, when did you come in? I saw Mrs. Lambert half an hour ago, with all her train except Rex."

"Rex was my escort through the lane," I answered. "I was detained, and he is my laddie always. But would you not like to walk out on the porch? You look delightfully cool, to be sure, but the evening is warm for me."

She rose at once, and we passed out through the window on to the wide, cool porch which ran round the house. At the far end, a gay little tented retreat was improvised with flags and lit with colored lamps. A sudden wish to see her face, when I told her, seized me, and I proposed that we take seats within its shelter.

"I would not have dared to carry you off, even for a few minutes, simply for my own pleasure," I said at once, when we were seated. "You are not the one to

XUM

yield 'the idle homage of an hour' from manly lips for a more charming woman than I am. Be frank, now, and own you are *fond* of the society of gentlemen, only *enduring* the companionship of women?"

Upon my word, the girl was splendid. I could see now her subtle charm; for, reading me with keen eyes, she threw off her disguise of commonplace mediocrity and became her own imperious, reckless, dominant self.

"You are right," she said, leaning back, and looking at me with darkening eyes across her slowly moving fan. "I *am* fond of gentlemen—of men, rather, for a gentleman is not always a *man*—and I—Don't let us talk of women! Like Madame de Staël, I rejoice that I am one, only because if I was a man I must marry one. As it is, I escape from them as often as I can with decency. I assure you their society is not at all congenial."

"And carry the same limit, I hope, with your intercourse with 'men'? I said, giving her emphasis to the word.

"Certainly, Miss Brune. Without going into heroics as to my father's daughter, etc., I am a lady from principle as well as from policy. Your 'laddie' can tell you that. He is truthful, and he knows me well."

"But I know you even better, Miss Arden," I struck in, seizing the opportunity she had made to turn the current of suspicion from Rex, "for I have found the note you gave to Harold Barrett this afternoon."

She never changed color, I declare, but looked at me with a cool surprise that was half amused.

"Have you, indeed?" she said; "then perhaps you can give it to me? It would be better to destroy it before Mrs. Barrett sees it, would it not?"

I looked at her now with more than surprise. What sort of a woman could this be who was shameless before her own sex?

"You have more to say, Miss Brune? Pray let us get it over with. I have told you—you asked me to be frank, you know—that I am fond of gentlemen's society, and really this grows dull."

She yawned a little, and smiled up at me, for I had risen in excitement. I could see more and more her charm for men—fair, soft, careless creature!

"Miss Arden," I said, relenting toward her as toward one who could not be evil, but was only ignorant, "tell me you are not flirting clandestinely with Mr. Barrett!"

"If I am not, what do you make of the note?"

I was silent. She looked me steadily in the eyes, and her fan stood still.

"Miss Brune," she said, slowly, softly, distinctly, "you have asked me to be frank. I will. After all, it is a poor triumph that is known only to the victim! I came here, to this Eden of love and roses—from a world where I am an acknowledged power—for evil or for good, shall we say? The rage for conquest had been kindled and fed so long, I found it burning even here—here, in this very place, Miss Brune, where men still love—or *did* love but recently—their own wives better than other men's wives. I am a wicked little serpent, and I have charmed Adam—several Adams, in fact—and paid off the debt of Mother Eve, perhaps. I have stirred the hearts of men who never felt a pulsing before, and I have made life another thing to Harold Barrett, I freely admit it. Consider the temptation! A man who held himself immaculate, who actually believed there was not another woman on earth so charming as his wife! Such narrowness was deplorable, and I had pity on him. I have even wasted time to undeceive him, for I ought to have gone to Newport two weeks ago," she concluded, meditatively.

Before I could say one word, the folds which closed one side of the pavilion stirred and parted abruptly to admit Helen Barrett.

She was very, very pale, and struggling violently for self-control.

"How dare you!—how dare you say such things of my husband!" she exclaimed, in the low voice of suppressed passion; "my husband, who never, never gave you a thought, you false woman!"

A defiant sparkle sprang into Miss Arden's face.

"Really, Mrs. Barrett! Then he is regardless of truth, for he has certainly told me differently."

Helen stood pressing her nervous hand upon her heaving breast, and looking at her, wildly.

"Go and bring him to us," she said, suddenly turning to me. "He shall face us both. He shall answer for himself, or it will kill me!"

I must own I was a much perplexed woman. But I went for Harold Barrett, and I brought him.

"Come in," said his wife, hoarsely; "Ida, you must hear him. Harold, what does she mean? How dare she boast that you love her? That she has spent the last two weeks in giving you a new experience?"

Her husband's face blanched whiter than her own, and a look of despair and shame fell on it instantly, like a darkening vail. From that hour Harold Barrett never looked his old self.

"Tell the truth, Mr. Barrett," said a soft, warning, caressing voice, that struck poor Helen like a blow. "Mrs. Barrett publicly accuses me of falsehood. Had I grounds for the remarks she overheard? Remarks drawn from me by officious meddling, not boasts?"

There was a dead silence.

"Speak, Harold!" cried his poor wife.

He turned slowly from her.

"It is all true," he said. "God have mercy on me, I do love her! Amabel, Amabel!"

And with a gesture of imploring passion, he threw himself toward her and caught her hand.

Miss Arden rose, calmly.

"Thank you, Mr. Barrett. I am glad to establish my reputation for reliability in Mrs. Barrett's eyes. But our acquaintance had better end here. A disagreement of this kind is so seldom pleasantly adjusted; it is scarcely worth while to attempt it. Allow me—good-evening! Good-evening, Miss Brune!"

She passed me with a mocking look, and a smile like an innocent child's on her lovely lips. Harold stood like a stone. Helen covered her face with her hands and sprang toward me.

"Take me away, Ida, take me away!" was all she said, in a piteous tone that wrung my heart.

"Mr. Barrett," I said, quietly, "go into the house and send a servant for Rex Lambert."

He went at once. What became of him for the next twenty-four hours I never knew. Rex came to me, and we took poor Helen home under pretext of sudden illness. The whole scene had not lasted ten minutes, and was without spectators, so we hoped to avoid a public scandal.

But both Helen and Harold were too unused to suffering and too little practiced in dissimulation to hide their ruined lives. The whole story came out in a few days, and for once, at least, Miss Arden had gone too far. Society in Cranstone had not acquired that polish which glosses its rents and scars on the surface. There was an indignant protest against her, and at the first inkling which reached the Balls, they raised a small whirlwind of their own and swept her from the face of the earth, so far as we are concerned. Rex wishes he could have seen her under the torrents of their righteous indignation. I think even the Balls could not overawe that insolent, defiant, self-poised nature. It was long before Cranstone subsided into its old ruts. The Barretts have left us. Business troubles, sickness, death changed the aspect of time and eternity for them. They were reconciled to each other, took up their burdens together, with sad patience on her part and trembling penitence on his, and went away to a new home and a new life. But to this day our married ladies look with suspicion on any newcomer of innocent mien, and our married men are continually unvailing the widespread mysteries of Amabel Arden's silent work among them. Our young men, bless them! were easily consoled, and Rex learned a valuable lesson.

NEW YORK AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

THE FIRST SEAT OF GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

At length schemes and plots and the grand operations of the war died out. With the surrender of Yorktown in October, 1781, the heyday of British confidence in New York was over; but there was ample time to prepare for relinquishing the prize and for the settlement of refugee loyalists in Nova Scotia, fully two years elapsing before the negotiations of peace were perfected and the last arrangements made. At length, on the 25th of November, 1783, the hour of deliverance for New York arrived—the memorable Evacuation Day, as it has since been termed, when by previous concert the British troops sailed away on the Bay as the American troops, passing the deserted posts on the island, entered the city. General Knox with his command—a corps of light dragoons—leading the way, first took possession as military governor. Then came Washington and Governor Clinton on horseback, with a civic and military escort and a procession of the inhabitants, Washington taking up his quarters at the capacious tavern of Sam Fraunces in Broad Street, where a dinner was given in the afternoon by Clinton to the officers of the army. At evening there was a brilliant illumination with bonfires and fireworks. The British troops at their departure were evidently desirous of escaping the mortification of witnessing the elevation of the American flag on the old staff at the late Fort George. So they nailed their own colors to the mast, removed the cleats by which the pole was ascended, and amply slushed its cleared surface. The unhandsome trick did not long avail them. New cleats were hastily prepared, and an active sailor-boy, nailing them to the mast as he ascended, soon supplanted the royal banner by the starry flag of Independent America.

An anecdote of the day has been preserved which exhibits the notorious Cunningham dismissed from the scene in a characteristic attitude. The British claimed the right of possession in the city till noon of the day of evacuation, and Cunningham was not the man to bate a jot of his authority. The keeper of a boarding-house in Murray Street early ran up the American flag. Cunningham ordered him to remove it, and upon his refusal, himself attempted to tear it down, upon which the lusty wife of the proprietor issued forth armed with a broomstick, and laying it over the head of the provost-marshal, dusted his wig with such good effect that he was well content to leave the flag flying.* So the unhappy Cunningham enters upon and leaves the historic scene at New York with a lesson of humiliation at the foot of the liberty-tree. Popular report follows him further, to the gallows itself, expiating his offenses at last, in England, for forgery. It is quite probable that the "confession and last dying words" assigned to him, in which he accuses himself of the murder of hundreds while in charge of the old Jail, may be wanting in authenticity.

Washington remained in New York for a few days previous to his setting out for Annapolis to resign in the presence of Congress the military authority which he had received at their hands. His last hours, on the 4th of December, were given to a serious and affectionate leave-taking of his brother-officers assembled at Fraunces' Tavern. They were gathered together as he entered the room. Overcome with emotion, "filling a glass of wine, he turned to them and said, 'with a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drunk, he added: 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence and the tenderness of the scene. Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to Whitehall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled." How strongly is this scene, thus described by Chief-Justice Marshall (it should be given in no other words), impressed by the solemn genius of Washington. In silence, sublime in its expression of deep feeling and respect, with no beating of drums, ringing of bells, or salutes of artillery, without a cheer or hurrah, the victorious general leaves the city whose surrender into his hands was the crowning recognition of his great achievements. All in simplicity and reverence—no provocation here of the vindictive Nemesis ever dogging human pride and presumption.

The British had departed. A vast continental system was left to be remolded by the people. Happily the work had already begun; had been forced on by the practical necessities of war; had indeed been in progress from the beginning of the colonial settlements. At the

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* "Field Book of the Revolution," I., 839. Related by Mr. Lossing as a youthful recollection of the late Dr. Alexander Anderson, one of the editors of the *Constitutional Gazette*, the father of wood-engraving in America, whose life of honorable exertion was prolonged to the year 1869, when he met death, with his faculties unimpaired, at the age of ninety-four.

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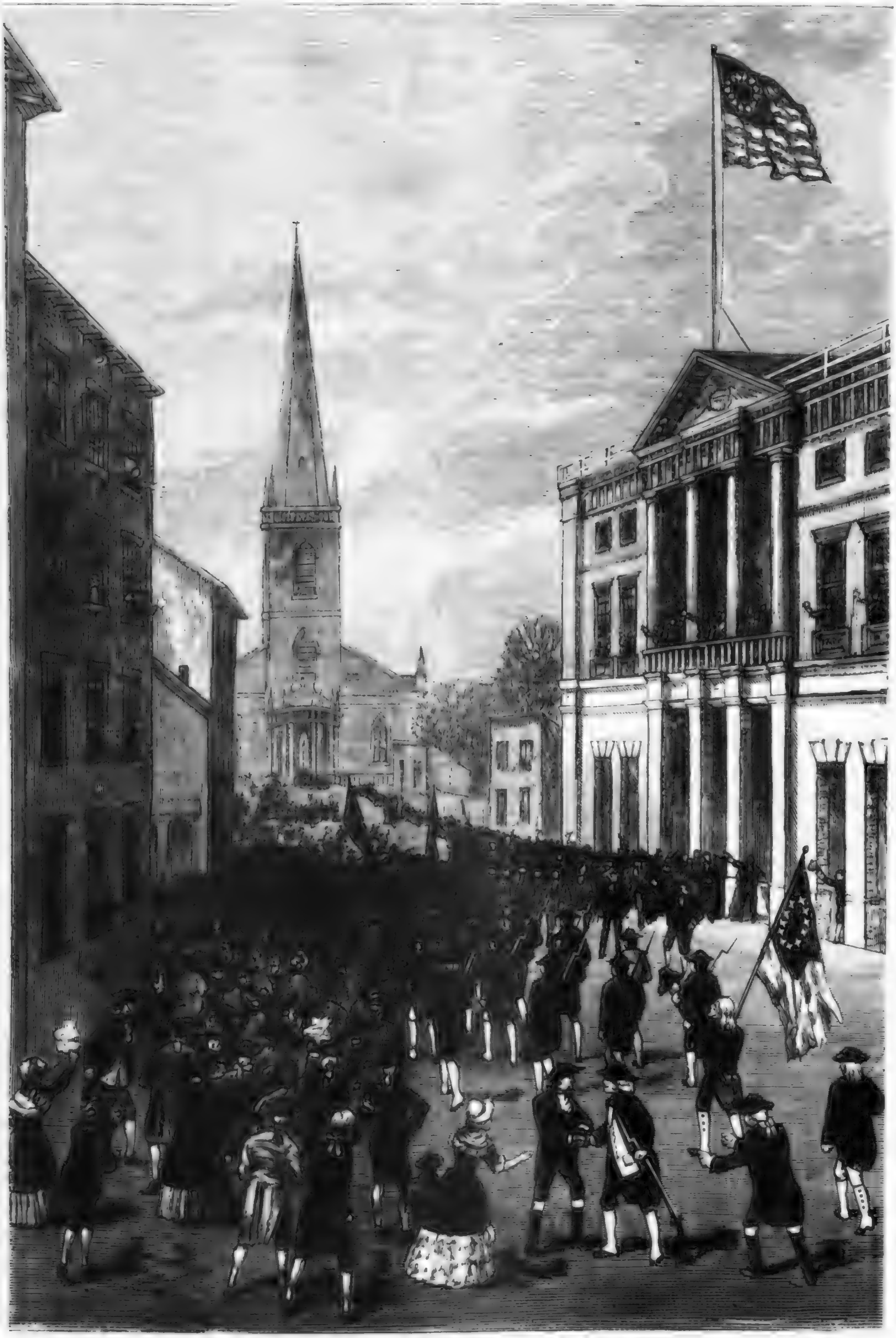
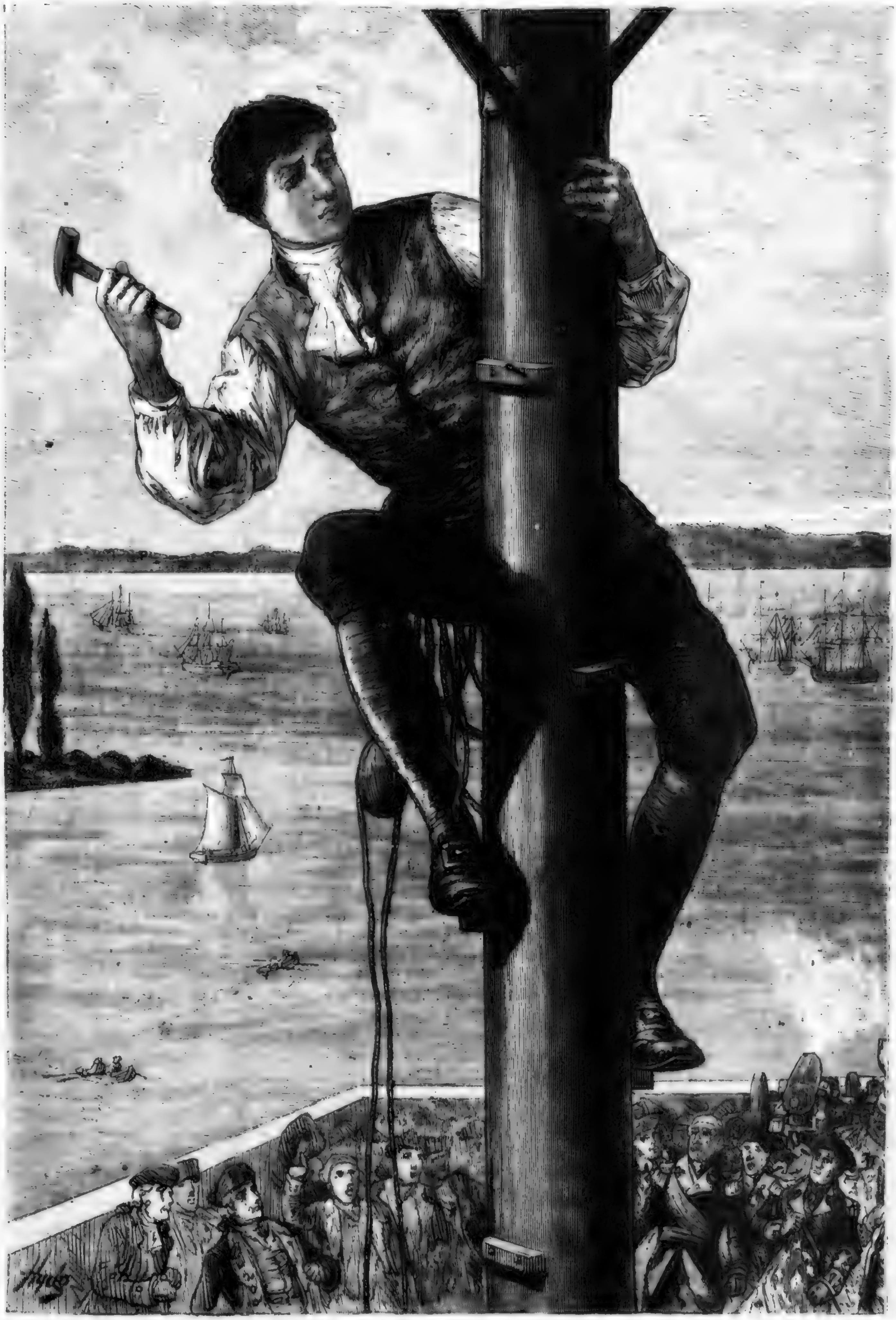


EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH—SCENE IN WALL STREET.



VAN ARSDALE CLIMBING THE FLAGSTAFF.

establishment of peace the infant States had their separate governments more or less perfected. New York, profiting by the wisdom of Jay, and others skilled in the work of legislation, in her new representative Assembly had, in 1777, adopted a constitution famed for its breadth and liberality. Under this, by a popular vote in all the counties not actually held by the British, George Clinton had been elected Governor. Born in 1739, in the vicinity of the Highlands of the Hudson; in youth trained on sea and land to war; educated as a lawyer; a faithful representative of the people in the old royal Assembly, hence a fit delegate to the Continental Congress, which, appreciating his civic and martial virtues, sent him to defend his native Highlands—the key of the military position in the North—in the maintenance of which and other interests of the State he was soon invested with a double authority and responsibility by the choice of his fellow-citizens as Governor, Clinton appears throughout, to the end of his career in the Vice-Presidency of the United States, prompt and energetic, inflexible in action, a man among men. His presence in the City of New York at the period of its reoccupation by its old inhabitants was a guarantee of order and safety. It is said that at this time, seeing a British officer borne on a cart to be tarred and feathered, he fearlessly rushed in among the mob with a drawn sword, and rescued the victim at the risk of his life.* At six successive triennial elections Clinton was elected Governor of the State. His residence in the city was in Pearl Street, opposite Cedar.

In its municipal affairs New York continued to be governed under its old Charter, the controlling power formerly vested in the Crown being now vested in the State. By the request of the Common Council, James Duane was appointed Mayor, the office being then held in such honor, that it was thought a suitable reward for a citizen of distinguished family, a lawyer of high standing, and a patriot of the Revolution, who had served with credit in the Provincial and Continental Congresses. Duane held the office for six years, leaving it to become, on the appointment of Washington, United States District Judge of the District of New York.

It is to be noticed how quietly the fiery spirits of the Revolution, whose names had formerly been pronounced in the city with so much of expectation or alarm, now fell into position, mingling with the citizens in the discharge of the new duties of peace. Hamilton, who had pursued a brilliant career throughout the war, whether as an officer of artillery in the campaign succeeding the battle of Long Island, in his eminent civil and military services on the staff of Washington, or in his command of a New York light battery of artillery at Yorktown, at the conclusion of peace ardently devoted himself to the study of the law, the legal profession thenceforth dividing his attention with the distinguished services he rendered to his country as a statesman. In 1783 he resumed his residence in the City of New York, beginning in his new career with the practice of the law.

General Alexander McDougal, after his faithful services to the State in his military capacity, returned to the city to become State Senator for the short remainder of his life. He also held the Presidency of the Bank of New York. The redoubtable Isaac Sears, who during the British occupation of New York was a resident of Boston, returned to the city, was elected a member of the Assembly in 1783, and engaging unsuccessfully in a mercantile business, made a voyage, to retrieve his fortunes, to the East Indies, whence he did not return, dying at Batavia in 1786.

Of the minor characters of the period, Rivington was at the time, perhaps, the most talked of. The wits and patriots were not disposed to forget the exasperating conduct of his paper during the war, and even the grave and venerable Witherspoon entered the lists against him, in a highly humorous parody of his petition to Congress. Many wondered at his remaining in the city when peace was declared; the secret of forgiveness is said to have been the services which he had of late rendered to Washington as a spy in the enemy's quarters, sending off his dispatches to the American camp bound in the covers of the books in which he dealt. Taking down the royal arms, he continued his paper under the title of *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*, but only for a short time, his new public not being disposed to encourage the enterprise. He had his early calling, however, as a bookseller to fall back upon, finding a ready sale for the stock of English classics which he had laid in during the war, for the entertainment of the British officers. He died in the city in 1802, at the age of seventy-eight. Rivington's brother-editor, Hugh Gaine, who appears to have been an estimable man when he was not called upon to decide between conflicting sovereignties, petitioned the State Legislature for permission to remain, and it was granted. He was well peppered, however, for his late devotion to the royal cause by the small shot of Freneau's humorous verse.

The re-establishment of the churches which had been broken up by the war was now commenced. Dr. Rodgers, the head of the Presbyterian Church in New York, returned to the city the day after the departure of the British. Firmly allied to the Whig cause, he had at the outset of the war served as chaplain to Heath's Brigade when he was with the camp on New York Island in the Summer and Autumn of 1776, and subsequently as chaplain of the State Convention and Legislature under the new Constitution. He had also pursued his ministerial duties in Georgia and Connecticut. A few days after his arrival in the city, on the 11th of December, 1783, the day appointed by Congress for thanksgiving and prayer throughout the nation, he delivered a discourse "On the Divine Goodness Displayed in the American Revolution." This service was held in St. George's Chapel, neither of the two Presbyterian churches being then fit for use. The Brick Church having suffered less than the others, was first put in order, at an expense of between three and four thousand dollars, and reopened in June, 1784. It was not till a year later that the Wall Street Church was restored, at double the cost of the other. Dr. Rodgers long remained one of the most notable citizens of New York. In his pastoral relation he lived to take part in the foundation of four new churches of his denomination—the Rutgers Street Church, opened in 1798, where Dr. Philip Milledoler commenced his acceptable ministry in this city; the church in Cedar Street, in 1808, of which Dr. John B. Romeyn was the first pastor; an Irish Presbyterian church the following year, and a church in Spring Street in 1810. The clergy who were called to his aid as occasion required became distinguished in the city annals—Dr. John McKnight Milledoler; the learned and accomplished Samuel Miller, in 1792; and Dr. Gardiner Spring, who was installed collegiate pastor, with Dr. Rodgers, of the Brick Church, in 1810, and who for more than sixty years continued to be connected with the same Church organization. Dr. Rodgers died in May, 1811, in the eighty-fourth year of his age and sixty-fourth of his ministry, three months before the completion of the new Presbyterian Church in Wall Street, which had been erected on the site of the old.

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* "Life of Clinton," Delaplaine's Repository.

He had been present at the laying of the corner-stone. The opening services at the new building were held by his successor, Dr. Miller.

At the close of the war the preachers of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York were solely represented by Dr. Livingston, who had passed most of the interval of the British occupation in the discharge of his clerical duties at Albany or the Livingston Manor. His former aged coadjutors, Ritzema and De Ronde, who preached in the Dutch language, did not return to the city, and Laidlie, after a ministry of thirty-five years, died in 1778. Services were at first held in the Garden Street Church, which, as we have stated, had been restored to its worshipers during the war. The North Church, after undergoing repairs, was reopened at the end of 1784; and the Middle Dutch Church, which had suffered greater injuries, not till the Fourth of July, 1790, when a patriotic sermon was preached by Dr. Livingston. Henceforth we may presume the preaching was mostly in English. The last sermon in Dutch, Dr. De Witt tells us, was preached to a very few hearers in 1803. The last schoolmaster in the city who taught exclusively in the Dutch language, says Mr. Dunshee, was Vanbombeter, about the year 1785.

Dr. Livingston remained in the city till 1801, when he resigned, to take charge of a theological professorship in New Brunswick, and become president of the revived Queen's, afterward Rutgers, College, in which, on his death in 1825, he was succeeded by Dr. Milledoler.

Many vexed questions which had agitated the members of the different religious denominations in New York, relating to church government, were buried with the past in the wreck of the old system. It would have been a very absurd conservative in the Dutch Church who would defer longer to the Consistory of Amsterdam in the new and independent order of things, which soon provided a well-organized domestic system of native growth. The Presbyterians no longer supplicated at the feet of royal governors in vain for a charter, but abandoning Scottish protection, availed themselves of the Act of the Legislature of 1784, which enabled all religious denominations to appoint trustees, who should constitute a corporate body, by which property might be held and all rights maintained. Nor were the privileged members of the Church of England in New York eager for Episcopal services, longer to seek aid and protection from the Bishop of London, when a way might be opened to secure bishops in America. There was, indeed, owing to the English laws which required from clerical candidates professions of allegiance to the British sovereign, some difficulty in the proceeding, which was met by Seabury, of Connecticut—the same who had been so unhandsomely abducted by King Sears in his days of power and vengeance—when he obtained ordination from the non-juring bishops in Scotland, in 1784, and which was presently entirely overcome by the action of Parliament, in specially providing for the consecration of American bishops. Under the enactment, Provoost, of New York, and White, of Pennsylvania, were ordained the same day, February 4th, 1787, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

Samuel Provoost, the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, and first Rector of Trinity Church after the Revolution, is a man of mark in our early annals. The descendant of an exiled French Huguenot family settled in New York, he was educated at the University of Cambridge, England, receiving Orders from the Bishop of London before his return, when he became an assistant minister of Trinity. Favoring the Whig cause, he resided during the war in retirement on the Hudson, occupying himself with the literary studies in which he always delighted. After peace was declared, and Inglis, the uncompromising Tory rector of Trinity, was about to return with the army to England, an election was held by the Vestry in the city for a new rector, which resulted in the choice of the Rev. Benjamin Moore, who had remained in town with the British. On the reoccupation of the city by its exiled inhabitants this was set aside as illegal, and a new Vestry, of Whig principles, conferred the rectorship upon Provoost.

When the Episcopal Church was organized on its present basis, Provoost, in 1786, was duly elected bishop. His moderation and Christian courtesy especially fitted him for the somewhat difficult position among the conflicting Churches of New York. He held the rectorship of Trinity till 1800, when he was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Moore, who also succeeded him in the discharge of the duties of his office of Bishop, on his retirement, the following year. The mother church of Trinity, meanwhile, had risen, though slowly, from its ashes. It was not till 1787 that measures were taken for rebuilding the edifice on the old site. The new building, well proportioned, with an elevated circular portico, and spire springing from a square tower, the immediate predecessor of the present noble structure, was consecrated by Bishop Provoost on the 25th of March, 1790.

The next of the old Episcopal churches erected was "St. Mark's in the Bowerie," on the site of the chapel built by Governor Stuyvesant. The land was given by his great-grandson, Petrus Stuyvesant, with a liberal contribution in money, inducing the Corporation of Trinity to undertake the erection of the church. Trinity supplied the requisite funds, and when the building was finished, made liberal gifts of land for its support, conveying the whole to a body of trustees, to constitute an independent parish. The church was consecrated by Bishop Provoost in May, 1799.

St. John's Chapel, erected by the Trinity Corporation on Hudson Square, was commenced in 1803, and consecrated by Bishop Moore in 1807. Its cost reached the enormous sum, for those days, of nearly $173,000. At the time it was built the neighborhood, a wild and unreclaimed marsh, still presented a very uncouth appearance. So little had been the value of this land, known generally as the Lispenard Meadows, appreciated in connection with any possible growth of the city, that when a plot of six acres near the junction of Canal Street and Broadway was offered to one of the old Lutheran churches in the city, its trustees passed a resolution refusing the gift, "as the land was not worth the fencing in."

It was not many years, however, after the building of St. John's that the beautiful park bearing its name, with its fine avenues of trees, rose, surrounded by costly residences of the wealthy, to remain a fashionable centre for the generation, and then yield to the ever-encroaching commercial growth of the city—the trees of the park, selected by the ingenious traveler Simond, the delight of botanists, giving place to the enormous railway warehouse, surmounted by its bronze monument to the mercantile genius of Vanderbilt.

The old Grace Church, erected on the site of the burnt Lutheran Church, adjoining Trinity, was built with the assistance of that Corporation in 1805.

Roman Catholicism, one of the first fruits of the liberty of the Revolution, was also free to lift its head in New York. The Jesuit missionaries, in the seventeenth century, had visited the interior of the State, and Father Jogues, in his Christian work among the natives, had

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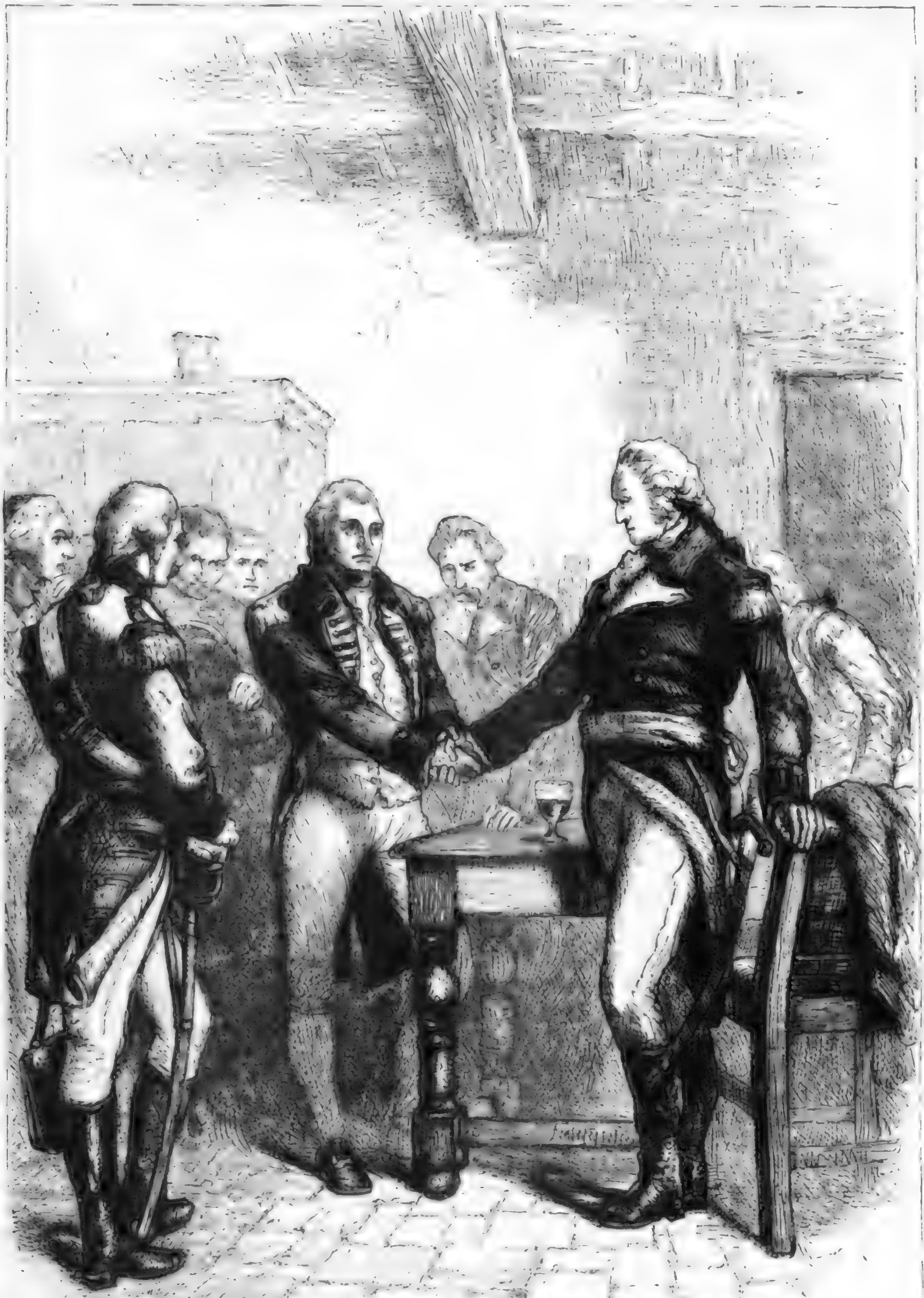
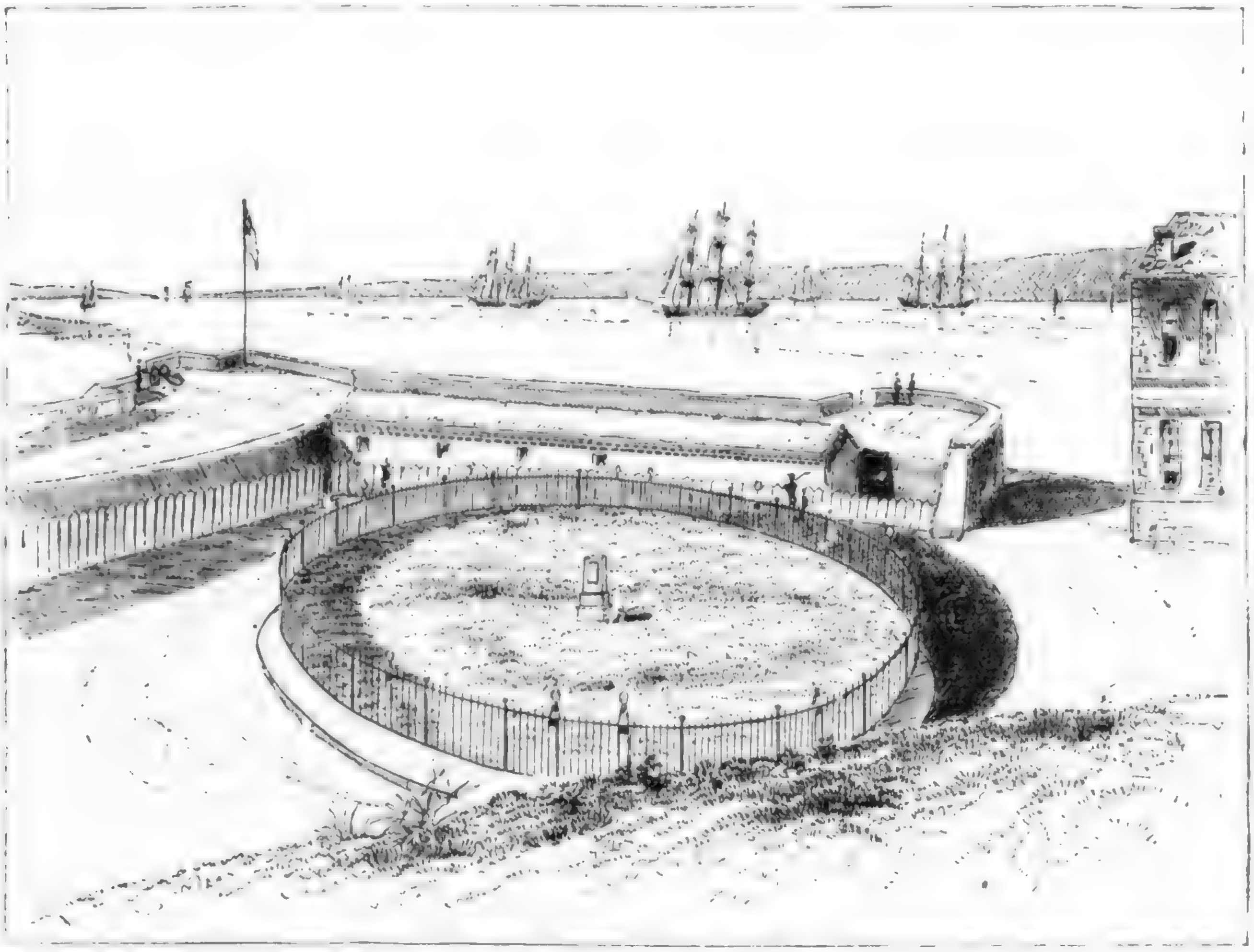


WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS OFFICERS AT FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

fallen a victim to their superstitions. Isolated members of the faith were to be found in the gathering of all nations at New York. Governor Dongan was a Roman Catholic, and the religion had certainly the goodwill of the royal proprietor, James II.

Had his reign been prolonged, the city might have witnessed the public performance of the Mass; but upon the accession of William a most stringent law was enacted, subjecting to imprisonment for life, and, in case of jail-breaking, to death, every Catholic priest who should introduce himself into the colony. The plea for this intolerance was, doubtless, the safety of the state in its wars with Catholic France and Canada; but it was seconded by bigoted Protestant hostility, as was apparent in the City of New York forty years after, in the "Negro Plot" trials, when, as we have seen, an innocent, non-juring clergyman was hung on the vague suspicion of being a Roman Catholic. No permission could be obtained from the authorities to hold the service of this Church publicly in New York prior to the Revolution, but service was privately performed by Rev. Ferdinand Farmer. On the return of peace, measures were immediately taken to form a congregation in the city. The Rev. Charles Whelan was the first settled pastor, gathering his flock in a building on the Vauxhall Garden grounds, at the foot of Warren Street. The movement was assisted by Don Diego de Gardoqui, the Spanish Minister; by St. Jean de Trevecour, the French Consul, and others of influence, so that a Catholic congregation became incorporated in 1785 as "Trustees of the Roman Catholic Church in the City of New York." The Vauxhall Garden accommodations proving inadequate, an unsuccessful attempt was made to procure the use of the Exchange in Wall Street, which was followed by the erection of a church at the corner of Church and Barclay Streets. This edifice, the original St. Peter's Church, built of brick, forty-eight feet by eighty-one in dimensions, was opened for the performance of Mass in November, 1786. This building remained under the successive ministries of Whelan, Nugent, O'Brien, Power, and Pise until 1836, when it was replaced by the present granite building, consecrated by Bishop Hughes, in 1838. The spacious St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Prince Street, the second Roman Catholic church in the city, was not built till 1815. Thenceforth the progress of this Church was rapid in the city, acquiring by purchase the vacated houses of worship of various denominations, and erecting others of an imposing character to meet the wants of the large immigration from Catholic countries.

The reopening of the College, after its period of abeyance during the war, was an event of much interest to the State. Its condition early secured the attention of the Legislature, which passed an Act, in 1784, altering the name, King's College, to Columbia, and committing its government to a newly created Board of Regents of the University, by whom its affairs were administered till 1787, when, by another Act of the Legislature, its original charter was revised with amendments, and its conduct passed into the hands of a special body of trustees. The first student of Columbia College presenting himself for admission to the Junior Class in May, 1784, was De Witt Clinton, the son of the patriotic Brigadier-general James Clinton, of the Revolution, and nephew of George Clinton, the Governor of the State, henceforth till his death to be intimately associated with the prosperity and good fame of New York. He graduated one of a class of eight at the first Commencement after the war in 1786. The first president, under the new charter, elected in 1787, was William Samuel Johnson, son of the first president of the college under the royal charter. He was no less noticeable a man than his father, of equal moderation of temper and purity of character, alike accomplished in liberal studies; through his mission to England on public business, the friend of Berkeley, Lansfield, Dr. Johnson and others of the day most eminent for religion and learning; at home distinguished as a jurist and statesman, renowned in the councils of his native Connecticut, and as her representative in the Federal


A VIEW OF BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK, 1783.

Convention, and subsequently as Senator in the first Congress of the United States under the Constitution—certainly Columbia College could not have entered upon her new career under a worthier head. He remained president till 1800, when from the infirmities of age—he was then seventy-three—he resigned, to pass the remainder of his life at Stratford, where he lived to the venerable age of ninety-three. Few things are more worthy of notice in these annals of old New York than the long periods of service in many of her representative men, including the leading clergy of the city, as Vesey, Rodgers, Livingston, whose prolonged influence imparted a consistency and stability of the utmost importance in a formative period of affairs.

The publication of the first New York Directory in 1786 enables us to introduce several interesting notices of the day derived from its pages. It was prepared by David Franks, an enterprising Irishman, who practiced as a conveyancer and accountant in the city. Nine hundred and twenty-six names of persons are given, with their occupations and residences, with various special lists and classifications of office-holders, members of the Bar, and others. The old Congress of the Confederation was then holding its last sessions in New York, presided over by his Excellency John Hancock, who resided at No. 5 Cherry Street, then a fashionable quarter of the city. Charles Thomson, perpetual Secretary of the Congress, lived at 28 King Street, as Pine Street was then called. The body had not then many distinguished members compared with those who attended its earlier sessions; but among them were Rufus King and Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, and Richard Henry Lee, Henry Lee, and James Monroe, of Virginia. John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was to be found at No. 8 Broadway, and the Hon. Henry Knox, Secretary of War, at 15 Smith Street, the name then given to William Street between Old Slip and Liberty Street. The Hon. Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State, resided at No. 3 Broadway. The residence of Mayor Duane was at 26 Nassau Street; that of Richard Varick, the Recorder, at 46 Dock Street, as Pearl Street, between Broad Street and Hanover Square, was then named. In the list of lawyers, Aaron Burr, at 10 Little Queen Street—now Cedar—is followed by Alexander Hamilton at 57 Wall Street. A number of other lawyers were to be found in Wall Street, as Brockholst Livingston, William S. Livingston, Thomas Smith, Daniel C. Verplanck. Edward Livingston was at 51 Queen Street. Isaac Roosevelt was the President of the Bank of New York, which was open for business from ten to one o'clock in the forenoon, and from three to five in the afternoon, good citizens, we presume, devoting the intermediate hours to dining and repose. The rate of discount was six per cent. The "Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves and Protecting such of them as have been or may be Liberated," with John Jay for president, met at the Coffee House. A list of 167 regular members of the Cincinnati of the State of New York is given—Alexander McDougal, president, and Baron Steuben, vice-president. The members of the St. Andrew's Society of the State follow, and of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. A list of members belonging to the Society of Perukemakers, Hair-dressers, etc., closes the catalogue of the societies—a body not to be overlooked in the days of wigs and powder. A very few lines suffice for the arrivals and departures of the mails at the post-office. From November to May the New England and Albany mails were due on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 P.M., and for the remainder of the year at 8 P.M. The Southern mails came and went in like manner. The post-office was then a very simple affair.

Of the early local events in New York after the Revolution, no one for a long time was better remembered than what with a singular misapplication of phrase, showing the leaning of popular prejudice in the matter, was known as "The Doctors' Mob." The physicians were the sufferers; the mob was composed of the usual element. In small communities, where science is seeking to a foothold, and where the public hospitals and almshouses do not readily furnish sufficient subjects for dissection, there is apt to be suspicion and jealousy of the anatomical studies of the faculty, which require to be pursued with prudence and privacy. The old feeling which would deny to surgeons the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the practice of their profession existed in New York in the time of which we are writing, as it prevailed generally sixty years ago. Many years later, the eminent surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott, then a student in the city, Quaker though he was, felt obliged to violate the law, and at the risk of personal safety and reputation, provide himself by stealth with the means of pursuing those studies by which he afterward so greatly benefited the world. His biographer, Dr. Samuel Francis, tells us of a midnight excursion in which, without companion or assistant, he mounted a cart dressed as a common laborer, and, proceeding out of town, received at the side of a field eleven bodies, which he carried in triumph to the Medical College in Barclay Street. The "Doctors' Mob," for which we may suppose there was some previous incentive, in rumor more or less exaggerated of rifled graves, originated in an accidental way. One Sunday—the 13th of April, 1788—a boy, playing with his fellows in the grounds about the Hospital, ascended a ladder or scaffolding placed against the building for repairs, and looking in at the window of the dissecting-room, saw various dissevered portions of human bodies. A younger surgeon who was present held up before him a human arm telling him it was his mother's.

It happened unfortunately, to continue the narrative in the words of an eye-witness of much that subsequently occurred, the late President Duer, of Columbia College, "that the boy's mother had died not long before, and was buried in Trinity Churchyard, and, taking the doctor at his word, he set off to inform his father, who was at work, as a mason, at Macomb's Buildings, in Broadway. He repeated his son's story to his comrades; who, seizing such of their tools as they could best use as weapons, followed their leader in a body to the hospital. Their force increased as they advanced, and when they arrived there, meeting with no resistance, they proceeded to ransack the building. Several *subjects* were discovered in various states of dissection, but none that could be identified. It was then proposed to examine the grave in which the body, to which the arm in question was supposed to have belonged, had been laid; and accordingly the whole party, with the new reinforcements it gathered on the way, proceeded to the churchyard. On opening the grave it was found empty It was forthwith resolved to repair to the dwellings of the doctors, in search of subjects, and with threats of making them. The first house they visited was that of Dr. Cochrane, nearly opposite to the church; but they found nothing there, although they ransacked it from the cellar to the garret. Fortunately, they omitted to open the scuttle and look out upon the roof, or they might have executed their threat of making more subjects where they found but one, for a certain Dr. Hicks, who was vehemently suspected to be the guilty party at the hospital, had taken refuge there, and lay snugly ensconced behind the chimney. Night coming on, the search was discontinued and the mob in a great measure dispersed. Small parties, however, patrolled the streets during the night, and the next morning the assemblage was greater than ever. The mob was now joined by parties of sailors, headed by the steward of the British packet lying in the harbor, who became thenceforward the ringleader of the whole force. But in the meantime the militia had been ordered out, and the doctors had taken refuge in the jail. There they were besieged by the mob, and were in great jeopardy until the siege was raised by the military. Matters had now assumed so serious an aspect as to create a general alarm, and call forth the exertions of the principal citizens to aid in restoring the public peace. Among those who interposed their personal influence for the purpose was Mr. Jay, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs to Congress. In proceeding to the scene of action, he received a severe wound in the head from a stone thrown through the glass of his chariot. Governor Clinton (old George), accompanied by the Mayor, Recorder, and some of the principal inhabitants of the city, among whom was Baron Steuben, repaired to the jail to direct the operations of the militia. As they were passing along Chatham Row the Governor declared his determination to resort to the most vigorous and decisive measures for quelling the riot. The baron, in the benevolence of his heart, remonstrated with the Governor against ordering the militia to fire; when, in the midst of his harangue, he was struck in the forehead by a brickbat, which, according to the Governor's account, not only knocked the good baron down, but overset his humanity and brought his compassion with his body to the ground; which he no sooner touched, than he cried out, lustily: '*Fire! Governor, fire!*' I saw the poor baron brought bleeding into my father's house, and after he had retired to have his wound dressed, I heard the Governor relate the story."[*] The fire of the military dispersed the mob. Five persons were killed, and seven or eight severely wounded. The students, against whom the chief animosity had been directed, withdrew for a time from the city till the excitement subsided. A ludicrous incident connected with the affair was an attack by a portion of the mob upon the house of the British Consul, Sir John Temple. His premises were saved with difficulty. The illiterate marauders are said to have mistaken "Sir John" for "Surgeon."

The formation of the Federal Constitution is a national rather than a municipal topic, yet, during the period of its discussion few subjects more deeply agitated the City of New York. Certainly none could have been of more importance to its welfare in the establishment of that community of interest and national credit, the very life-blood of a commercial people. The politics of the State, however, in the new division of parties, were largely anti-Federalist. Jealous of infringement of State rights, and of the concession of new and untried powers to a supreme authority, Governor Clinton was at the head of the opposition to the new Constitution. When the vote for the ratification was finally taken, in the Convention at Poughkeepsie, it was passed by a majority of only three in a body of fifty-seven delegates, and after the requisite number of nine States had resolved in favor of the measure. Yet it was to statesmen of New York, their influence and earnest counsel, that the country was greatly indebted for the early promotion and final adoption of a work second only to the struggle of the war in the formation of the nation. In March, 1786, John Jay wrote to Washington, "An opinion begins to prevail that a general convention for revising the articles of confederation would be expedient"; suggesting at the same time that, if the project were entertained, Washington should take a prominent part in the council.

It was by the vote of the Legislature of New York, instructing its delegates to prepare the measure, that Congress was encouraged to appoint a day in May, 1787, for the meeting of the Convention at Philadelphia, with express instructions to report to Congress and the several Legislatures "such alterations and provisions in the old articles of confederation as shall, when agreed to by Congress and confirmed by the States, render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Government and the preservation of the Union."

Hamilton was sent by New York to the convention, where he displayed his usual force of intellect, independence and candor; and when debate was over, and the proposed Constitution was on trial before the people, it was mainly from his pen that the masterly exposition and vindication of the work, in the papers of the "Federalist," proceeded. Of the eighty-five numbers of which the publication was composed, fifty-one were written by Hamilton; the rest, with the exception of five by Jay, were from Madison. Jay's contributions were arrested by the injury he received in his efforts to repress the "doctors' mob." A New York journal, the *Daily Advertiser*, first gave these papers to the world, between October, 1787 and the Spring of 1788, and the first three editions of the collected work were issued by New York publishers. In the State Convention the ability and exertions of Hamilton, Jay and Chancellor Livingston were chiefly instrumental in securing the acceptance of the Constitution, in face of the powerful opposition.

The ratification was passed at Poughkeepsie on the 26th of July, 1788, and is said to have been hastened by an imposing popular demonstration in the City of New York, three days before, in honor of the adoption of the Constitution by the requisite number of States. This great civic jubilee—for such it was in its spirit and proportions—was intended to commemorate also the action of New York, and had been delayed waiting the opportunity. As it was, it expressed in language not to be mistaken the estimate the city placed on the prospect of security, financial integrity, and all that goes to make the wealth of a nation, promised under the new government.

The Federal procession in New York, vying with that in Philadelphia directed by Francis Hopkinson, represented the intellect and various industries of the city. It was by a certain spontaneous action, a simplicity and effect, significant of the honest enthusiasm of the day. The vast array, marshaled in ten divisions, emblematic of the ten States which had already ratified the Constitution, was formed in the Fields, and paraded down Broadway to Pearl Street, thence to Hanover Square, and by the outlet of Chatham Street to an orchard in the grounds of Alderman Nicholas Bayard, near the present intersection of Broome Street and Broadway, where a brilliant festal entertainment was prepared. A troop of city light horse, with a company of artillery, led the way. In the first division a citizen personating Columbus, in appropriate costume, represented the era of discovery; foresters, with axes, suggested the clearing of the land; following whom came two distinguished citizens in farmer's dress, Nicholas Cruger and John Watts, the one leading six oxen attached to a plow; the other, a yoke of oxen and pair of horses drawing a harrow. Baron Poelnitz, a recent immigrant from Germany, who was cultivating a

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"Reminiscences of an Old New Yorker," p. 33-35.

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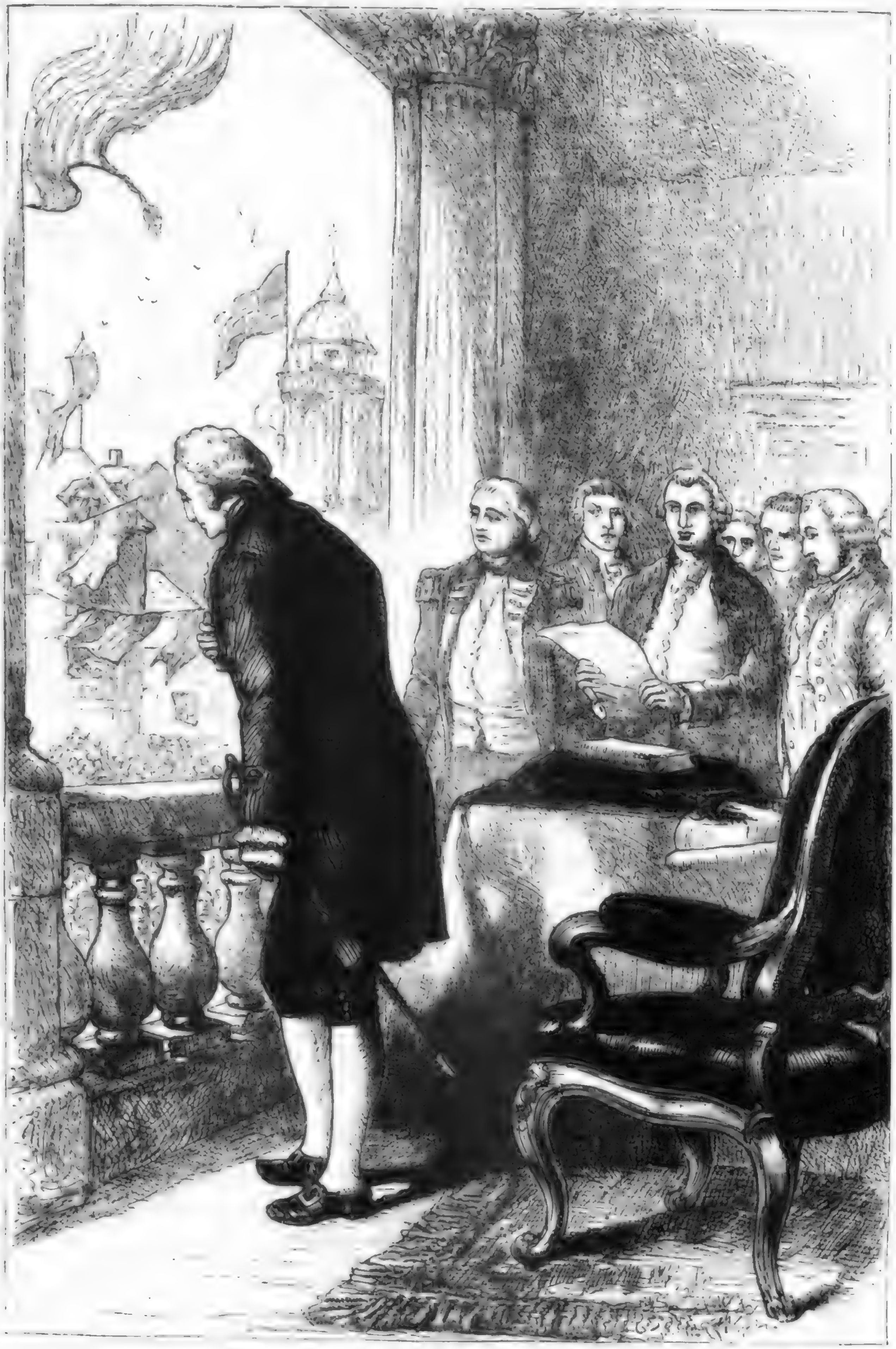
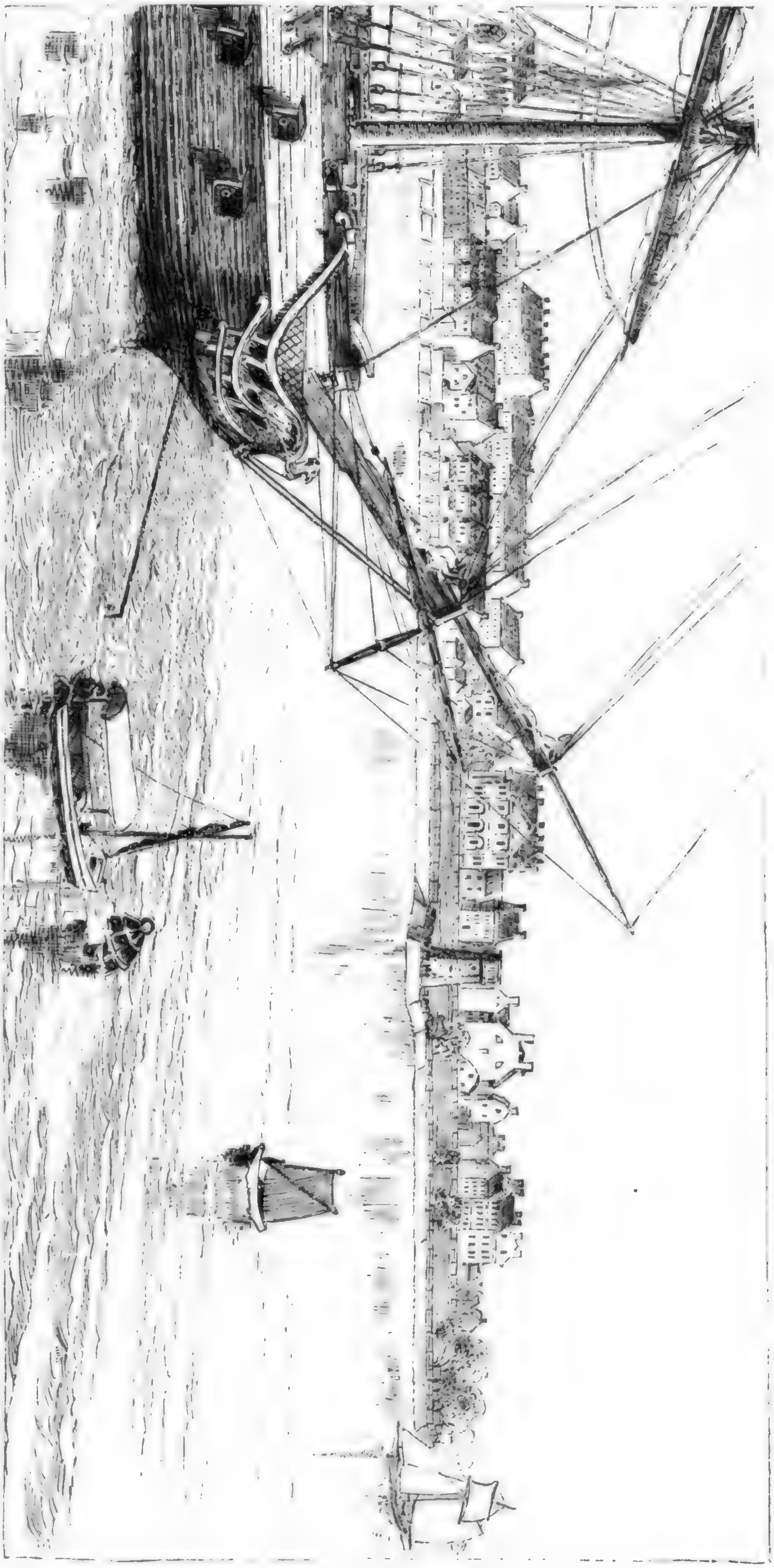


THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

small farm on the present Broadway, exhibited a newly-invented threshing-machine in operation.

The trades of the city were in full force. The bakers paraded on a platform, the "Federal Loaf," made of a whole barrel of flour; the brewers, a boy Bacchus mounted on a tun of ale and a venerable Silenus astride of a porter-hogshead; the coopers, decorated with oak branches, were hooping the Cask of the Constitution; the butchers, always conspicuous in New York processions, brought a bullock of a thousand weight to be roasted whole on the grounds; a now obsolete class of artisans, the leather-breeches makers, appeared in buckskin waistcoats, breeches, gloves, and gaiters, with bucks' tails in their hats; the furriers were reinforced by Indians in costume and two bears mounted on packs of furs on a led horse. Hugh Gaine and Samuel Loudon, on horseback, preceded the printers, who were striking off from a press, upon a platform, and distributing to the people, an ode and song written for the occasion. The procession increasing in honor as it neared its termination, on came the gentlemen of the Bar in their robes, heralded by the sheriff and coroner, John Lawrence, supported by John Cozine and Robert Troup exhibiting the Constitution of the United States engrossed on vellum. The Philological Society was headed by its President, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, William Dunlap bearing the standard with its Latin motto. Graduates of Columbia College bore two large globes, after whom came the president, professors and students. The merchants were represented by the officers of the Chamber of Commerce; clergymen and physicians brought up the rear.

In the centre of this long procession—in which five thousand persons are said to have taken part (about one-sixth of the population of the city), the most conspicuous object of the whole, appeared the *Federal Ship Hamilton*, built expressly for the occasion by the ship-carpenters, a frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty seven feet keel and ten beam, completely rigged and manned with a full corps of officers, seamen and marines, under command of Commodore James Nicholson. Her manœuvres were worthy of her veteran captain's reputation. At the proper signal she was boarded by a pilot from Beaver Street, when she made sail for the fort at the foot of



VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY IN 1787.—FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS PRINT.

XUM

Broadway and saluted with thirteen guns the President and members of Congress who were assembled at that point. In Pearl Street a suit of colors presented by Mrs. Logan was received with cheers. At Old Slip the *Hamilton* returned the salute of the Spanish packet, and so passed on amid general rejoicing to the dining-grounds.

The genius of the French architect, Major L'Enfant, to whose taste and skill the exhibition doubtless owed much of its effect, was particularly shown in the arrangements of the building constructed for the civic feast, which appropriately closed the performances of the day. Three pavilions connected by colonnades formed an obtuse angle, the pavilion at the apex terminating in a dome, surmounted by a figure of Fame trumpeting the coming time. Other colonnades radiated from the centre, affording space for the numerous tables at which the guests were seated, including members of Congress, foreign Ministers, and strangers of distinction—for New York, having been the seat of the Continental Congress since 1785, was then the court city of the old Confederacy. The dinner closed with thirteen appropriate toasts, emphasized by salvos of artillery. So the City of New York, anticipating the action of her Convention, generously pledged herself, with full confidence of prosperity in store, to the new era of the Constitution.

The ratifications of the several States were submitted to the old Congress sitting at New York, which expired with dignity as it made the necessary appointments for the inauguration of its successor. Presidential Electors were directed to be chosen in January, 1789, to make their choice in February. The new Government was to meet at New York in March. There was but one man, the chosen of the people, for the Presidency, George Washington. Congress was slow in getting a quorum to receive the vote of the Electors, which was not counted till April. On the 14th, Washington was notified of his election by the President of the Senate, and two days after he reluctantly left his beloved residence on the Potomac to enter upon the duties of the Presidency at New York. His progress to the city was a triumphal procession; and certainly no conqueror ever bore his honors more meekly, or would have shielded himself from them with more satisfaction. All great undertakings begin in doubt and despondency, but a true man takes to the height the measure of his work, and no one in a world of uncertainties can be light-hearted under a sense of responsibilities. So Washington wrote in his "Diary" on the day of his departure from home: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." Notwithstanding, as he passed on he must have been animated by the spontaneous tributes of a people's affection paid to him. At Alexandria, through Maryland, at Baltimore, at Philadelphia, at the scene of his military trials and fortitude in New Jersey, every honor that pride or gratitude could lavish upon him was bestowed. On arriving at Elizabethtown Point, on the morning of the 23d, he found himself in the hands of the Committee of New York, including the heads of the departments of Congress, and the Chancellor and other high officers of the State. The rest of the journey was to be performed by water across Newark Bay, through the winding lake-like passages which separate Staten Island from the opposite shore and afford an entrance to the inner Bay of New York. A barge, expressly built for the purpose, manned by thirteen master pilots, in white uniform, commanded by Commodore Nicholson, hero of the brilliant civic achievements on board the *Federal Ship Hamilton*, held the President and his suite. As they approached the Kills numerous boats dressed with flags followed in their wake. General Knox and other officers, in a large barge, presented themselves at the entrance into the bay, which was alive with gayly decorated craft eager to join the procession. The President was twice saluted by parties of ladies and gentlemen, who approached his barge in their vessels singing in his praise odes written for the occasion. On nearing the city the yards of the Spanish ship-of-war in the harbor were suddenly manned, and the flags of different nations sprang from every part of the rigging as a salute of thirteen guns was fired. The *North Carolina*, a Government vessel in the harbor, fired a similar salute. Everywhere the shipping of the port streamed with flags. The piers were crowded with spectators. On landing at Murray's Wharf, Washington was received by Governor Clinton and the chief officers of the State and city. A carriage was provided to convey him to his residence at the corner of Cherry Street and Franklin Square, a building which had been occupied by the Presidents of the old Congress, but he preferred walking, and he was accompanied by a long procession of the city military and a host of official personages, foreign ambassadors and others, followed by a crowd of citizens. Everywhere as he passed the houses were decorated with flags and various devices. In the evening he dined with Governor Clinton, and there was a general illumination of the city.

A week elapsed, when the citizens were again summoned to take part in a more imposing ceremony, the Inauguration of the President. The proceeding was conducted throughout with extraordinary solemnity and simplicity. On the morning of the 30th, the churches of the city were opened at nine, to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the nation and its appointed guardian. After this earnest service the military gathered to lead the procession of civilians, the committees of Congress and other officials appointed to conduct the President from his residence to the City Hall in Broad Street, where Congress was assembled. This building, which now bore the name Federal Hall, had been enlarged and greatly improved, under the direction of Major L'Enfant, at the expense of a number of wealthy citizens, to meet the wants of the new Government. The front had been advanced to a level with the wings, new entrances had been made, and an open central gallery constructed leading from the Senate Chamber on the second floor, surmounted by an architrave and pediments supported by four Doric columns. A carved eagle and other emblematic devices ornamented the front; within, the decorations were of a significant and tasteful character. Upon the arrival of the procession in front of the Hall, Washington alighted from his carriage, and passed through the ranks of the military, drawn up on either side, to the Senate Chamber, where he was received by the Vice-President, John Adams. Arrangements were made for the ceremony of the day in the open gallery in sight of the assembled multitude, who filled the spacious street in front and occupied the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Here Washington, dressed in a dark-brown suit of American manufacture, with dress sword, white silk stockings, his hair dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, presenting himself to the people, bowed, and was cheered with great enthusiasm. He then retired to a seat by the side of a table, on which rested a richly bound Bible. The applause having been succeeded by the hushed silence of expectation, Washington rose and advanced, with Vice-President Adams on his right, and on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston, who immediately proceeded to administer the oath of office, Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open book which was held up before him. When the oath had been recited, he answered: "I swear—so help me God," and bowing, kissed the Bible. The Chancellor, then stepping forward waving his hand, said in a loud voice, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." A flag raised on the cupola at the moment was the signal for a discharge of artillery on the Battery; the bells of the city rang out their cheerful notes, the assembled multitude renewed their shouts of affection and applause. Washington then read his Inaugural Address in the Senate Chamber, and afterward, accompanied by the heads of departments, the members of Congress, and others, walked to St. Paul's Church, where prayers adapted to the occasion were read by Bishop Provoost, who had been appointed Chaplain to the Senate. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks and a general illumination of the city, with emblematic transparencies in honor of Washington and America.

A series of festive entertainments followed this inauguration. Early in May a ball was given at the Assembly Rooms on Broadway, at which all the distinguished persons in the city were present, and when, we are told, Washington danced two cotillons and a minuet. At another, given by the French Minister, Count de Moustier, a character dance was introduced in which the French and American performers were interwoven, to represent the friendship of the two nations. On the arrival of Mrs. Washington, at the end of the month, a series of Friday evening receptions were held by her at the President's House, which were continued during the session of Congress. Washington was always present on these occasions. The furniture of the house was plain, and the ceremonial of a simple character. Washington seemed determined, while fully maintaining the dignity of his position, to set an example of republican economy. He had secured as his steward his old acquaintance, Sam Fraunces, renowned as a purveyor and inn-keeper, the landlord of the old Vauxhall Gardens and of the hotel in Broad Street which, it will be remembered, had been the residence of Washington when he entered the city on its evacuation by the British. In catering for the presidential table, Fraunces fell in at market with the first shad of the season, and served it up for breakfast. It attracted the attention of Washington. "It is very early in the season for shad," said he to the steward. "How much did you pay for it?" "Two dollars." "Two dollars! I can never encourage this extravagance at my table; take it away, I shall not touch it"—and it was removed accordingly.* There was no parsimony in this, but a conscientious frugality which often in Washington's career had been of eminent service to the public. In one thing he was willing to spend. He had a true Virginian's love of horses. When he rode out to take the air his carriage was drawn by four horses; on state occasions, as visiting the Houses of Congress, it was drawn by six. There are many interesting notices of the regularity of his mode of living preserved in his private "Diary" during his residence in New York. He records his walks around the Battery, his drives with Mrs. Washington, the coach taking "the fourteen miles round," which traversed the outer limits of the present Central Park; his exercise on horseback; the sittings for his portrait to Rammage, Madame de Brehan, to Savage, to Trumbull; his attendance at St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday forenoons, where his pew is still shown, the afternoon being given to his private correspondence; his dinner company and the frequenters of the levees of Mrs. Washington; his occasional visits to the theatre, the old building in John St., with the names of persons invited to a seat in his private box—General Schuyler and lady, Colonel Hamilton and lady, and others. On one of these theatrical exhibition he was startled by some pleasant reference to himself, introduced in an interlude written by Dunlap for the performance of Wignall, an adaptation of the part of *Darby* in the "Poor Soldier." There were graver scenes, however, than these for Washington in New York. Not long after his inauguration he was prostrated by a grievous illness which brought him to death's door. At the height of the disorder, conscious of the danger, he fixed his eyes upon his physician, Dr. Bard, and asked a candid opinion of his condition. "I am not afraid to die," said he, "and therefore can bear the worst." The doctor, expressing hopes of his safety, acknowledged his fears. "Whether to-night, or twenty years hence," said he, "makes no difference. I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." He thought with *Hamlet*, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

On recovering from this illness Washington left the city on a tour to the eastward. Some time after his return, in the beginning of 1790, he changed his residence from Cherry Street to the house in Broadway previously occupied by the French Minister and known afterward as Bunker's Hotel or the Mansion House. The rent for this building, probably the highest in the city, was $2,500. Meantime the Legislature of the State had passed an Act authorizing the Corporation to demolish Fort George and appropriate its site to public purposes. Space was reserved for the Battery, and a portion of the land facing the Bowling Green and Broadway was devoted to the erection of an imposing building, its front presenting a lofty pediment supported by open pillars, known as the Government House. It was at first intended as the residence of the President of the United States during the sessions of Congress in the city; but Congress having been removed to Philadelphia before its completion, it was never, as expected, occupied by Washington. It became the residence of the Governors of the State till the seat of Government was established at Albany, and was so occupied by Governors George Clinton and John Jay. It was then used as the Custom House and for other public purposes, and about 1816 was sold, when it was taken down and gave place to the block of private dwellings, afterwards altered to stores, but which for some thirty years were among the most elegant private residences of the city.

NORMAL WEIGHT.

It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering, in health, or otherwise, to know as nearly as possible what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing above two thousand six hundred men of various ages. There is indeed an obvious relation between the height and weight so particularly weighed and measured. Starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight was as nearly as possible five pounds for every

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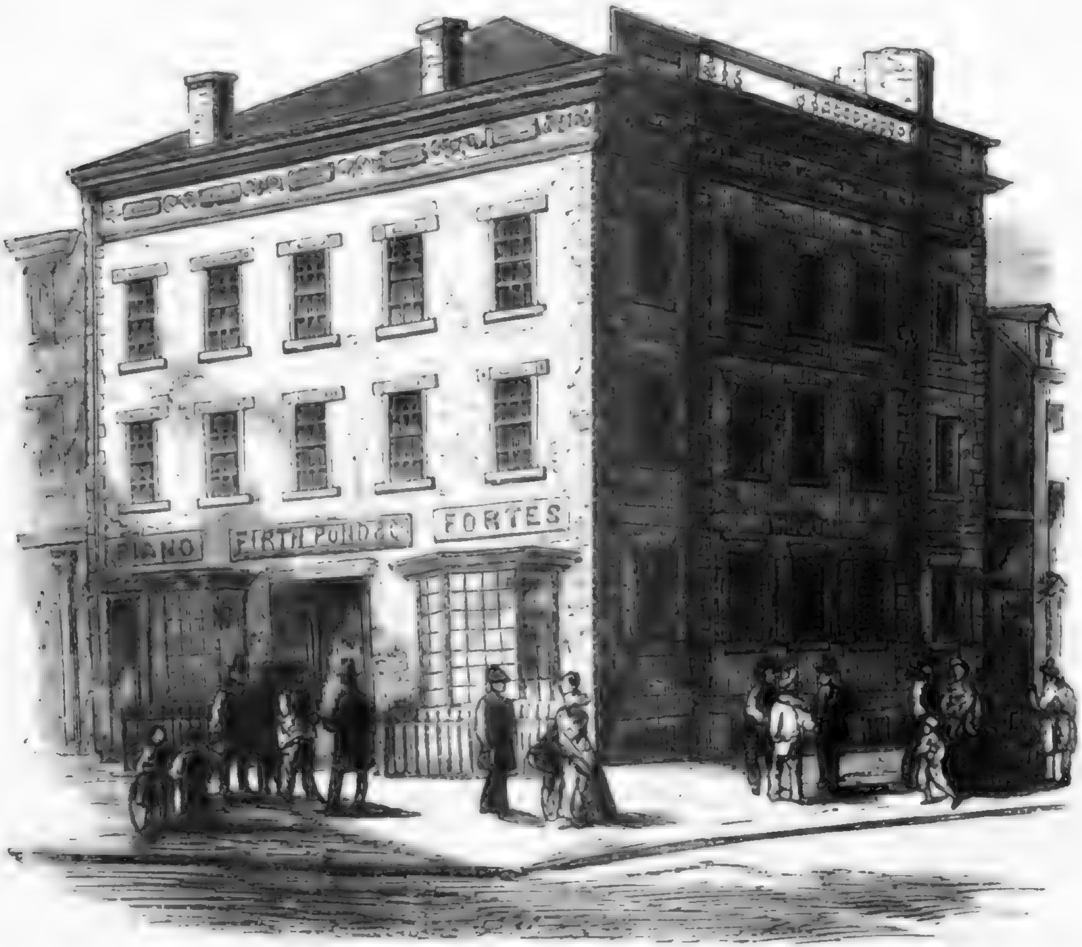
* Griswold's "Republican Court."

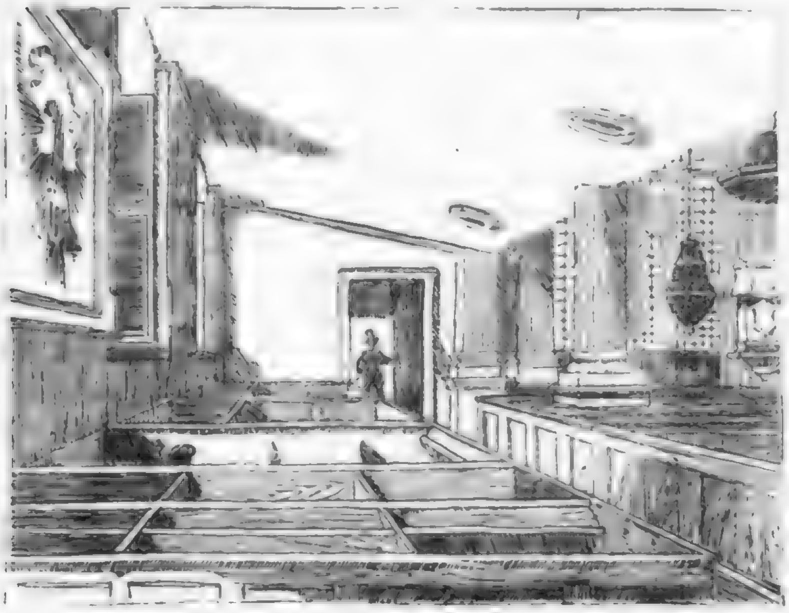
XUM



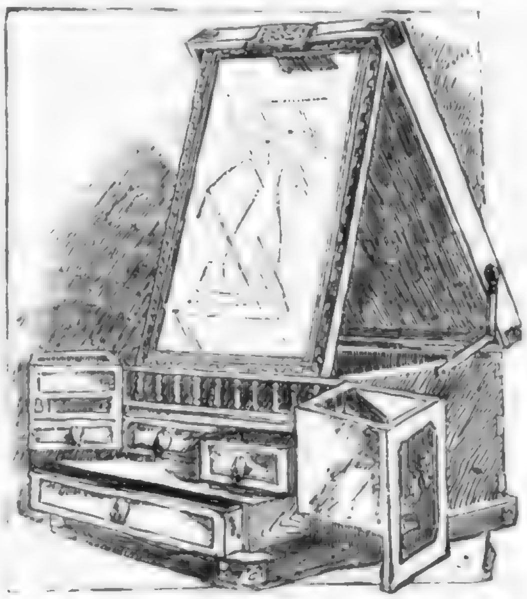
WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK AS PRESIDENT.

inch in height beyond sixty-one inches. The following shows the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upward: 5 ft. 1 in. should be 120 lbs.; 5 ft. 2 in. should be 126 lbs.; 5 ft. 3 in. should be 133 lbs.; 5 ft. 4 in. should be 136 lbs.; 5 ft. 5 in. should be 142 lbs.; 5 ft. 6 in. should be 145 lbs.; 5 ft. 7 in. should be 148 lbs.; 5 ft. 8 in. should be 155 lbs.; 5 ft. 9 in. should be 162 lbs.; 5 ft. 10 in. should be 169 lbs.; 5 ft. 11 in. should be 174 lbs.; 6 ft. should be 178 lbs.

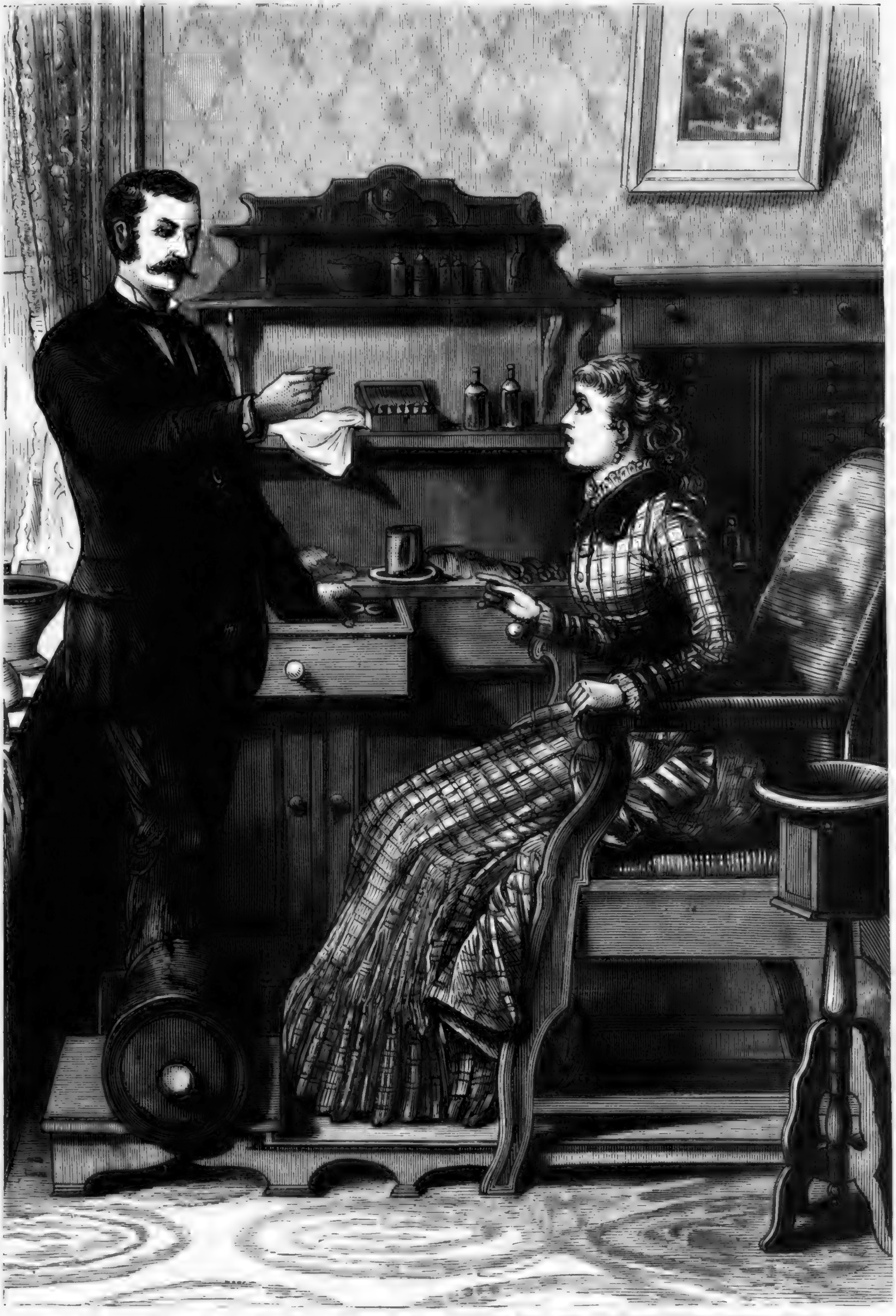
The Mistake of a Life.—A young man once picked up a five-dollar gold piece lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly amount of gold and silver. All these days, however, he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature was beautiful around. He never once lifted his eyes from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along, and as many another foolish man hath done.



WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.



WASHINGTON'S DRESSING-CASE.



CORA GRAY.—"'WHERE IS MY TOOTH?' 'IT IS HERE, MISS GRAY,' SAID THE DOCTOR, HOLDING UP THE OFFENDING MOLAR." SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE STORMY PETREL.

By R. W. W.

I.

'Twas when in the morning
The rainbow gave warning
To the sailors that traversed the wild raging sea,
That the music was heard
Of this stormy bird
As she skimmed o'er the mountain-wave free.

II.

'Twas a strange, wild thing,
With a motionless wing,
That touched neither ocean nor air as it flew;
But ever pursued,
With its phantom brood,
The white-winged ship and its dauntless crew.

III.

I had watched her flight
At the noon of night,
And wept for this bird of the tireless wing,
That hath no rest
On the heaving breast
Of the sea, with its ceaseless swing!

IV.

And she hath no home
But the snow-white foam,
This wanderer out on the wild, deep sea,
Where her chosen nest
Is the billow's crest,
When the storm pipes loud in his ocean glee!

V.

It is said of this bird
That her wailing is heard
When the mariner sinks to his final rest
And she glides away
O'er the darkling spray
When the sun goes down in the far bleak west:

VI.

That her wings are kissed
By the morning mist,
When the sun comes up from his ocean stream,
And she bathes anew
In the bright foam-dew,
When the day dissolves with his parting beam:

VII.

That there is no rest
On the ocean's breast
For this storm-loved bird of the wailing night,
That o'er the sea
Flies ceaselessly,
Like the parting wind in its pathless flight!

CORA GRAY.

By the Author of "Beautiful Snow."

"He's the handsomest man I ever saw, I think, and all the girls in the town are going crazy over him; I'm almost so myself. And I'm afraid that if I wasn't already kind of partly engaged, as you may say, I'd set my cap straight at him!"

"Oh, but a dentist! What could induce the man to choose such a profession? There seems to me something repulsive about it."

"Repulsive! Well, I can't see what there is repulsive any more than a doctor, who cuts off legs and arms, and all that sort of thing. And as to there being anything repulsive about Dr. Morgan—for, you see, he is a doctor, a real doctor, anyhow—why, it's absurd. He's just as nice in his clothes as anybody I ever saw in my life—I won't even except that rich Mr. Courtney that came up from New York last Summer to visit the Gildes; and as to his shirt, why, I looked at the bosom when he was filling my teeth, and I tell you it was just elegantly stitched. Them that knows him say he's an awful particular man; and I'm sure he is, if his hands are to be taken for a sample, for they're just as white and clean as a lady's. Not that every lady's hands are clean, either!"

"But I shouldn't think Croyden was any place for him to establish himself in. I can't believe that he can get practice enough out of such a small town to give him a living."

"Oh, he doesn't care for that. Uncle John knows him and knows all his family, and he says that Dr. Morgan is rich, though he wasn't always so. He was very poor when he was a boy, and rose from being a boy in a dentist's office to being a dentist himself. Then one day an aunt of his, who wouldn't have given him a crust while she was living, died, and left him a heap of money. He didn't do like most folks would have done then. No; he just took it as quietly as ever, didn't give up business, but made himself perfect in it, and after that studied for a doctor, and was made one; but Uncle John says he prefers his first business of dentistry; and Uncle John says he thinks he came up to Croyden for practice on all sorts of teeth, for he's been teething all the poor people in town for nothing. Why, he even asked *me* if I could afford to pay, after he got through filling my tooth. I told him *my* pa was well off, and so he charged me two dollars, though pa was a little mad about it, and said that it wouldn't have done me a bit of harm to have kind of hinted the other way, and I'd have got off with a dollar."

"Which would have been just the same as taking a dollar from the poor. How old is this model dentist, Mabel?"

"Oh, he ain't more than twenty-five, Co, as far's I can guess. He's mighty good-looking, though, and Uncle John says he's highly educated. Why, you'd ought to see his dentistry-room. It's perfectly splendid! The handsomest furniture you ever see, and the pictures are awful nice, though I can't say I like the statues as well. They haven't got clothes enough on 'em to suit my taste. One of 'em he called the Venus de Medicine, I believe, or something of that sort."

"The 'Venus de Medici'; it's very celebrated."

"Yes, that's it. Then there was another he called Cupid and Shykey——"

"'Cupid and Psyche.' Another celebrated piece of sculpture."

"Then there was several little naked children which he called cherubs, and they were just as lovely as lovely could be. Oh, you'd ought to go, Co. He'd fix that tooth for you in ten minutes, and talk to you all the time about everything. Why, I'm sure you'd be delighted. I was. And what's the use of going all the way to New York to see a dentist, when you've got one right here, within a mile, that'll do it up splendid. Encourage native talent, I say."

This conversation passed between Mabel Dean, a pretty, good-natured, but somewhat uneducated girl of twenty-two, a dweller in the small town of Croyden, about eighty miles from New York, whose father was a wealthy shopkeeper of the town, and Cora Gray, an orphan, living upon a farm, half a mile distant from it.

Cora had not lived all her life upon a farm, but when at twelve years of age her father died, her mother, who was from New York, recognized what the father never did, the necessity of a little better education for Cora than the town, or, rather, village, of Croyden could afford, and recognizing it, backed by plenty of means, she had sent her only child to one of the best academies for young ladies in the city, from which Cora had come, not only solidly educated and accomplished, but with a style and manner that made her the admiration and envy of all the girls as far round the country as her acquaintance extended.

They envied her, but they loved her. Nobody could help loving Cora. She was just nineteen, very beautiful, unaffected, and with a voice as soft and musical as voices can well be.

She was inclined to be tall, with a lithe, graceful form and movement that fascinated any one looking at her as they might be fascinated by the flight or pluming of some brilliant bird.

But while they looked on charmed and loving at a distance, the young men of Croyden never seemed to dare approach this rare flower.

The farm always had plenty of company, and Cora had scores of admirers, but they looked upon her as the brook looked upon the star, as "something afar." They loved, perhaps, but kept that love strictly to themselves, while Cora did not respond to it either near or far.

One year before the time of this talk with Mabel Dean, Cora had lost her mother, and, as had been arranged years before, her father's brother, John Gray, and his wife, had been called in to manage the farm. Uncle Gray was penurious to the last degree, and, though perfectly honest, made his honesty uncomfortable.

Aunt Gray chafed under the meanness of her husband, and would, had he permitted, been a little extravagant, but purely upon herself. Not being able to achieve this, she was ill-natured and carping; consequently, between the two, Cora did not have a very happy home, and, though it was the day before Christmas when this talk was taking place, the poor girl was not troubled with any very joyful anticipations connected with the day.

Added to this, she was made no happier by a dull, heavy toothache, which, proceeding from the only unsound tooth in her head, had for several days driven her almost wild with pain.

As to the toothache, neither her uncle nor her aunt extended any sympathy toward her for that. It was *only* a tootache, and the old couple had known that in every variety, until they had not a tooth in their heads. In fact, they had very little sympathy with her in anything.

They did not treat her as though she was the owner of the farm—and not only the owner of *that* farm, but of three or four others in the neighborhood, to say nothing of some stock in the Croyden Bank, and sundry United States bonds laying there on special deposit—but rather as if she might be a poor relative who was dependent on them for charity. And so it was that Cora did not look forward to Christmas Day with very keen ideas of enjoyment.

To be sure, they were to have a Christmas dinner, but who was to be at it? No companions of hers; they all of them had Christmas dinners at home; and, even had they been willing to forego their own to partake of Cora's they would not have enjoyed it in the society of her uncle and aunt, and the half-dozen old gossips and fogies whom they always invited. And the same rule would have held good had Cora attempted a party in the evening; in fact, she had left off party-giving for the same reason—that her uncle and aunt always invited their own friends, whose duty it seemed to be to make themselves as disagreeable as possible to Cora's.

When Mabel went away Cora sat down to think. Gracious! Wasn't it bad enough, on the coming Christmas, to have all these discomforts of an unpleasant home, made so by two disagreeable people? Wasn't it bad enough to feel that she had nobody to love, none to caress, and nobody to love her?

No, she could not say that. But, then, it was not the right kind of love; it was a special love she wanted and longed for. But why must she also have a toothache on this festive occasion?

A toothache—an unromantic toothache! No matter how painful, a toothache that was not dangerous!

Why, it was almost enough to make her cry in itself, it was so undignified. If it had not been for that view of it, she would have put on her bonnet and gone directly to Dr. Morgan and had it out.

And with this toothache she passed the afternoon, simply because she could not pass it without the toothache. Sometimes it was a dull, steady ache, and she would sit, holding her head between her hands, and bearing it until she almost imagined that she was growing to be a mummy, or some other preserved substance without life, and then she would be suddenly disabused of that idea by a twinge that would seem to tear her very head open with its intensity—a twinge that would be followed by a succession of its fellows which would send poor Cora walking the floor in agony.

And this was Christmas Eve, she thought in her pain and distress, as the darkness came down, and the moon came slowly up, and made the snow glisten like heaps of diamonds.

She looked out toward the town and could see the lights dancing, and fancied she could almost hear the sounds of merriment. She might have been there among her friends—she had received several invitations to join parties—but for this terrible toothache.

Every now and then a sleigh would dash by with a gay party who shouted toward the house, or sang in their flight.

Sometimes poor Cora would throw up the window and wave her handkerchief, but she always paid for it by still severer throbs and wrenches, until, at last, disgusted with herself and the whole world, she crept away to bed, crawled between the blankets and tried to sleep, but without success.

It was simply toss, toss, toss, turn, turn, turn, and groan, groan, groan, until the daylight came, oh! so slowly, and Cora was so glad to get up and dress herself, and go about certain work which she thought would distract her mind, and so alleviate her pain, but it did not, and breakfast came with still the raging fiend in her jaw. She was almost angry at her uncle when he said, while swallowing his coffee:

"Why didn't you have the darned thing out, Co? There's this new dentister to Croyden, and he'll whip it out for you in a minnte, and not charge you a cent, if you're a mind to."

"But I ain't a mind to, uncle. How do you think this young man can live if he charges all his customers nothing?"

"Oh, no! he don't charge all on 'em nothing. There's Squire Bennett, now; he told the squire that he was a rich man, and he should charge him five dollars for pulling one tooth. The squire kicked, but he had to face it, and so he passed over a fiver. Then, as soon as the dentister got it, he jist put it into an envelope and directed it to Dominie Strouz, and asked the squire to be kind enough to hand it to the dominie with his compliments. Rayther rough on the squire, warn't it? His own church,

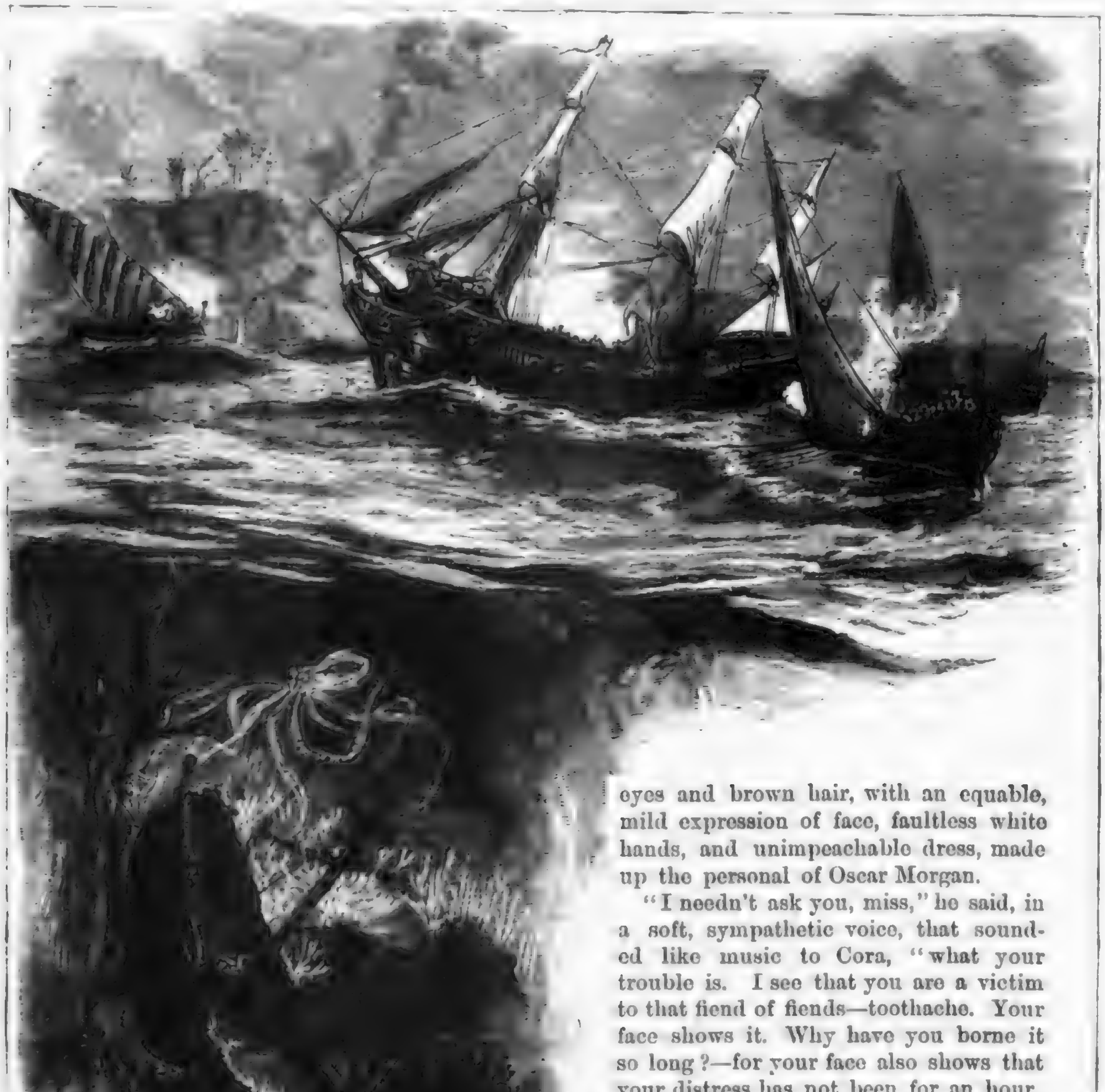
XUM

too, and they do say he hasn't given as much as that himself, this year. You'd better go to that dentister right away and have the darned thing right out, and f [illegible] omfortable for Christmas.

An hour or two longer and it was more than Cora could bear. She was almost crazed, and on the impulse of the pain, she hurried on her bonnet, threw a shawl about her, and rushed out of the house to go to Croyden. How she got there, she scarcely knew, but in less time than she had ever walked the same distance before, she found herself ringing the bell that led into the office of Dr. Morgan.

There was instant response, and Dr. Morgan stood before her, and, without waiting to ask her business, invited her to enter.

Well might Mabel Dean say he was handsome, thought Cora, for he was. Not very tall, and finely formed. About twenty-five years of age, dark complexion, brown eyes and brown hair, with an equable, mild expression of face, faultless white hands, and unimpeachable dress, made up the personal of Oscar Morgan.



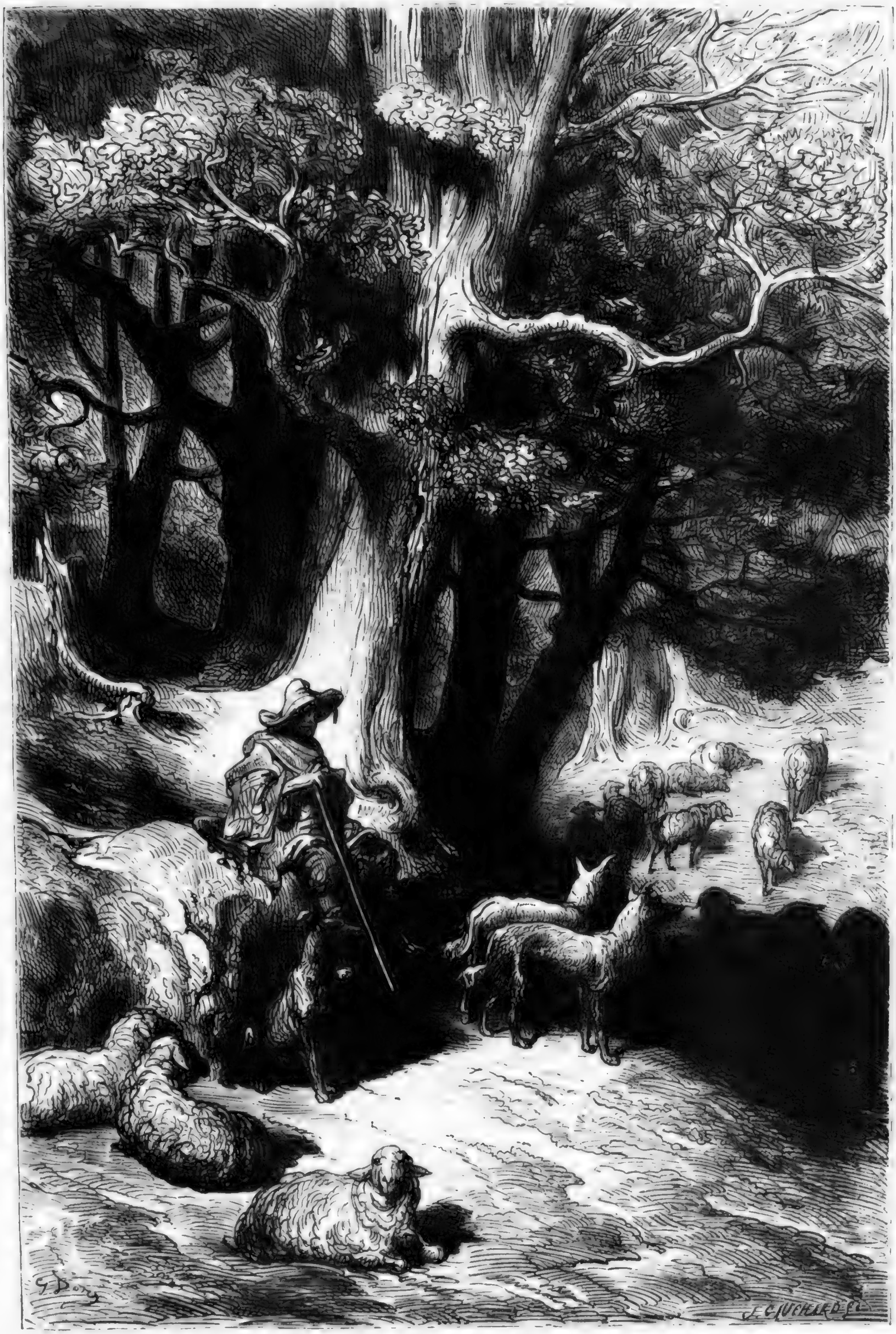
"I needn't ask you, miss," he said, in a soft, sympathetic voice, that sounded like music to Cora, "what your trouble is. I see that you are a victim to that fiend of fiends—toothache. Your face shows it. Why have you borne it so long?—for your face also shows that your distress has not been for an hour, but for several days."

Cora answered that she had been for several days suffering, but somehow she had lacked courage to come to him, though the intense agony had, at last, driven her there, and that at a very unseemly time—Christmas morning.

"There's an old, old saying, Miss—Miss——"

"Gray," responded Cora, as though 'twas a matter of course, introducing in the country not being as formal as in the city.

"Miss Gray," continued the doctor,



A SPANISH SHEPHERD.

XUM

"that the better the day the better the deed. All days are proper days for doing good. Sit down and let me see what I can do for you."

Cora obeyed, and seated herself in the dentist's great chair. He touched her chin with his white finger, and she opened her mouth. He looked in. There was nothing very romantic about that.

In fact, it rather struck Cora as being comic, and she looked up in the doctor's face with an inclination to laugh, but did not.

"You have beautiful teeth," he said, "and I don't know what right that ugly fellow that has been giving you so much trouble has to be among them. But nature will assert itself. He is one too many among them, and is the only one that is in the slightest degree decayed. Under ordinary circumstances, I should fill it, but I see that it crowds the rest, and must come out. Shall I administer the gas, or have you the courage to stand before this weapon, without?"

And the doctor laughingly held up a pair of forceps before her eyes.

Cora looked at them with a shudder. She had never had a tooth pulled; but she had a horror of it which she could not control.

"It is only an idea, Miss Gray," he said, with a smile. "The pain of drawing a tooth is only one of a minute, and if you take the gas there is absolutely no pain whatever. I have been making fresh gas this morning. A pretty employment for Christmas Day.

And he laughed, and pointed to a gayly painted retort standing in the corner of the room—"Nitrous oxide."

"I think I will do without the gas," said Cora, trying to smile through her agony, and looking with curiosity toward the retort. "But I have always had a curiosity about it. I should like to see somebody else take it."

"That you may have a chance to do this very morning," said Morgan. "I have a patient coming here this morning—a young lady—to whom I shall administer it, and draw a troublesome tooth. She sent me word only a few minutes before you came in. Meantime I will explain it to you."

And the doctor took up a little india-rubber bag, and began showing how the gas was administered, from which her attention was a little abstracted from her eyes wandering about the room, and gazing upon the Venus, Psyche and cupids, of which Mabel Dean had so admiringly spoken.

"One has only to place this over their mouth," she heard him say—"so. You see, it is like a mouthpiece to a speaking-tube, and then breathe just the same as they would breathe without it. I always advise my patients, when they take it, to think of something pleasant just as they are going off, and these thoughts are likely to follow them in their dreams while under the influence."

How handsome he was while he was saying all this, Cora thought, and how deftly and gracefully he handled the apparatus as he explained and touched the mouthpiece, which was of burnished silver, to her lips.

She knew that she was looking upon him admiringly, and that he must see it; but she could not help it. In fact, she caught his eye for an instant and there was a fascination in it that was marvelous to her.

She had never experienced the same feeling before in her life, and she was conscious of a blush that she could not control. He looked steadily at her for a minute after finishing his explanation, and Cora knew that in the look there was love. She forgot instantly the pain she had been suffering with, and tried to cast down her eyes, but in vain."

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," said Morgan, taking her hand gently, and pressing it to his lips.

Cora knew that she ought to be terribly angry at this. Such presumption from a stranger! But she could not help smiling, for she was very happy, and thought that at last somebody could speak their admiration outright, and perhaps he would his love, too, very soon, for it was love that she saw beaming out of his eyes.

She was not mistaken. Another pause of a minute or two, and he said, softly:

"Miss Gray, pardon me if this declaration seems too abrupt, but I cannot restrain myself from saying it. I may offend you, but if you will think one moment, you will see that I am truthful, and that I am not responsible for my own feeling. I love you—I love you most devotedly. From the instant I first saw you, which was before to-day—for I have seen you walking in the streets of Croyden, and found out who you were—I loved you, and have wished for this moment that I might tell you so. You will give me hope, Cora; you will let me love you, and you will try to love me in return?"

And once more he took up her unresisting hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Dr.—Mr. Morgan—sir!" stammered Cora, frightened almost, but still, in spite of it pleased, though she could scarcely define why; "this is so strange! You are a stranger to me. It is too sudden for me to understand all you say."

And Cora, forgetting all about her toothache—in fact, not feeling it at all in her agitation—rose to her feet.

"I must go!"

"Not yet—not yet, Cora! Listen to me," said Morgan, passionately. "I have told you that I love you, that I have loved you for weeks—weeks that have seemed like years I cannot expect you to love me in a moment, but give me hope—let me believe that the future may yield to my devotion. Let me know that you do not love another!"

What was Cora to do? She did love him; she loved him from the very instant her eye looked into his. What *could* she do? She could not tell him instantly that she loved him, but she could tell him that she did not love another, and she did so, almost in a whisper.

Again he caught her hand and smothered it with kisses and went on:

"Cora, I found in you the one for whom I have sought all my life. I knew from the instant I saw you first in the street that you were my fate, and I have trembled ever since, lest I might lose you. Give me only one little word of encouragement, one word of hope. Say that you will try to love me."

Cora could not help giving him a glance of encouragement, he was so handsome, he was so earnest! It was as good as though she had spoken, and so he interpreted it.

With an exclamation of delight he caught her in his arms, and before the unresisting girl knew his purpose, he had pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

"Oh, my darling!—my darling!" he exclaimed, wildly, "how happy you have made me! But," he continued, lowering his voice and looking sadly into her eyes, while he still held her in his arms, "Cora, I am poor."

Cora did not seem to care how poor he was, even though he had been a beggar in rags, and she said so, though she qualified it by telling him that his room did not look like that of a poor man, and as for wealth, she had enough, and would give him all he needed.

He laughed, glanced about the room, pressed her once more to his bosom, and kissed her again.

"Do you love me, darling?" he whispers, softly. "Let me once hear the words from your lips, and I am content. Do you love me, Cora?"

"I love you, Oscar," she murmured, trembling and looking up into his eyes, while she wondered how she knew his name was Oscar, and remembered that she had read it upon the sign at the door as she came in.

"Then, my princess, you are mine for ever!" he exclaimed, proudly, holding her off from him and looking into her eyes. "Unknown and poor I have won you, and now I will confess to you, Cora, I am a powerful prince in the planet Mars, and I have come to earth in search of a wife—one who could love me for myself alone—and I have found her in you."

This declaration did not seem to astonish Cora a bit.

She felt as though Oscar Morgan, now that she did love him so much and told him so, might be almost anything. He looked like a prince, every inch a prince, and she was so happy that she felt like a princess.

"Fear not," he said, in the sweetest of voices. "Do not think, my darling, that in asking you to wed me, it is to take you away from your home on earth. No; I have the power to pass from this planet to my own with the quickness of thought—a journey of a few minutes, at furthest—and return as quickly at will. By the same power I can convey those I love, so that we can dwell there or here, though when once you see the place of my birth, with its grand mountains, its gorgeous and illimitable fields and forests, its palaces of gold and gems, its rivers of perfumed waters, its skies of unchanging brightness, you will never wish to return again to this gloomy, storm-ridden, plodding earth."

Cora thought that any place with him would be a fairyland, and hung enchanted on his words.

"I am rich, my Cora," he continued—"rich beyond all earthly calculations. That poor dross which here is called gold, and for which men—ay, and women also—struggle and die, is with us but valueless save as you use stone—to build our palaces with. I can bring you countless gems such as this earth has never seen, not only of those the wealthy of your world possess, but a thousand sorts of which they have never seen or heard. You shall have palaces on earth that shall surpass those of kings, and palaces in my own planet that shall surpass *them*. You shall have servants and attendants that shall vie in beauty and brightness with any creature that the art of the earth can accomplish. These which you see about you, and which the denizens of this world call Venus, Psyche, Cupid, and various names, are but copies of the dwellers in Mars, which have flitted through your artists' dreams, and which they have reduced to stone or canvas, and believe them creatures of their imagination. I can imbue them with life at a word and bid them serve you. They are my subjects. You see, my darling, this exquisite figure. You of the earth call him Puck, and your great Shakespeare one day met him somewhere in his wanderings—for the boy is a sad truant—and gave him earthly life. See, I will call him by his English name. 'Ho! Puck! Here!'"

In an instant, before Cora could think, the marble figure was transformed into flesh and blood, and came dashing through the air to Oscar Morgan's feet, and, with a clear, musical voice, sang: "I can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

"No doubt you can, sir. But that is not what I want of you now. Hasten, and in less time than forty minutes bring the handsomest bouquet you can find in the gardens of my Winter palace for this lady, my future princess. And before you go just let me mention to you that those are Ariel's lines you have been using, and that it isn't you that puts a girdle round the earth at all."

"Ay, ay, master, I know that," said Puck, with a laugh; "but Ariel isn't here, you see, and he left 'em with me."

"There, that will do! Run away, and hurry back!" And in a moment Puck had disappeared like a flash. "And now, my darling little Cora, we will unloose some of these creatures who are now bound up in marble and canvas, that you may talk to them. They will tell you of the glory and greatness of my native world—a far greater world than this—and of the realms they inhabit in this and other worlds. Here, for instance, are three spirits chained in what you people of the earth call immortal marble. Why immortal? A few thousand years crumble it into dust, while those whom it represents endure for ever. These three figures are Earth, Sea and Air. I will give them life."

And as he spoke, Oscar waved his hand, and straightway the tiny group of marble—scarce a foot in height—sprang into life and upon the table.

Oh! but they were exquisitely beautiful, and Cora, in the enthusiasm of her admiration, would have caught them in her arms, if she had not been astounded by casting her eyes toward Oscar, and seeing that, without perceiving the knowledge of the change, he stood before her in the most beautiful costume she had ever beheld—dark-crimson satin and velvet, fairly glistening with rubies and carbuncles, with one grand diamond, pink in tint, and as large as an egg, glistening on his breast.

Ah, was he not gorgeous now? Was he not all the beauty and grandeur embodied in a king?

Cora felt that she could have fallen at his feet, and sworn fealty to him for ever, and, perhaps, he thought she was about to do so, when he caught her once more in his arms and, again pressing his lips to hers, led her to the table where the three spirits stood as if awaiting her.

She took their tiny hands in hers, fondled and kissed them, then listened to their sweet voices as they each in turn chanted their refrain:

"I am the Spirit of the Earth," sang the first, "I am deputed to its care. From me cometh the grain—the main fount of life—the luscious fruits, the plants that nourish and cure, the fair and beautiful flowers. I bring forth the grasses that serve as food for the beasts of burden, of pleasure, or of nurture. I serve man as man serves me."

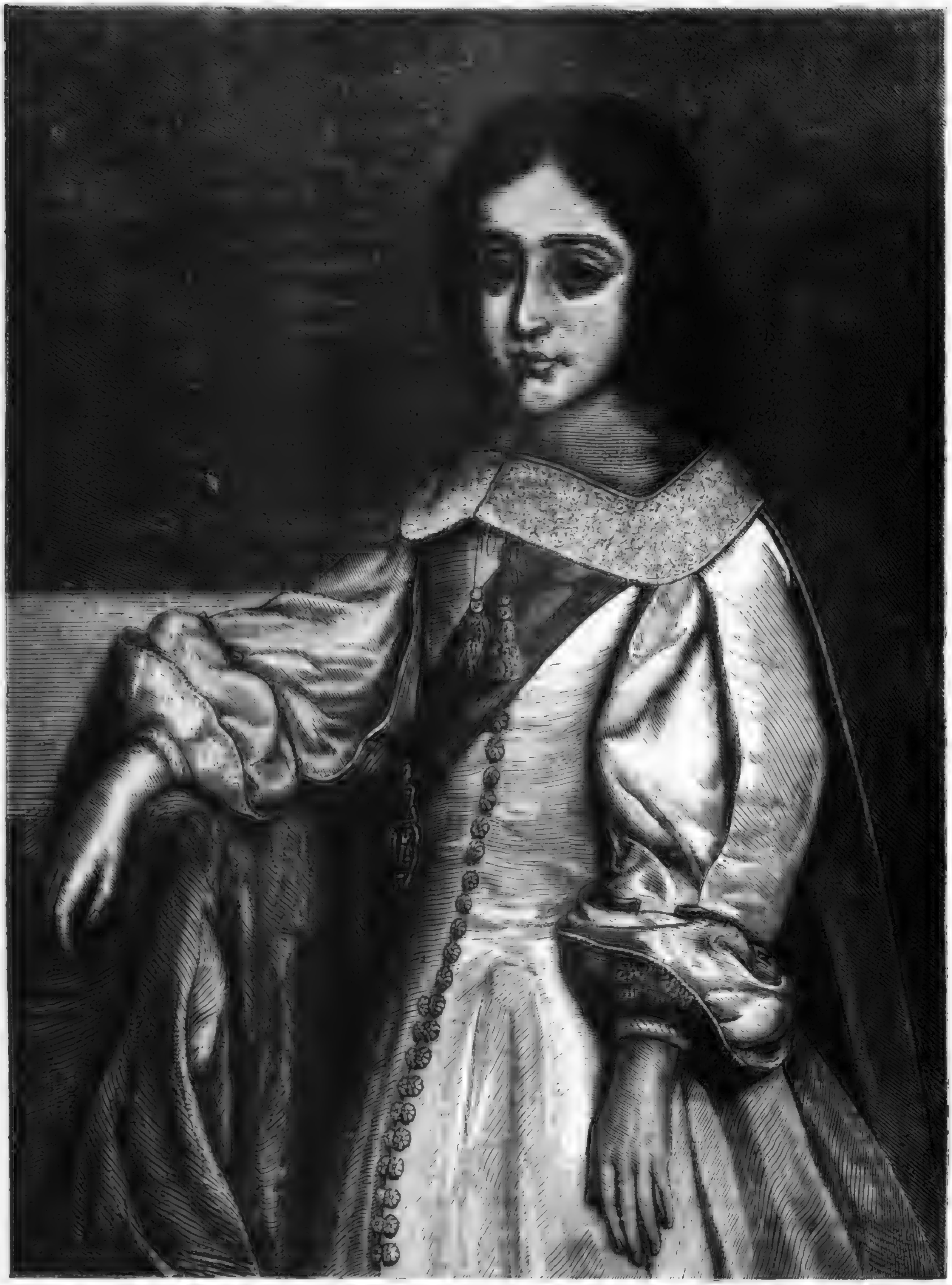
"And I," sang the second, "am the Spirit of the Air, and serve man without return. He cannot serve me, and to him my ways are unknown. I bring him soft Summer winds and Winter's blast. I fan his cheek with spicy gales, or, with a whim, level his cities, or sweep his fleets from the sea. I bring him food in the wild fowl; I distribute the seed of the flower. I am the most powerful of the spirits. I——"

"And I," said the third, interrupting—a little testily, Cora thought—"am the Spirit of the Sea. The world could not move without me. Upon my bosom floats its commerce. I bring nations together, and give to man most important food, asking no return of labor save that which is necessary to carry it from me. I——"

"There, that will do, my gentle spirits," said Oscar, with a wave of the hand. "Back to your marbles."

And instantly the three figures resolved themselves again to stone, and took their places upon the pedestal.

"And now, my gentle Cora, what shall I do more to convince you of my power? There is none on this earth of yours that is human that can compare with it. I am submissive but to One power," and Oscar bowed his head reverentially. "There is nothing that is of earth, sea or air but I can command through these, my servants. Shall I bring forth from these pictures the demons as well as the angels? See, here is one—'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' it is called. I raise my finger thus, and you see how the crawling fiends and gnomes take form, and come out from the canvas. There, there! I see that you are terrified, darling. Back!—back, I say!"



YOUTHFUL PORTAIT OF WILLIAM III. OF ENGLAND, LAST PRINCE OF ORANGE OF THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.—SEE PAGE 363.

And the gibbering monstrosities that were coming out of the canvas in scores shrank back from his upraised hand, and the picture was as before.

"Now, my darling, we will have something more pleasant. Let me lead you to the banquet. This is my Christmas feast."

And as he spoke, with one arm about her waist, and the other hand holding her hand, Oscar stamped upon the floor, and in an instant the room, with all its elegant furniture, pictures and statuary, rolled away, and Cora found herself in a magnificent hall, wherein a table was set, with room enough only for two.

Upon it were piled vases of crystal and dishes of the most exquisite porcelain, cups of glistening blue and scarlet, metals such as she had never seen before in her life; and knives and forks, the handles of which seemed to have been cut out of one single gem. About this table were grouped attendants—the most beautiful boys and young girls, all in the loveliest costumes Cora had ever seen, heard, or read about.

Very naturally, this caused her to glance at her own poor attire, when she was astounded to see that it had been transformed as rapidly and as grandly as had Oscar's a short time before.

She stood in lilac satin, embroidered with flowers so beautifully natural that they seemed to stand out in bold relief, while down the front, about her neck and upon her arms, were the most beautiful jewels.

Oscar seated her by his side, and instantly the attendants brought dishes, from which he helped her. He poured wine, which ran like liquid rubies and sapphires, from diamond flasks into wonderful cups carved from topaz, amethyst and amber. He heaped upon her plate fruits of midsummer, and some of the most delicious fragrance and flavor, such as were unknown to her, all the while talking to her in tones that were music itself.

"Ah, here comes Puck again!" he cried, and taking a watch, which he said was cut from a single diamond, from his pocket, and consulting it, as that gentleman landed on the edge of a crystal vase in the middle of the table. "Very well, my good boy! You have just been gone twenty-two minutes, which isn't bad."

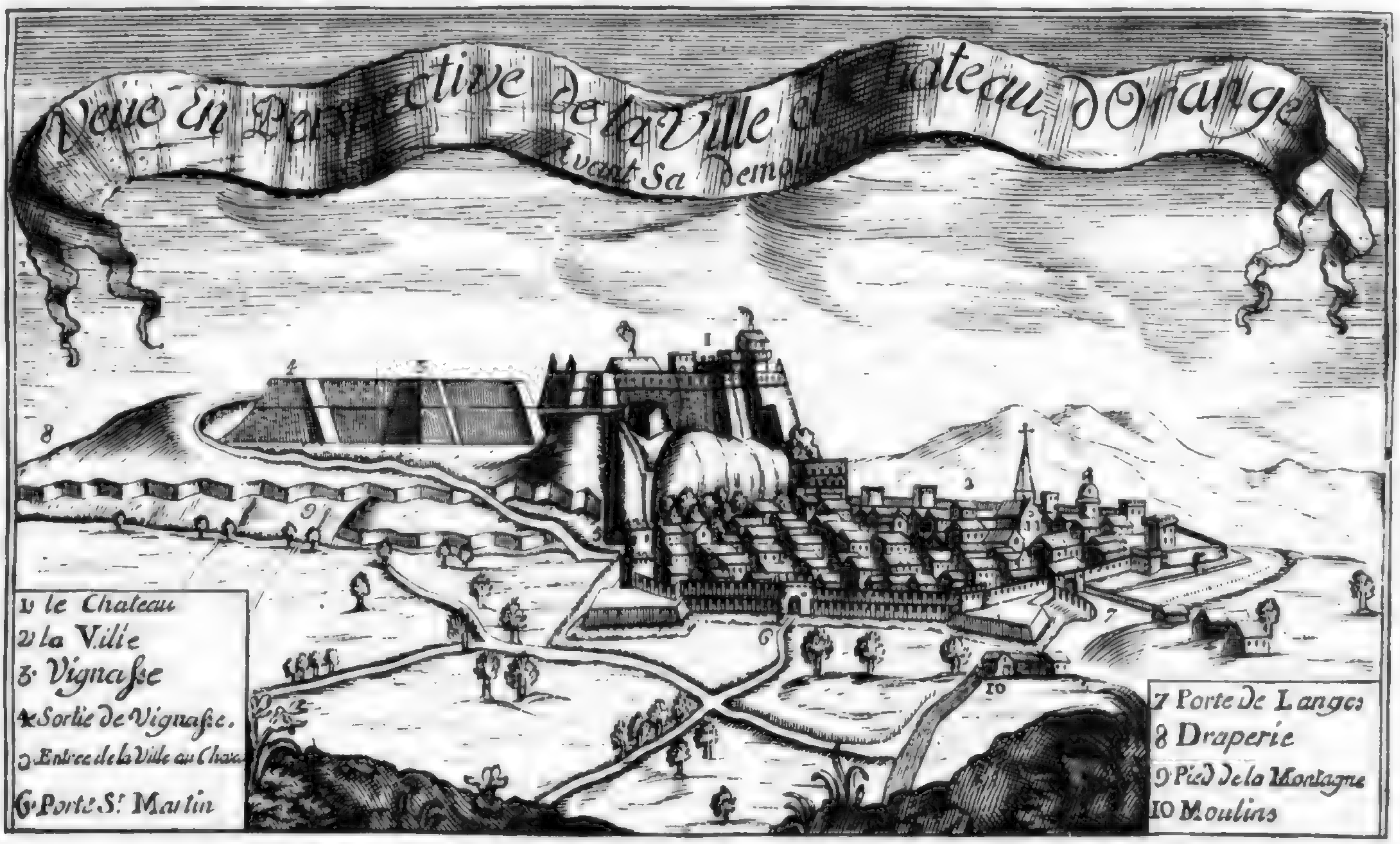
"No, indeed," answered Puck, with a wink of his eye and a flirt of an exquisite bouquet, as large as himself, which he bore, "especially as twelve of them were consumed in gathering the flowers."

Oscar took the bouquet from him, and examining it critically, handed it to Cora, and said:

"You might have done better, Puck. The passion-flowers have not as much dew on them as I like, and the jasmine has too many buds. There, you may go."

And Puck disappeared with the wave of Oscar's hand.

"My darling," he continued, "these simple flowers are but an example of what you will find in the future, when you visit the place of my birth. These are typical of my love—imperishable. They only fade with the life of the giver. Each of the dewdrops you see upon the leaves and buds is a diamond of the purest water, and the whole needs no nourishing to preserve its color, freshness and beauty."



ANCIENT VIEW OF ORANGE, SHOWING THE CASTLE BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION.

How deliciously beautiful it was! No such brilliancy, no such perfume had Cora ever seen on flowers before. While she was lost in admiration of them, and of all around her, music broke forth from some unseen musicians, and the lovely strains of Bellini and Donizetti mingled with equally enrapturing airs, which Oscar said were the popular ones of his own world.

The perfume of the flowers, the soothing of the music, and the fragrance of the wine, sent over her brain the most delicious languor, and turning to Oscar, she said, softly:

"Oh, I am so happy! I do so love you!"

"All right," he replied. "You're a brave young lady, Miss Gray, for a first trial."

With these words the grand hall, the table, the attendants, and everything but Oscar Morgan, disappeared like a flash, and even he had rid himself of his beautiful costume, jewels and all, and stood before her in his simple suit of black, while she sat in the dentist's chair. For almost a minute Cora stared wildly at the doctor, and then looked about the room and up at the clock.

There was something strange about all this. She remembered perfectly that the last time she looked at it, just before Oscar led her out into the grand hall, it was exactly eight minutes of ten; it was now two minutes of ten, six minutes later. Then she touched her tongue to where her aching tooth had been. It was not there, and in her astonishment she exclaimed:

“Where is my tooth?”

“It is here, Miss Gray,” said the doctor, holding up the late offending molar.

“Then you gave me the gas, doctor?” she said, with a gasp.

“Yes, Miss Gray,” said the doctor, laughing. “You grasped the mouthpiece and held it so firmly that I had some difficulty in getting it away from you. I hope the sensation was not unpleasant?”

“Delightful!” exclaimed Cora. “The most beautiful dream.”

And then, with a profusion of thanks, Cora slipped on her bonnet, and tendered the doctor a piece of gold commonly known as half an eagle.

“Miss Gray,” he said, seriously, “though I am always ready to relieve pain on the Sabbath, or on a holy day, yet I never allow myself to take a fee for work performed on those days; therefore, if this money troubles you, I would beg that on your way home you drop it at the domicile of some poor aged person; and if you know of none in particular, I would suggest old Mrs. Stebbins, whose little house lies in your path. It will be a fortune to her. And as to myself, I only claim the privilege which is always accorded to the physician or surgeon, of calling on his patients to see how they progress. Therefore, if you have no objection, I will this evening call on you and see if you require my further professional services.”

This request was conceded, the call made; but Cora never told her nitrous-oxide dream to any one until she told it to Oscar Morgan, after they were married, four months following its occurrence, while they were on board the steamer making their honeymoon trip to Europe.

“WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?”

“I FLOGGED a boy for impudence once,” said an old schoolmaster, “and was afterward obliged to beg his pardon. He was a pupil in a school established by a wealthy English family for the instruction of poor boys, in a part of the country where education was, at that period, almost unknown.

“The course was very thorough, and the classics received particular attention. I had one scholar—a large, strong-looking fellow, with fine features and broad shoulders, whose country speech was not quite calculated to suit many of the great folk who visited the school, but who, in spite of this, I always believed intended to be civil. He afterward became a very well-known lawyer, and won many celebrated cases, but he certainly looked more like a plowman than a man of letters.

“As a boy he was as plain-spoken as he was handsome, and so striking that every one spoke to him, his replies being always curt and sensible, but scarcely adorned with any touches of politeness.

“On one occasion, while the boys were at their Latin, my Lady Papillion happened to call. She brought friends with her, and fluttered into the schoolroom in her pale-lilac silk dress, with bonnet and parasol to match, in her usual state of fascinating condescension.

“‘Don't disturb any one on my account,’ she said. ‘Let them all go on just as if I were not here.’ And then she tripped about amongst the desks, speaking to the boys, and overwhelming them with her presence, as she delighted to do.

“Orson, however, neither looked up nor acknowledged in any way that he was aware of her presence in the room.

“I think this provoked her a little, such a thing being so unusual; and having remarked to me that ‘that big fellow looked like a diamond in the rough,’ she sailed down the aisle to his desk, and bending over him so that her laces and fringes swept his shoulder, asked him a question.

“What it was I did not hear, but his answer was plain enough. In his big voice, already changed and settled to its firm, manly tones, he answered:

“‘“What's that to you?” my lady.’

“Lady Papillion stared at him, drew herself up to her full height, and walked back to my desk.

“‘You heard that?’ she said. I bowed. ‘I asked that boy a civil question,’ she went on, ‘and he repaid my condescension by asking me what it was to me. I have never been so spoken to before.’

“‘I am amazed,’ I said. ‘I humbly apologize for my scholar, who must have gone mad. Orson, come here.’

“He came.

“‘You must beg Lady Papillion's pardon at once,’ I said.

“He answered: ‘I would willingly if I had committed any fault, but I have not.’

“‘What did you say?’ asked.

“‘Oh!’ I said: ‘What—is—that—to—you, my lady?’ replied Orson. ‘Because she asked me what was my theme!’

“There was no mistake.

“‘Sir,’ said Lady Papillion to me, ‘that boy shall be expelled from the school, unless you promise me that you will flog him.’

“‘I will flog him, my lady,’ I said, adding inwardly, if I can’. ‘I trust that education will in time improve his manners, unless he has suddenly lost his senses.’

“‘It really seems as if he had,’ said Lady Papillion. Then she beckoned to the two horror-stricken young ladies who accompanied her, and they departed. Orson sat at his desk grinning.

“I called him to me. ‘Orson,’ I said, ‘Lady Papillion insists that you shall either be flogged or expelled from the school. You value an education too much to relinquish it lightly, and my lady has great influence. I must flog you. A man should never speak rudely to a woman, and a boy should be respectful to his elders. Was Lady Papillion's question offensive, or did you think she intended it to be so?’

“‘Oh, no,’ replied Orson. ‘Indeed, no. It was a fair question, and I gave her the proper answer, as I would to any one. You'll be sorry if you flog me, sir.’

“‘If you turn on me, I certainly shall, Orson,’ I answered. ‘You are twice my size; but, then, as you know, you would be expelled.’

“‘Go on then, sir, and just do your duty,’ said Orson. ‘I suppose you must flog me.’

“He took off his jacket, and I did my best to make the operation something more than a farce.

“He submitted to it in the most respectful manner, resumed his jacket, and altogether repressed the anger that he felt.

“‘I'd not take it under other circumstances,’ he said; ‘and it's not what my father would like to see me do now. But I'll tell you what she asked me.’

"'Go on,' I said. 'It must have been a curious question to give you cause to insult a lady.'

"'I'll tell you, sir,' said Orson. 'She said, "Well, my good lad, what is your theme?" And then I answered, "'What's that to you?' my lady." Look at it yourself, sir. Here's the Latin, "*Quid ad te pertinet?*" Isn't "What's that to you?" a good translation of it to give to a woman who just wants the plain English out of curiosity?'

"I apologized to Orson on the spot, and wrote to my Lady Papillion, giving her the explanation, which I was sorry to say, came after the flogging, and assuring her that 'What's that to you?' was simply the English translation of '*Quid ad te pertinet?*'"

HUNTING AN EMPIRE'S GHOST.

(Some Leaves from a Bohemian Notebook.)

By Alfred Trumble.

Dear reader, did you ever go ghost-hunting? I did one day last Summer, and with no better weapons than notebook and pencil. To be sure my ghost was a very old one. It was, in short, a phantom of the Roman Empire, and this is how I ran it down.

When I left Lyons behind me for the sunny south, city and suburbs were so closely vailed in mist that it would have required no effort of the imagination for me to fancy myself thundering out of London. These fogs rise from the river-beds of the Rhone and Saone every morning with the early bird, but invariably regret their precipitancy and linger sluggishly as if only half awake till far toward midday. We did not leave the last fragments of this one, rent and dissipated by the broad beams of the sun, behind us, till the train was rushing through the opulent vineyards of the Eremitage hills. The first real picture, unmarred by any natural blemish which my special window of the carriage framed, was that offered by the little station Tain, with Tournon coquetting with its own reflection on the opposite bank of the Rhone, and the blue Alp chain closing the horizon on the other hand.

In a few minutes we were rattling through the bright meadows of the Isere, racing the cloud-shadows, and beating them, too, at a dead heat; rumbling over the bridge, diving into a tunnel long enough to make one sleepy, and then bursting out into dazzling day and sight of the City of Valence. Then came brown hills and purple crags, out of which the strange ruins of the Abbeys of Cruas and Rochemaure seemed to have grown, part of the rock itself; Montelimart, with its stately fortress—a donjon hoary with age and disuse; a stone monster whose rusted portcullis looked like the fangs of a giant grown old, looming tall in the distance; miles before its walls echoed the rumble of the train, the great Castle of Marnas—another mediæval crown upon the face of merry modern nature; and at last the first olives and cypresses, and the City of Orange.

Orange, even in the Roman epoch, was one of the most prosperous colonies of the "Province," as its conquerors had christened Gaul. The legionaries knew it as Arausio. In 1531 it passed into the possession of the House of Nassau, which adopted from it the surname Orange. Orange remained in the hands of the family till the beginning of the last century. William of Nassau, otherwise known as William of Orange and as William III., King of England, died without leaving an heir, and Frederick I. of Prussia succeeded to his hold on the countship. From Frederick it passed to his successor, Frederick William I., who transferred it to France by a clause in the Treaty of Utrecht.

An avenue of plane-trees leads from the depot to the town. The place itself has all the characteristics of a French provincial community. From an unpaved square a labyrinth of streets, or rather lanes, branch out. The main ways traverse the city from north to south. Household economy, like that of an Italian city, is of the most unembarrassed character. The life of Orange is a public one, led for the most part with wide-open doors, if not in the very street itself. Grimy children play in the mud. Women and girls spin on a bench at the door, gossip with the shopkeeper at his open window, or exchange confidences with the mechanic who has set up his workbench in the street. A kennel traverses the middle of each lane, mingling the evil odors of its dark and sluggish flood with the aroma of garlic and rancid oil which loads the air. How the place ever came by its name is one of those mysteries only the dead and gone godfathers of geography could ever explain. In all my wanderings through its unsavory highways and byways I never encountered a whiff of orange-perfume or a ghost of an orange-tree.

The gaping attention with which the good people of Orange honored me, told me plainly enough that the tourist was a rare bird of passage here. I soon found, in fact, that I was a curiosity which the citizens laid in wait for at its cage—I mean hotel-door. I hope they enjoyed me. It is a compliment I certainly cannot extend to them. My judgment of Orange, as Orange, was that it was not worth leaving the railroad, even with a stop-over ticket, to see.

But the ruins are a very different matter. They stand guard over the town, colossal sentinels which seem to frown on the puny life which eddies at their solemn feet. The country road, which enters Orange from the north, passes through a great triumphal arch, whose magnificent dimensions dwarf the modern city to a settlement of dog-kennels. The effect of this glorious structure is heightened by the fact that it stands alone, unobstructed to view by any disturbing surroundings, offering through its arches a perspective of open country very fair to see. But for some shrill-voiced children stoning one of the ornaments with fragments of others already shattered, I might have thought myself remanded to the time of the Cæsars, looking at a bit of ancient Gaul. The great central arch is flanked by two smaller ones. Above them is a splendid frieze and cornice. The bass-relief over the middle arch represents a wild battle, with horse and foot in savage and confused contest. Over the smaller arches are war trophies on the shields which form whose centres is carved the word "Mario." Mighty Corinthian columns elaborate the structure. On the ends, under the same trophies as adorn the front, are sculptured long lines of prisoners, two and two, with hands bound behind them. The friezes which surmount all represent gladiatorial combats. A glorious monument, truly; worthy of the proud conqueror of Cimbrian and Teuton, whose achievements it commemorates and whose name it bears.

In the Middle Ages this, like many another Roman relic in Southern France, was made to serve a defensive purpose. A veritable fortress was constructed in the arches, and it was not till 1721 that the disfiguring masonry was removed, by a Government proud of its new possession as a child of a fresh toy. During the Reign of Terror the echoes of the middle arch were awakened by the deadly rattle of a guillotine which performed its labor of blood underneath, and there are mold-marks on the stones blacker than their fellows, which the town-

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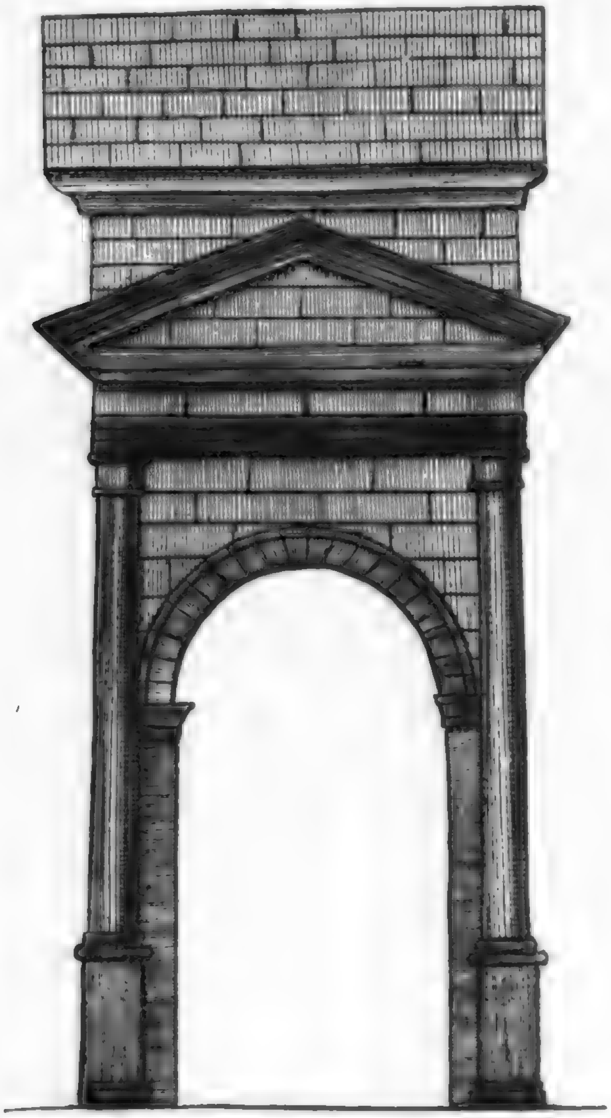


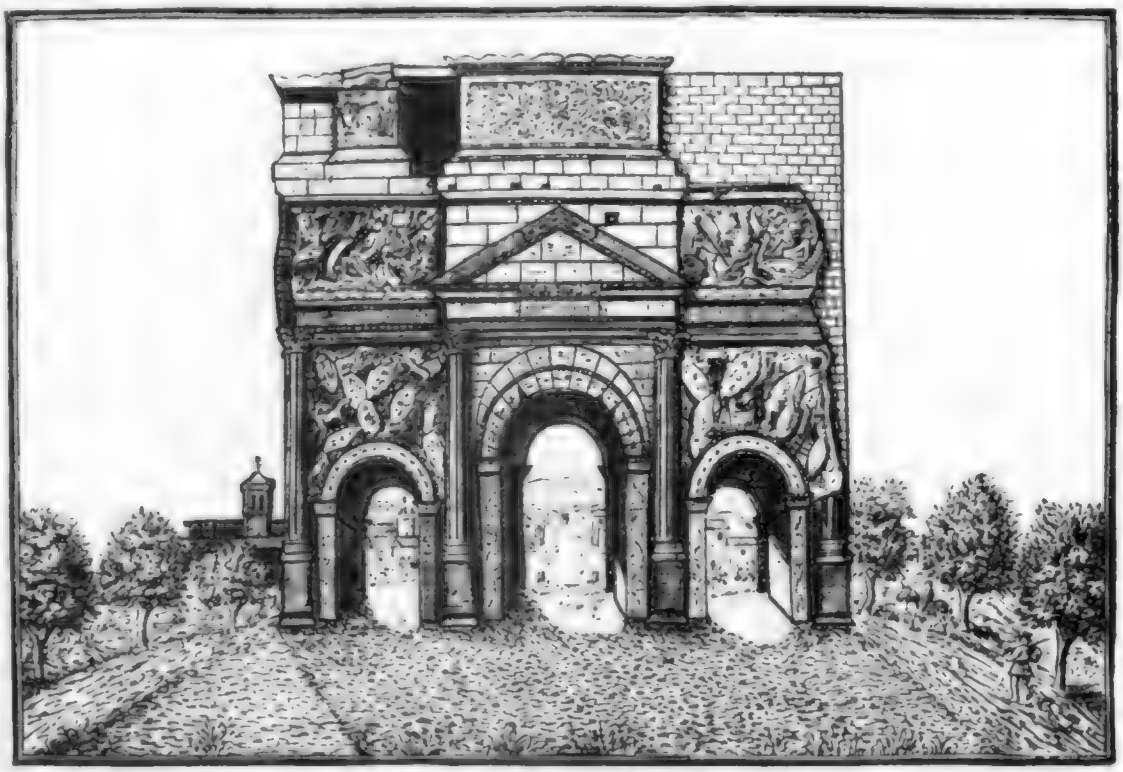
EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATRE, ORANGE.

folks point out with hesitating fingers and speak of with bated breaths.

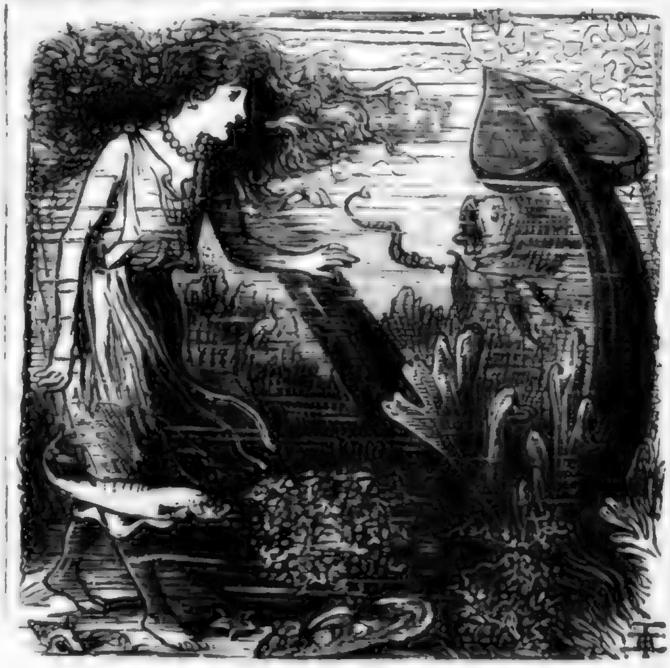
The Roman theatre balances the arch at the other end of the town. There is a chalk hill behind it, with a statue of the Madonna for crown. It was apropos of this statue that a wit once told the story of a modern tourist and her daughter visiting the ruins, to whom the guide pointed out the image. "That, my dear, proves," observed mamma, "that the Romans weren't such dreadful heathens as they were made out to be."

The theatre faces a row of modest, modern houses, whose insignificance lends additional grandeur to its vast proportions. The front consists of a wall pierced with two rows of arches, one above the other, surmounted by a frieze. The main portal is in the middle, with side-entrances right and left. The summit of the wall is capped with a row of stones with perforations in them, which once held the iron rods to which the awnings which sheltered the amphitheatre from sun and rain were fastened. Opposite the portal, on the other side of the circle, is the stage and proscenium. The auditorial seats sweep in a semi-circle from either end of the stage. The seats are cut in the chalk of the hill, which offered to the builders the desired rise for the tiers, and induced them to select this site for the edifice. From the top row of seats one can walk out on the hillside through a little door, and after a few minutes' scramble over chalky fragments, reach the statue at the summit. On each side of the theatre proper are large wings, which have communicating entrances with it. On the occasion of my visit the stage had been converted into a museum of antique fragments, which had once been the decorations of the theatre. There was a startling novelty in the shape of a modern circus-ring in the semi-circle, and a show from Paris was exhibiting in a theatre which had seats for 20,000 people, most of them remaining unoccupied, however.

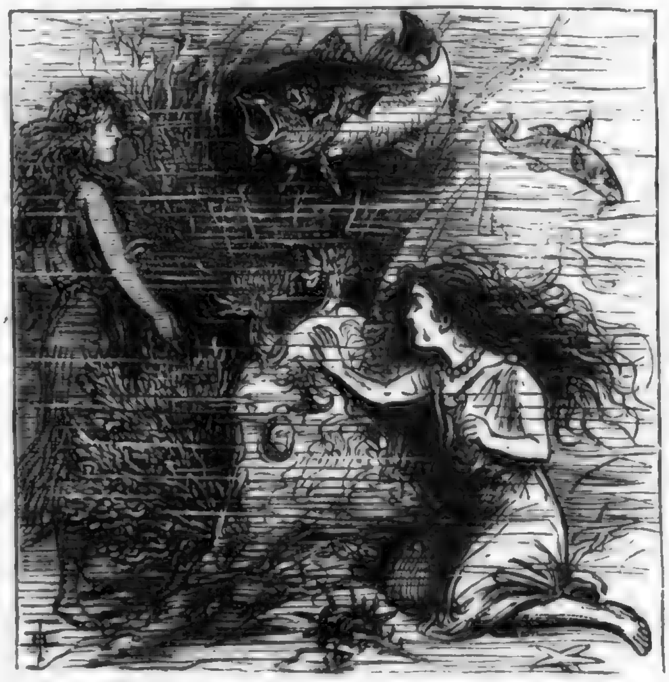
On the summit of the hill once stood the feudal castle of the Counts of Orange, from whose race sprang Rambaut III., the Troubadour, Prince William IV. of Orange, his friend and patron, and a long and equally illustrious line. Here court was held, and open tables, and over the castle-gate a helmet hung, the sign of hospitality and an invitation to all passers-by. But tilt and tourney and banquet came to their end, as all good things of this earth do. The glories of the little court joined the phantom throng of many greater ones in the limbo of history. A couple of timid rabbits played about the Madonna's feet as I stood on the hill-top, and a train went screaming by, leaving a trail of smoke over the olive-groves like a black serpent. Some amateur musician, among the grassy ruins of the theatre, was practicing on a bugle one of those melancholy exercises which drive the neighbors of musical maniacs mad. The notes went wandering among the crumbling arches in a lugubrious



ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ORANGE.—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.



"THE ANCHOR NEVER SPOKE."



"THE TALKING AWOKE THE LITTLE NYMPH."

echo, which would have well served for a dirge to the dead glories of Orange, or a wail from the phantom of a vanished empire I had hunted down.

LITTLE PEARL; Or, THE SEA-NYMPH'S QUEST.

I.

"Impossible !" cried Ripple.—"Impossible !" echoed Dimple ; "you must have been dreaming."

"But I tell you I was not dreaming," answered little Pearl. "I was as wide awake as you are ; and I saw it as plainly as I see you. It had great white wings hundreds and hundreds of times bigger than a seagull's, and it flew across the water almost without moving them."

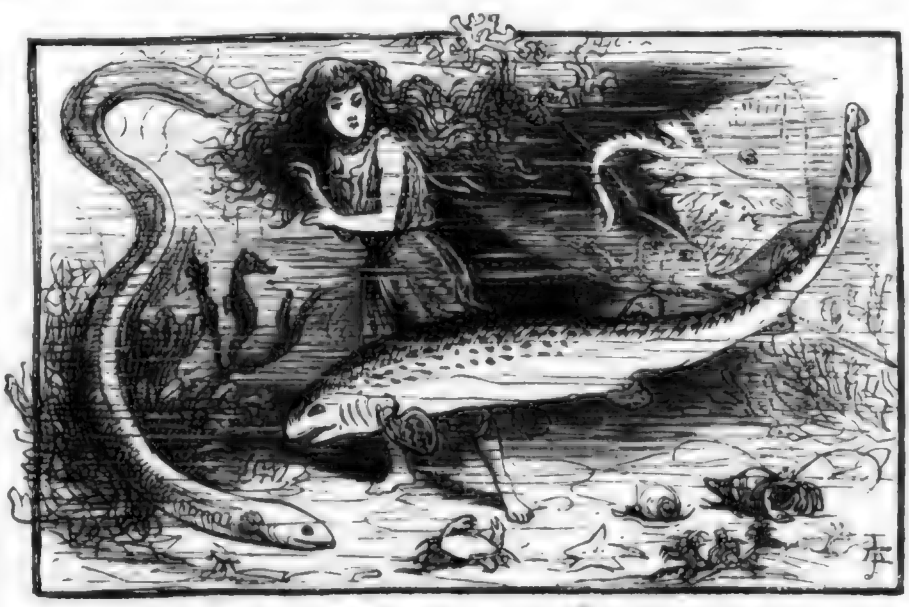
"Well, all I can say is that it is a good thing it did not eat you up," rejoined Ripple ; "and I think you are very foolish to go wandering about in the open sea, as you are in the habit of doing."

It was not surprising that Ripple and Dimple found it difficult to believe their sister's story, for they lived in a very lonely cavern near to a very dangerous coast, so that it was very rarely indeed that a vessel passed that way ; and, as they had never seen a bird bigger than a cormorant or a guillemot, it was difficult for them to imagine this great winged creature skimming across the waves. Little Pearl, however, was rather put out with her sisters ; and, in spite of Ripple's warning, she determined that, as soon as she had an opportunity, she would slip out of the grotto, and take another look at the wonderful monster. So by-and-by, when Ripple and Dimple were busy combing out their long yellow tresses, and plaiting pearls and tinted shells among the braids, she crept through the curtain of drooping weed which hung before the entrance of the cave, and struck forth into the open sea.

For an hour or more she wandered among the rugged rocks at the bottom of the ocean, stooping now and then to pluck a piece of lace-like weed, or to admire the circle of blue beads on the crown of some anemone, till at length she reached the place where she had last seen the vessel. But what was her surprise to find that the great creature stood now with folded wings, and that a chain with a huge iron anchor was dropped from its breast, and lay among the rocks at the bottom !

At first little Pearl was afraid to come near the anchor, for fear that it should bite her ; but finding that it lay quite still, and did not seem to be alive, she grew bolder. She even touched it with the tips of her fingers, but ran away directly afterward to see what would happen. But the anchor never spoke one word ; so at last Pearl grew so brave that she sat down close beside it, and there she rested for a long while, looking up with wonder at the great hull rising and falling so lazily with the motion of the waves.

And now a new surprise awaited her, for presently a boat was lowered and in it was a sailor-boy—such a merry sailor-boy ! He whistled as he



"SHE ENCOUNTERED THE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP."

rowed along; and Pearl followed behind the boat, looking up at the gliding keel and the dipping oars, and filled with astonishment all the way she went.

Then the boat stopped, and the sailor-lad unshipped his oars. He was busy with something in the boat; perhaps he was preparing some nets or some fishing-lines; but whatever he might be doing, he was very contented and cheerful about it, for all the while he worked he kept on singing, and this is the song which little Pearl heard:

"Oh, merry the life that the sailor leads
When the west wind skims the ocean,
When the canvas fills, and the good ship speeds
With a calm and stately motion.

"Oh, cheery the life of a sailor still,
Though the north wind blusters loudly!
For he stands to his hawser, and heaves with a will,
And sticks to his duty proudly.

"Oh, fair is the sea in the rising sun,
And fair in the noontide glory,
And fair when the daily tale is done
And the moon takes up the story!

"Oh, fair when the masts point dark and tall
To the stars in their glittering beauty!
All, all are fair! but the best of all
Is the golden light of duty."

II.

Now the sea-nymphs, you must understand, with all their prettiness and sprightliness, and their joy in all things beautiful in Nature, know nothing about Duty. When the sun shines, they are glad; when the dark clouds come, they are gloomy; but they know of nothing beyond the present moment—no upward striving, and no self-denial. They are children of Nature, and know no life beyond the life of Nature.

But little Pearl had heard something that never a sea-nymph had heard before, and it had brought strange turmoil to her breast. All the next day she scarcely spoke a word, but lay amid the wrack and the sea-grass dreaming about the sailor-boy's song and the "golden light of duty." Ripple and Dimple played as merrily as ever, but little Pearl did not join them. She was tired of weaving the pearls in her hair, tired of playing with the star-fish and the hermit-crabs. For the first time in her life these things had no charm for her, and though she did not know what it was she wanted, she felt a longing desire for something which she had never yet experienced.

The next day, or it might have been the next to that, little Pearl was sitting in the grotto with her mother, whose name was Esmeralda.

"Mother," said the little nymph, "what is Duty?"

"Duty, my child?" exclaimed Esmeralda. "I never heard of it."

"It is more beautiful than the sunshine or the moonlight," said little Pearl. "The sailor-boy said so, and he had seen it. Oh, he seemed so happy!"

"I wish he had made you happy, too," said Esmeralda; "but you have grown as dull as can be; I can't think whatever has come over you."

"Ah, if only I could see that golden light!" sighed little Pearl.

Another day, and still another, passed away, and Pearl grew more silent and sad than ever. Esmeralda did all she could to divert the little sea-nymph. She got her new toys to play with—cowries and scallop-shells, and the rarest corals—but it was all of no use. She induced a little bright-eyed Goby—the prettiest fish you ever saw—to come and live in the cavern, on purpose to play with little Pearl; but it would not do. All day long the little nymph lay listlessly upon the sand or rocks, sighing for something better than all her toys or playmates—that golden light of which she had first heard in the little sailor-boy's song. So Esmeralda grew quite despairing, and was only too glad to have the opportunity of pouring out her trouble to a neighbor who called in just about this time.

This neighbor was one of the most comical creatures you can imagine. He had the most solemn face, but kept opening and shutting his jaws in such a funny way that the solemn expression only heightened the drollery of his aspect. It was a Codfish; and the sea-nymphs, I can assure you, thought the Codfish anything but comic, for he is looked upon by all the creatures which inhabit the sea as the wisest and most reflective of fishes.

Now it so happened that when the Codfish called to pay his respects little Pearl was fast asleep behind a projecting buttress of rock, and Esmeralda had not the slightest idea that she was near them. After a time the talking awoke the little nymph, and this is what she overheard:

"I assure you, my dear Cod, that I am at my wits' ends. I did seek the Crab's advice, but you know what a cross-grained old fellow he is! He would have it that it was all whims, and that at the time when *he* was young they did not dare to have such silly fancies as Pearl had."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Codfish, with a sage expression.

"Then I asked the Porpoise what he thought about the matter," continued Esmeralda, "and all he said was, 'Let her alone, and she'll outgrow it.' But I don't believe she will, dear Cod, for she gets worse every day, and goes about so moody and silent that it quite distresses me. I wonder where this 'golden light' of which she is always dreaming is to be found?"

"There is only one who can tell you that," said the Codfish.

"Oh, who?" asked Esmeralda, eagerly. "Do tell me!"

The Codfish whispered something in her ear, and then added, aloud: "*He* could tell you. Indeed, some say that he himself has seen this golden light, and that is why the tides rise and fall with such regularity; but I don't profess to understand the matter myself."

"But where could we find him? Oh, no! that would never do, dear Cod. We might search in vain all of our lives; and just think of leaving all our friends here and meeting the perils of the ocean all alone!"

"Very true, very true," answered the Codfish; "yet Father Neptune could tell you, and Father Neptune only."

III.

Little Pearl guessed, of course, that the conversation which she had listened to between Esmeralda and the Codfish was about herself, and when she heard the Cod's suggestion, a new hope sprang up within her bosom. Father Neptune, then, was the only one who could tell her what Duty was, and where to find it. But her mother would not go.

"Never mind," said little Pearl to herself, "I will go alone."

And she went. She started one bright morning when the sunbeams came struggling down among the rocks, spreading their light through the great green waters as they came.

All alone little Pearl threaded her way among the boulders, and crept along the gullies; all alone she plodded over long stretches of smooth sand and over beds of wrack; all alone she encountered the monsters of the deep—the cuttles, whose feet grow out of their heads, whose goggle eyes glare like great lanterns; the dogfish, with his long snout and spotted sides; the wriggling conger, with his slimy body; and many another hideous or repulsive creature.

Now and then she would hide behind a rock while the shark darted past her, snapping his white needle-teeth as he went.

But all that day she sought in vain for Father Neptune, and when the night came she found a little grotto, where she slept.

When the sun rose she renewed her journey, and of every friendly creature that she met she asked the way.

She asked the Sea-urchin, with his pretty, pink-tipped spines; but he knew nothing of Father Neptune, and had never heard of Duty. Then she asked the Starfish, with his five legs and his million feet.

"Oh, Starfish, kind Starfish, can you tell me where to find Father Neptune? for I am tired of living a useless life, and I want to learn the road to Duty."

But the Starfish said that he was a slow goer himself, and had never met with Father Neptune in his travels.

And then she met a Lobster, armed with black armor, and adorned with two mighty horns; and him, too, she addressed:

"Oh, Lobster, mighty Lobster, tell me the way to Father Neptune and the golden light of Duty! I am so tired of being useless; are not you?"

But the Lobster, looking up at Pearl, blushed as red as if he had been boiled, and answered angrily that he was very far from being useless; that he and the Crab were scavenger and sexton and everything else, and a pretty state every place would be in if it were not for their labors!

And so she wandered all that day and all the next, and never saw one gleam of the golden light.

But on the fourth day of her journey she came to a rock higher than any she had passed; and she clambered up the steep sides of it till she was clear above the waters, and there she found the sea-fowl sitting in flocks upon its rugged surface.

But by-and-by they flew away; then she was all alone, except for one shag, which was busy fishing in the offing.

She sat there and watched him, with his dark plumage and his great green eye. He was so dexterous in the way he caught the fish and tossed them in the air, and so clever in the way he swallowed them headforemost as they fell, that little Pearl could not but wonder at him, cruel and greedy as he was. But at last the shag went away, too, for he wanted to try another hunting-ground, and then little Pearl was quite alone.

She could see the distant shore looming up faintly through the evening mist; but all around was the silent ocean, with not a ripple on its surface, and overhead the great circle of the sky, unbroken by a single cloud.

Suddenly, however, the stillness was broken by a wail like the cry of a wounded child.

It drew nearer, and seemed to grow harsher as it came:

No, it was not an infant's scream; it was a Gull sweeping round and round with his long tapering wing.

And sometimes he seemed to laugh, and sometimes to shriek; but every moment he drew nearer, till he got quite close to little Pearl, and then, at last, she could hear what he was saying.

He said that Father Neptune had heard all about little Pearl and her quest, for the Sea-swallows had brought him word about it from the Codfish.

And Father Neptune wished her to know that Duty does not need to be sought, but comes to all who wait for it and keep an open eye for the golden light.

So Pearl waited. The night passed; she saw the dawn break; she saw the sun get high, and she saw the sun go down, and she watched the light melt from tint to tint; but all this she had seen many times before. The golden light of duty did not come that day.

Then the next day she went to the shore, which was not so very far away, and lingered there; for she did not dare to travel any further, since Father Neptune had said that she must wait.

She sat upon the strand and watched the sand-pipers running to and fro and pecking at the worms and the little crabs, till by-and-by she thought she heard footsteps and a sound of voices; so she immediately put on her cap of darkness, and waited to see what would happen.

It was a poor widow and her little sick babe. She had come from the smoky city to get sunshine and sea-air for the poor child, for the doctor said that nothing else could save her.

And she laid her there in the warm sunshine, where the music of the lapping waters and the fresh breath of heaven could reach her; and everything around was lovely—but the baby never smiled.

Then a strange feeling crept over little Pearl—a feeling which she had never known before—what human beings call compassion.

And with it there sprang up a new impulse—a power impelling her to do something for the poor babe—a feeling of shame that she should thus suffer, and she, little Pearl should do nothing at all to help.

So she gathered the prettiest shells, and tossed them near the baby's hand, that she might have something to look at and to play with; she sprinkled the little fevered brow with cool, strengthening spray, and she fanned her when she was hot, and chafed her when she was chilly; and the little thing smiled, and the mother kissed her, and said what a deal of good the sea-breezes were doing to her little one!

Day after day the mother brought the babe, and day after day little Pearl tended her. But she always wore her cap of darkness, so that never once did the widow woman see her; only the baby saw her. For no cap of darkness could hide her from a baby's eyes, and that she well knew.

Little do we think what infants see when they lie with their eyes so round and wondering. You may be sure they see things that you and I never see—never have seen since we were babies, too.

Yes, the baby saw her and laughed—stretched out her tiny hands to catch her as she danced to and fro upon the yellow sands.

When the mother saw the little hands stretched out, she thought that the baby was trying to catch the big ships far out at sea, and laughed at the little ignorance.

But the baby knew more than the mother thought, and could see what her mother could not see.

So at last the child got quite well, and went back to the great city, and left little Pearl all alone upon the seashore — alone! with a glow in her heart, and a sense of having risen to a higher stage of being. For little Pearl had learned what Duty is, and had seen the golden light.

And she traveled homeward all among the rocks and seaweed, filled with a great peace, and feeling that, though she was only a sea-nymph, born to the merry thoughtless lives of the ocean spirits, for once she had been of some use in the world, and had seen that golden light which the boys and girls of the real world may see as often as they will—the glorious light of Duty.

XUM

A NEW DIVING-BELL.

The brothers Imbert, of St. Chamond, have produced a very original diving-bell, which they have named "Neptune." It reminds one of Jules Verne's "Nautilus," and is well adapted to its purpose—scientific observations at sea. In form the apparatus resembles a huge bottle. It is 7m. 80c. in height, and three metres in diameter. Its sides and neck consist of two steel plates 12mm. thick, firmly riveted and bolted together. The neck contains a spiral staircase leading to the three superimposed chambers below, and is closed on the top by a steel cover through which the tubing of a pump used within for sinking or raising the diving-bell passes to the surface of the water. The cover itself is bordered with india-rubber, to render the bell perfectly water-tight. The compartments are separated from each other by steel sheets 25mm. in thickness, and supported by diminutive columns and angles. The upper chamber is furnished with reservoirs for compressed-air, telegraphic and telephonic apparatus, electrical piles, etc. Five eyeholes, filled with strong glass, enable the engineers to look about on all sides. The middle chamber is furnished with fourteen eyeholes, with lenses for taking observations, and in the centre is a large lens, eighty centimetres in diameter, to inspect the sea-bottom. The lower chamber contains the lighting and ballasting apparatus. The electrical machinery for projecting a light in all directions fulfills a two-fold purpose, for the electrical rays will undoubtedly attract the fish. The bell may be let down to a depth of 200 metres by filling the ballasting chamber with water, which is pumped out and filled with air when the diver is in the vessel.

LITTLE PEARL; OR, THE SEA-NYMPH'S QUEST.—"SHE SAT THERE AND WATCHED."—SEE PAGE 365.

A CLEVER NUN.

When Mohammed Ahmed made his triumphant entry into El Obeid, he called on the Christians to change their religion and acknowledge him as the Messiah whose coming was foretold in Holy Writ. One of the French Sisters of Mercy, stepping forward, replied that it was said in the Bible that the Messiah would make himself known by his miracles, and he would remove all doubts as to his identity by kindly performing one for the benefit of herself and her colleagues. The Mahdi answered that her request was perfectly reasonable, but the time for the working of miracles had not yet come. Meanwhile, however, he should take the missionaries under his protection, with a view to preparing them for conversion pending the day when he would dazzle them all by his exploits. The courageous nun, in all probability, saved herself and her fellow-Christians by this clever reply, which placed Mohammed Ahmed in an awkward dilemma.

SHAKESPEARE AND WHIST.

Our poet is an inexhaustible source of quotations for all sorts of subjects and occasions, says Mr. Rolfe, in the *Literary World;* and it is wonderful how pat these excerpts often are, though used in connections of which their author would never have dreamed. A correspondent in Columbus, O., has sent us a capital illustration of this, in the shape of an elegantly printed little souvenir of a series of games played by the whist club of that city. A few of the passages will serve as samples of the whole, and the point of each will be clear to every whist-player. "Whatever else shall hap to-night, give it an understanding, but no tongue. Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum; the business asketh silent secrecy. No tongue! all eyes! be silent. Be assured we come to use our hands, and not our tongues. I am fain to shuffle. Who leads? The most patient men in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace. I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Have I not here the best cards for the game, to win this easy match? One out of suits with fortune, and that could give more but that her hand lacks means. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake. I'll mark the play. Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally."

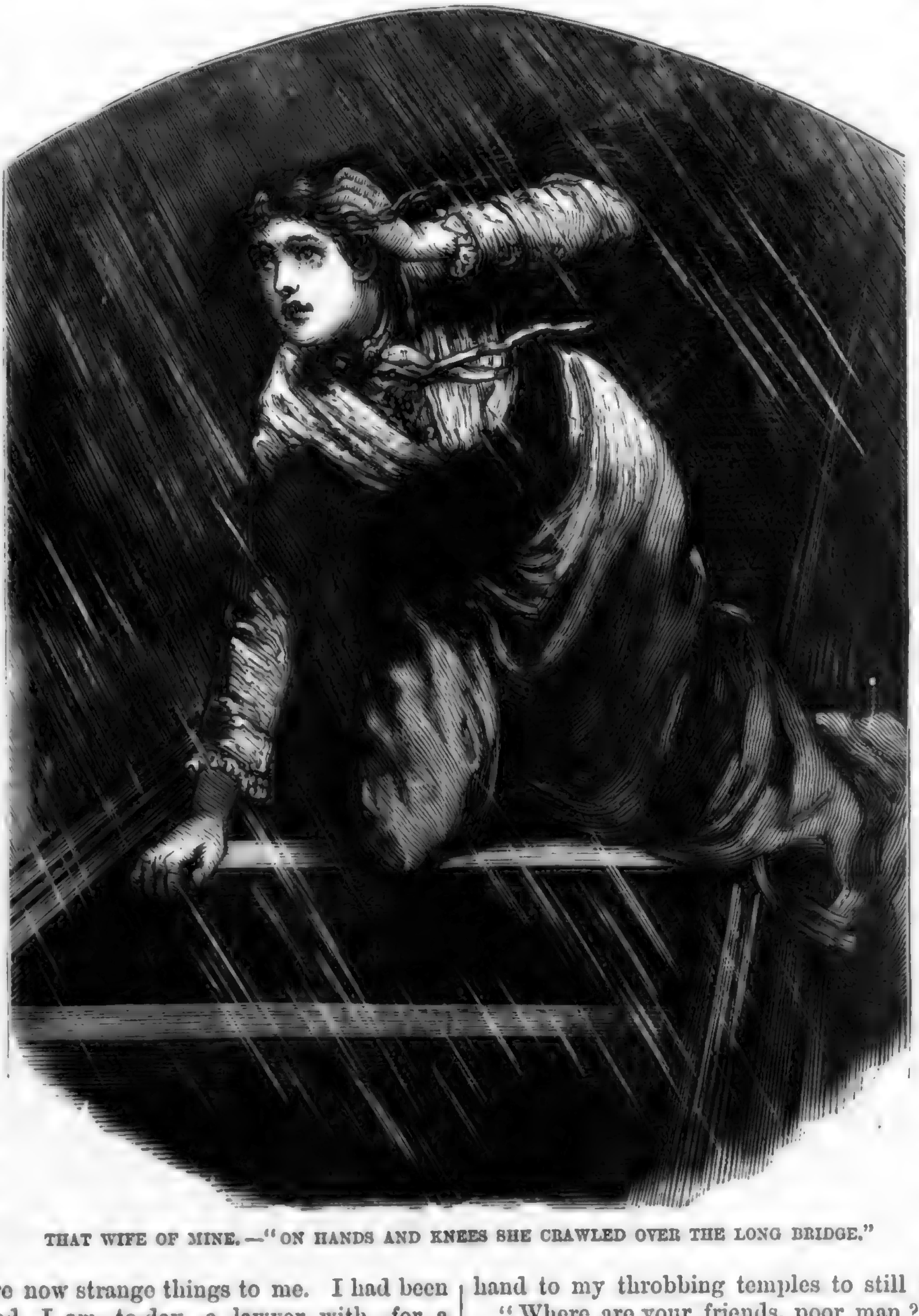
One evening Carlyle was discoursing in a small but somewhat miscellaneous crowd about books, most likely his own, when a young Oxford man, a nobleman, too, advanced the view that he didn't think much of works that expressed the author's opinions and theories only, and he was particularly down on the theory business. Whereupon Carlyle said: "Young sir, once upon a time there was a man in France whose name was Rousseau, and he wrote a book which was filled with theories and opinions, and so on. And the young nobility and fops of the period said that the book was wind. But, young sir, it is an incident of history that *their skins went to bind the second edition of that book!*"

"THE BABY SAW HER."

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

By George R. Parrish.

"Are you sick?" It was the soft voice of a young girl asked this, and as I heard the words, half in a dream, I opened my heavy eyes, and looked up to what seemed for a moment a glimpse of Paradise. There were the dark-green leaves of the low bushes, among which I dimly remembered dragging myself, tired and faint, it seemed a year ago, and there, thrown upon their dark background, a girl's face, with soft sunny hair and great earnest eyes. "Was she handsome?" you ask. No, I suppose not. I do not think there was a single regular feature in her whole face, still it always seemed lovely to me, and that morning, as I looked up at it, her face was as an angel's.



THAT WIFE OF MINE.—"ON HANDS AND KNEES SHE CRAWLED OVER THE LONG BRIDGE."

I was as nearly worn out as man could well be, and everything looked black and dreary, even in that bright summertime.

I was only a tramp then—not a ragged, dirty tramp, such as you drove out of your yard yesterday, perhaps, but a tramp nevertheless, and a kind word and a pitying face were now strange things to me. I had been what, thank God, I am to-day, a lawyer with—for a young man—a good practice, back in my Eastern home, but a love for drink—yet not altogether drink, but with it a reckless expenditure of money, of running into debt—had brought me down.

I remember the day that the final crash came, and how hard I tried to avert it, not waking to a realization of my situation until it was all too late. It seemed to me impossible that I, always so favored, should be, could be, penniless, and if not absolutely a beggar, still certainly in a beggar's friendless position. Unable to remain where I *was* known, for fear of my creditors, I struck off into new regions, and begged—yes, that's the word—begged for work, any honest work, and begged for it in vain. I did get odd jobs, here and there, but nothing lasting, only just enough for me to live along from hand to mouth—and sometimes it was poorly enough, even at that. The night before, with a fever burning in my veins, I had left Ridgefield—left without supper or money—and all the long night had trudged onward, down the great white country road. Sick, with the hot fever coursing through my veins and parching my tongue; faint with hunger, footsore and weary from long travel, disheartened, and caring but little whether I lived or died, just as the sun came up, I sank into the low bushes by the roadside, and lost all consciousness.

"Are you sick, sir?"

The question was repeated with even more earnestness than before.

"I fear I am," I said, pressing my hand to my throbbing temples to still the pain.

"Where are your friends, poor man?"

There was a look of pity in those great earnest eyes, that, if I should live for ever, I could not forget.

"Friends?" I echoed; the word sounded almost like a mockery to me. "Did you ever know such men as I to have friends?"

"Why, what have you done—are you a criminal?"

It was said with the action of a startled fawn, and I hastened to answer:

"A criminal?—Yes, of the worst kind, so people seem to think. I am 'guilty' of being poor."

XUM

"Oh, is that all!" What relief there was in her voice; sick as I was, I noticed it. "We are poor, too, mother and I; but still we have friends, and will never leave any one sick at our door without help. Can you walk at all, sir?"

"I will see," I said, faintly; and inspired by a new courage, with a hold on the thick bushes, I managed to gain my feet and staggered, rather than walked, out into the road; but when at last I got once more into the sunlight, the old dizzy faintness came over me, and in a swoon I fell forward in the dust.

For days following I was conscious of nothing but pain—a throbbing and aching of the head, a feeling of hunger and suffering throughout the body. I had closed my heavy eyes in the heat and dust, and even as I lay there, day after day, I seemed to be breathing the same dusty air, suffering with hunger, burning with the fever, and without water to quench my thirst.

When at last I opened them, I saw a cool, white curtain swaying to and fro before an open window, and now and then I could feel a breath of fresh air upon my cheek, and out beyond I could see, where the curtain was caught up, raindrops dropping and glistening among the leaves. I felt as if in Fairyland as I handled the clean, white coverlet laid over me, and looked about at the few cheap pictures and the neat, simple sweetness of the room.

"Where am I?" Unconsciously I spoke, in my surprise and wonder, aloud.

A curtain hanging at the head of the bed was suddenly lifted, which gave me a slight glimpse of another room, neat as my own. A young girl entered, and came quickly forward to the side of my bed. It was the face of my strange friend by the roadside; her sunny hair and earnest eyes had been with me, as something intangible, misty as a pleasant dream, all through my sickness, and I remembered it now—the promised aid and swooning in the dust.

"So you are at last awake," she said, laying her cool, moist hand on my temples—"awake, and the fever all gone. You must feel much better."

I could only look "Yes" with my eyes.

"Now, I don't want you to talk. You are my patient, and you must mind me."

"But where am I?"

In spite of all orders I must ask that question, for fear the vision might fade.

"You're safe enough in our house—mother's and mine. I told you we were poor, but you *would* faint right before our door."

"I'm very sorry!" I said, penitently.

"Hum! That don't help. Do you know how sick you've been?"

I protested my entire ignorance.

"Well, you've had a fever, and been wild sometimes," she informed me. "But now lie still until I get you something to eat."

As she said this, she got up from the little rocking-chair in which she had been sitting.

"No, don't go!" I caught her by the sleeve. "I don't want anything to eat, and I *do* want you!"

She sat down again with a little laugh.

"I'm afraid you don't know just what you do want," she said, pleasantly.

"Yes, I do; I want you. You won't go—will you?" My voice sounded very anxious in its weakness.

"Not without mother calls me. Now, go to sleep."

She settled the white coverlet about me very carefully.

"How did you get me here?" I asked, presently.

"Oh, one of the station-men helped me; and you were terribly heavy, if you hadn't anything to eat."

I lay back on my pillow, and watched her sitting there in the stillness of the room. It was a picture sweet enough for any man—more than that to me, for I had scarcely spoken to a woman for a long year, excepting to receive harsh answers.

The sun that came streaming into the open window, piercing here and there the network of vines, went slowly down, casting long shadows across the floor, and I fell asleep.

How those two women did watch over and care for me during the days that followed—days in which I got better very slowly—the old gray-headed, matronly mother and the little girl! What delightful, dainty little meals they cooked me with their own hands! And then one would fan and talk with me in the long, hot Summer afternoons.

One day, when the mother was out, I told my little nurse my whole history, concealing nothing, and watching the changing emotions of her face.

"You have told me everything but your name," she said, when I finished.

"That is simple enough," I replied. I was sitting up now, in the great, old-fashioned rocking-chair. "It is George Gray. And yours?"

"Florence O'Neil. My father was killed on the railroad several years ago, and the company gave me this little house, and we watch to "flag" the trains if the bridge should not be safe; the water in the river rises very high sometimes."

She said it all very simply, as if such a life was old and common enough to her.

The daughter of a railroad laborer, and I loved her—and I was only a tramp!

"Not very elevated," you think. Perhaps not in the social scale, but our hearts might be as true, our love as great.

In the days which followed, and under their tender care, I grew rapidly better, until at last the time came when I could frame no excuse for remaining longer. But nothing could now tear me away from the girl who had saved my life—whom I knew but too well I loved.

I never said one word of love to her, for I was only a tramp, and my love was too honest, too sincere, to give its object needless pain.

Deep in my heart I had resolved to work up to something more worthy her, more worthy myself. But, meanwhile, I could not altogether leave her, and finally, through their influence with men upon the road—men who had worked with O'Neil before he was killed—I received a position. It was only that of a brakeman upon the night express. Not much, you think. Perhaps not to you, my scoffing friend, with your credit at the bank, but it was everything to me. It was the first chance the world had given me. It was my first step upward, and I believe I was prouder in that brakeman's cap than I ever was in my first gold-and-black law sign in the old days of my profligacy and my profession.

I ran on that road—it was the P. D. and G.—for nearly two months, making every night the trip between Plattsmouth and Delaver, rain or shine.

Now and then of a Sunday I would go down to the little cottage of the O'Neils, and thus spend many a pleasant afternoon in talking over the events of my sickness with the mother, or wandering down by the river with Florence, my little love. I began to dream that she loved me, and it made me a better man.

One night, I think it was of a Wednesday, we made up our train, an unusually large one, and left Plattsmouth just before dark. It had been storming hard for two days, and it bid fair to be a dark, tempestuous night. A special freight train left an hour ahead of us, which we were to pass at Somerset.

The night, as it grew later, proved to be one of the roughest I had ever experienced; the wind blew a perfect hurricane from the north, the glare of the lightning was incessant, and the heavy peals of thunder rolled along the whole sky.

"Watch sharp for a red light at 'Bridge No. 2,'" I heard the train-master say to the engineer of the freight, as his heavy train pulled out of the yard.

"Bridge No. 2" was the one close by the O'Neils'; the long one over the river was just this side, and known as "No. 1"—their little cottage was nestled in thick woods between the two.

Just how it happened I suppose no one exactly knows, but it seems that "Bridge No. 2" had been swept away by the fury of the storm, and the red lantern, safely placed by careful hands to stop the advancing train, had gone out in the terrific gale. The heavy freight, propelled down the steep grade between the two bridges by its own weight, rushed with a scream by the little cottage and took the terrible plunge into the air, down fifty feet to the rocks below.

When I saw it, early the following morning, the wreck was complete, with the dead, mangled bodies of the trainmen wedged into the water and crushed down by the heavy timbers.

"And our train?" you ask.

Well, I'll tell you about that as it was told to me.

Florence and her mother were about retiring to rest, believing the lantern to be safely burning, when they heard the shrill whistle of the freight, and a moment later the fearful crash. Realizing in a moment what had happened, Florence grasped a lantern, and, amid the hurricane of wind, the deluge of water, the incessant glare of the lightning, and peal upon peal of thunder, left the cottage and started for the wreck.

Her light soon went out in the wind, but she bravely felt her way through the woods and falling timbers to the very edge of the rushing waters that covered the crushed and drowned men.

She could hear no sound to tell her that any one yet lived to relate the story of that horrible leap to death. She knew that the long night-express, with its load of passengers, was nearly due, and none to warn them of their danger; a lantern would not burn in the increased fury of the gale.

The telegraph-office at Somerset or Matland was the only place where the officers could be notified and the catastrophe averted. To Somerset was five miles, over hills and through the woods, and long before she could reach there it would be too late—the express would have gone down. Matland was only a mile, but between her and Matland was the river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to pass this she must cross over Bridge No. 1, fifty feet above the roaring, rushing water.

She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails for support, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething, muddy waters below! Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from such a task; not one man in five hundred would have gone over at any price, or under any consideration.

But my brave, noble girl, with the nerve of a giant, never stopped to fear. Gathering up her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees, she crawled over the long bridge. Slowly tie after tie was passed. It was already time for our train to come dashing over the bridge and hurl her down to death amid the dark and muddy water of the rushing river. The blood from her lacerated knees has stained her dress, but she does not falter; her long hair is blown out from her net by the fury of the wind, but she must not stop.

At last she reached the shore, and almost flew up the track to the office, where our train was just ready to start. Breathless and in broken accents she told her sad, fearful tale, and then, faint and weak from her excitement, fell back into my eager, waiting arms.

Half unconscious, I carried her into the dry, warm office, and as I put her down, her great, earnest eyes opened wearily, for a moment, to meet mine, and to read the love in them, and her white lips smiled.

"You are saved!" she murmured, very low. "Oh, George, I never could have done it, but I knew it was your train," and I clasped the brave little heroine close in my wet arms, never more, please God, to let her go.

The sun of the next morning, as it came up clear and bright, glistening on the raindrops and peering over into the rocky chasm, where the wreck and the dead men lay, seemed like the sun of my new life rising to look down in pity upon the wreck and ruin of my past.

"How am I now?" did you ask.

That little cottage on the hill yonder is mine, and I am back in the old profession, working hard to keep my position, but happy as I never dreamed to be; and I owe it all to that brave little wife of mine.

THE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Edward J. Hallock, Ph.D.

The practical American naturally looks with favor upon such schools as fit their students for a life of usefulness. In a new country, where man comes into a hand-to-hand conflict with Nature, a knowledge of Nature's laws is of more practical use than a familiarity with ancient history and classic lore. With an extensive territory to be explored and surveyed, with rich mines to be developed, requiring long stretches of railways, with great bridges and long tunnels, a scientific education possesses a high pecuniary value.

In response to the demand, schools of engineering first sprang up here and there, and schools of chemistry were next established. It is only within a score of years that mining-schools began to find favor here. When new and remarkable electrical discoveries began to astonish the world there arose a demand for physical laboratories, where practical instruction could be had in electrical measurements and electrical engineering. The discovery of the aniline dyes and of artificial alizarine directed attention to organic chemistry, but the lack of laboratories and of teachers, both for physics and organic chemistry, drove many Americans to seek such instruction in foreign laboratories. Even yet this want is but partially supplied, as will be seen in the following pages.

Suddenly a new idea took possession of the public mind, namely: that the hand and eye could be trained as well in the mechanic arts as in chemistry and other sciences, and there has arisen, quite recently, a demand for manual training-schools. Schools of engineering have added workshops to their laboratories, and the mechanic arts have been placed on a higher plane than unskilled

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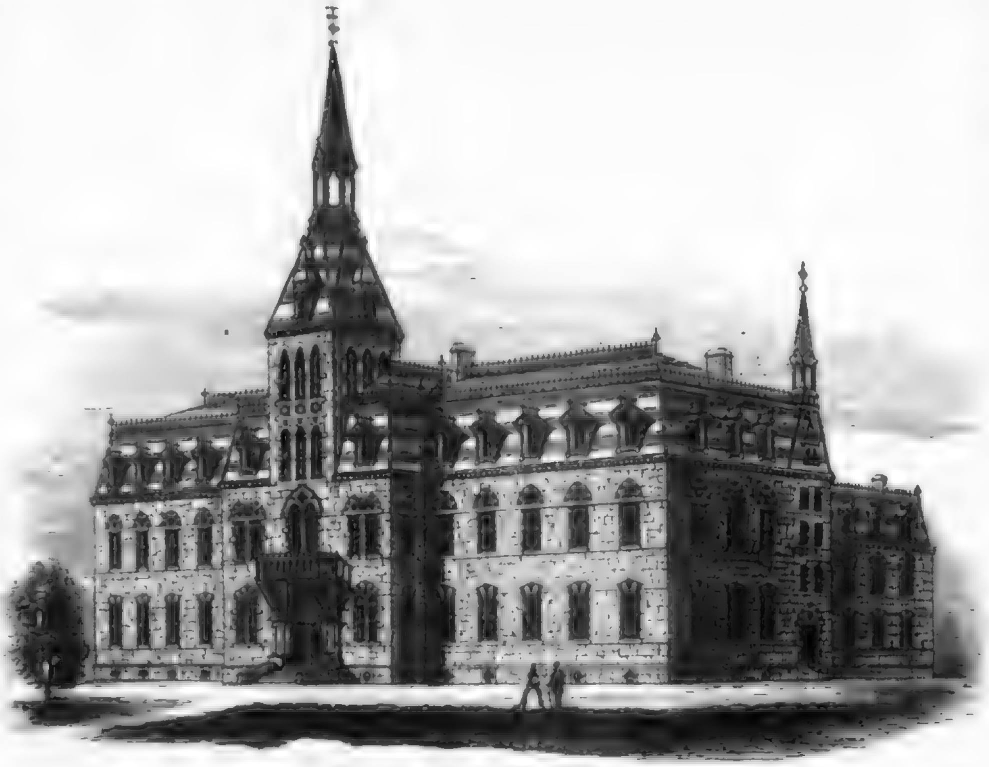
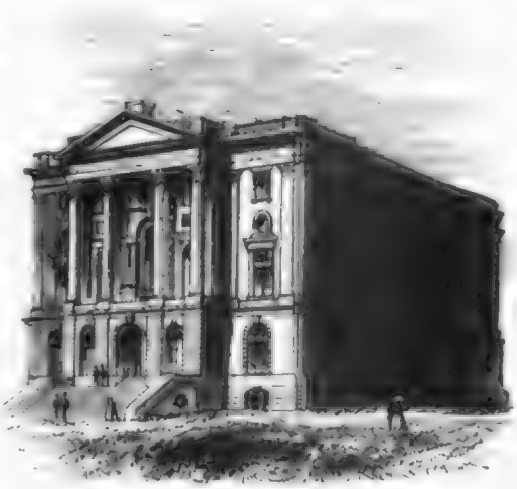
manual labor. The success of this plan in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at other places, as Cornell, Hoboken, Worcester and St. Louis, is most gratifying.



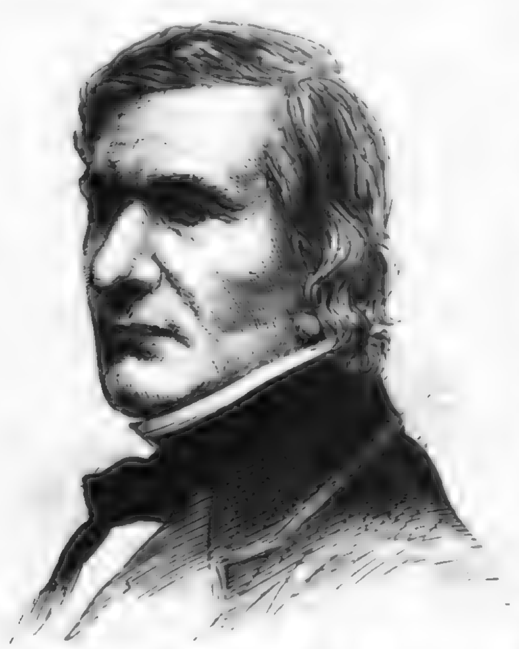
STEVENS INSTITUTE, HOBOKEN.

In 1862 Congress distributed among the several States 9,600,000 acres of public land, the proceeds of which were to be used to establish and maintain colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. In some cases this was given to institutions already in existence, but in most cases it led to the founding of a new college that should fulfill all the conditions of the grant. Few of the latter have acquired more than a local reputation, although most of them are doing a good work in their way.



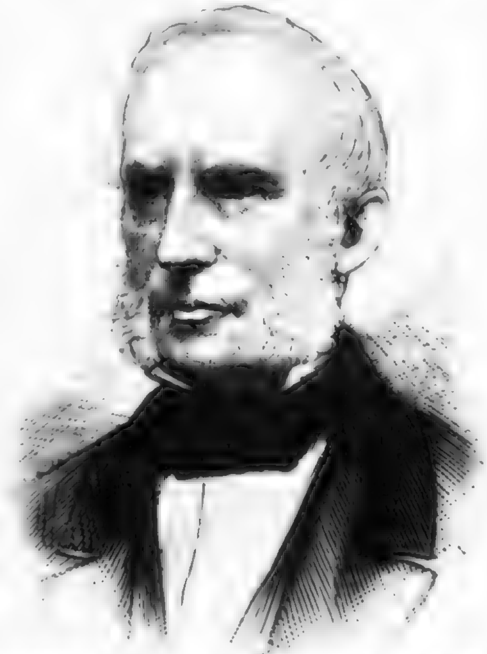
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON.

In addition to the schools which owe their existence to this grant of land, nearly all of the old classical colleges have either introduced a parallel scientific course, or have permitted an independent school to grow up under their protection, or with their sanction, rarely giving it much pecuniary aid.



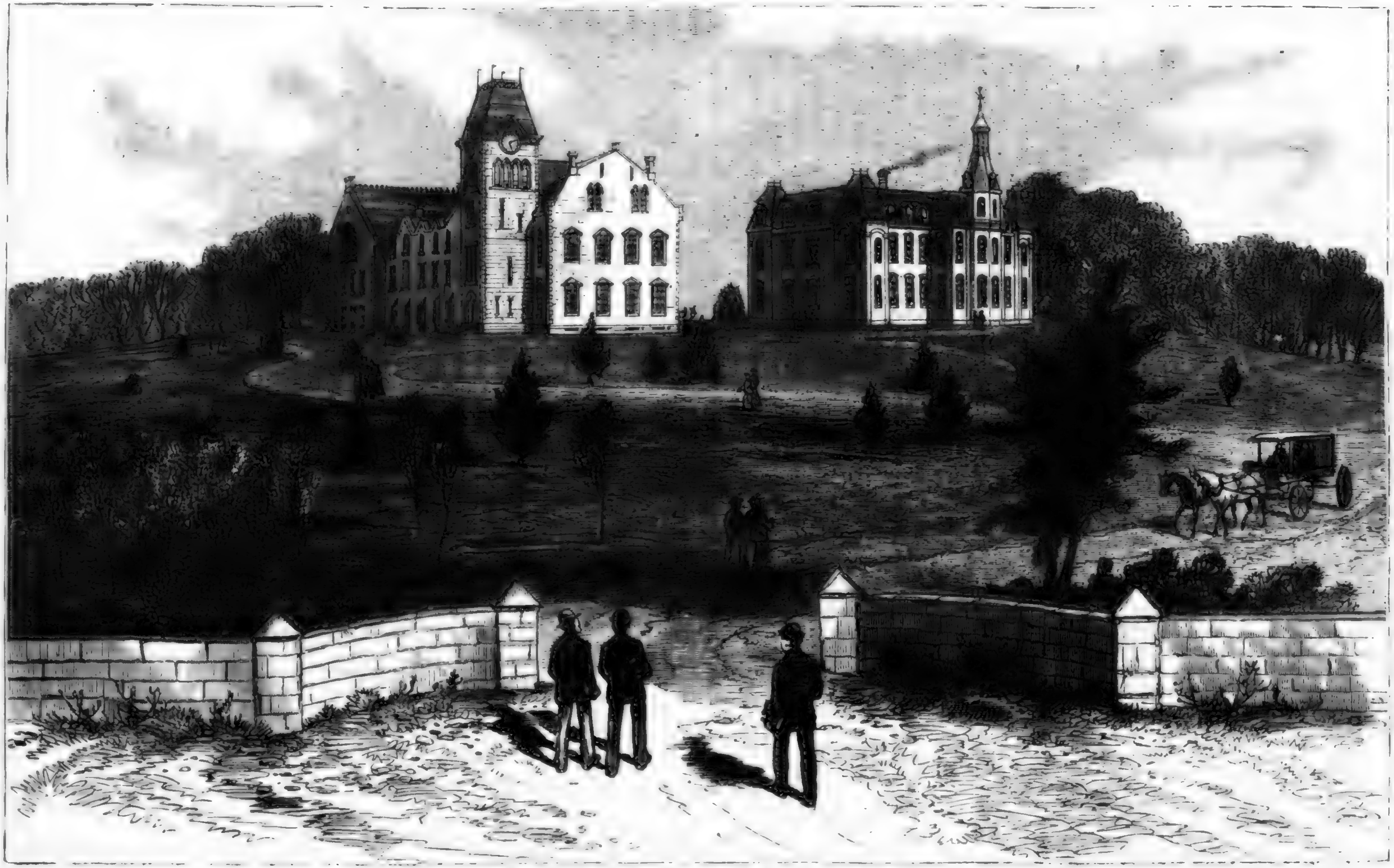
WILLIAM B. ROGERS, PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, BOSTON.

Very few schools of science have sprung up independently both of the land grant and of established colleges, receiving their endowment from private sources. A notable instance of a scientific school endowed by a private individual, and unaided by State or National Government, is the Stevens Institute of Technology. The Worcester Free Institute and Rensselaer Polytechnic are also of this class. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology owes its existence largely to the exertions of the late President Rogers, having been chartered previous to the land grant of 1862, although it subsequently received one-third of that grant.



STEPHEN SALISBURY, PRESIDENT OF THE FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.

More than forty agricultural and scientific schools have received Government aid, and twelve scientific have succeeded in establishing themselves independently of such assistance. A brief mention of each of these schools would far exceed the limits of a magazine article; we shall therefore limit ourselves to a general sketch of a few typical institutions, pointing out a few of the excellences, as well as defects, of each. Some, it will be found, offer special facilities for the study of engineering, others for chemical work; one is fitted up with assay furnaces, another excels in the department of organic chemistry; a few have excellent physical laboratories; others are better provided with machine-shops and lathes; some encourage original investigations and research; others have



FREE INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE, WORCESTER, MASS.

prescribed courses outside of which none are allowed to stray. The variety is such as to leave little to be desired by the student, and a high compliment has been paid to the American schools by Professor Newberry, who says: "It is scarcely worth while for an American to go abroad to study the practical applications of chemistry. There are no better technical schools anywhere than our own."

The School of Mines.

The only large scientific school in New York city is that known as the "School of Mines of Columbia College." Although situated on the same block with the college itself, it is not a department of the latter, but is as much an independent institution as the schools of law or medicine. No student is allowed to attend lectures in both institutions, nor to pass at will from one to the other. Nor does the college deserve the credit of having organized and established the School of Mines, for it merely manifested the negative virtue of permitting it to come into existence and establish its right to exist. In 1830 the college had opened a scientific course, and professors were appointed in engineering, analytical chemistry and other branches; but the times were not ripe for it yet, and in 1845 it was discontinued for want of patronage. Subsequently a school of chemistry was established by Professor C. H. Joy in connection with the college, although the old classical institution did not look with favor on anything so practical. In 1863 Mr. Thomas Egleston presented to the trustees of Columbia College a plan for a School of Mines and Metallurgy. The parsimonious college, with unprecedented generosity, at length consented to the establishment of such a school on the condition that it should make no demands on the college treasury for financial aid. In January, 1864, Mr. Egleston was appointed Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy, and two rooms were assigned to him in the college building, with an appropriation of $500 to fit them up. After the inauguration of Dr. F. A. P. Barnard as president of the college, the new school had an earnest advocate in the board of trustees, and two more professors were appointed—namely, General Francis L. Vinton, and Professor C. F. Chandler, while Professors Joy, Peck, Rond, and Van Amringe of the college Faculty, put their shoulders to the wheel to set the new machine in motion. Rooms having been assigned for the laboratory in the basement of the main college building, the school opened November 15th, 1864, with twenty-five students. On the 1st of October, 1883, nineteen years later, the number of matriculated students was 286, an increase of 1,144 per cent, while the number of professors and instructors has now reached thirty. Instead of one basement-room the laboratories now occupy three floors of the large building on Fiftieth Street, and the number of lecture-rooms has increased from two to more than a dozen, occupying, with the various cabinets, etc., one of the largest school buildings in the city.

Much of this early success of the school was due to President Barnard, for it is a well known fact that no institution of this sort can be self-supporting, especially at the start. Not being pledged, like his predecessor, to make no appeal for funds, he succeeded in inducing the trustees to provide the means for giving the new experiment a fair trial, the results of which have been most gratifying, although it has never paid its own way.

In 1866 a very important addition was made to the Faculty by the appointment of Dr. J. S. Newberry, State Geologist of Ohio, to the chair of geology and palæontology.

The course of study was at first limited to such branches as related to mining and metallurgy. The only degree then conferred was that of Engineer of Mines. At present there are six parallel courses of study: 1. Mining Engineering; 2. Civil Engineering; 3. Metallurgy; 4. Geology and Palæontology; 5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry; 6. Architecture. No special students are taken, and a rigid examination is required of applicants for admission. The regular course occupies four years, with an advanced course for graduates of the school, on completion of which they receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This degree is not conferred on any one who has not already completed a regular course, and taken some other degree in this school.

The studies of the first year are the same for all the courses, and embrace mathematics, physics and chemistry, together with modern languages and drawing. Four hours a day are devoted to lectures and recitations, and the remainder of the time to chemical work in the qualitative laboratory, or to drawing. In the second year quantitative analysis and blow-piping are taken up, except by those pursuing the course in architecture. Lectures on chemistry are continued during the four years, and those who take the chemical course receive a very thorough drill in practical quantitative analysis. Mathematics are taught in a thorough and exhaustive manner, the quantity and kind depending somewhat upon the course taken. Assaying is taken up in the fourth year by all who are likely to use it in their future work. Mineralogy and blow-piping are taught, both theoretically and practically, by Professor Egleston, who is also lecturer on metallurgy. The course in geology and zoology, under Dr. J. S. Newberry, is very complete, and the students in all of the six courses attend the lectures of this distinguished geologist, whose reputation is world-wide, and whose authority is undisputed in this specialty.

The engineering department is under the direction of Professor William P. Trowbridge, successor of General Vinton, deceased. Professor William R. Ware, late of Boston, is at the head of the newly created department of architecture.

Professor C. F. Chandler, to whose energy and perseverance the success of the school has been so largely due, fills the double office of dean of the faculty and professor of chemistry. In the latter position he is aided by eight instructors and assistants, some of whom lecture on special subjects, while others instruct in the various laboratories or quize the students upon the lectures.

The buildings of the School of Mines form an L, situated on the north and east sides of the block bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, between Fourth and Madison Avenues. Each building has an average width of 40 feet, and their total length is nearly 300 feet. In the four-story building on Fiftieth Street are the laboratories, the drawing-rooms, the register's office, and several lecture-rooms. In the new five-story building, on Fourth Avenue, are the chemical, mineralogical and geological cabinets, with several lecture-rooms, each 30 x 40 feet, and the smaller laboratories for blow-piping, etc.

The assay laboratory, under the direction of Dr. P. de P. Ricketts, occupies the lower floor of the Fiftieth Street building. It is provided with ten muffle and thirty crucible furnaces, and work-tables for forty-three students. In a room adjacent are the crushers, rolls and stamps for sampling large lots of ore, worked by a fifteen-horse engine; also appliances for milling, amalgamating and concentrating ores; furnaces for roasting and smelting, and other apparatus for working ores on a large scale.

On the floor above is the quantitative laboratory, 80 x 40 feet, with eighty-five desks, under the charge of Dr.

J. S. C. Wells. The quantitative laboratory, on the floor above, is provided with seventy-six working-desks, and fitted up with drying-baths, hovels, batteries, exhaust-pumps, etc. The fine chemical balances occupy an adjoining room. This laboratory is under the charge of Dr. E. Waller and Mr. Henry C. Bowen.

The drawing academy occupies the fourth floor, and above it is the photographic laboratory, in charge of Dr. L. H. Landy. Organic chemistry is taught by means of lectures, a few of the students being allowed to dabble with organic compounds for a few weeks, but no regular organic laboratory yet exists.

The department of physics is under Professor Ogden N. Rood. Instruction is given in the first and third years by lectures and text-book recitations. There is no physical laboratory, nor opportunities for practical instruction.

An astronomical observatory is in process of construction, and will be in charge of Prof. J. K. Rees. Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford has recently presented the observatory, with his entire set of astronomical and photographic apparatus, including a thirteen-inch equatorial, and valued at $12,000.

The instruction in mining engineering is supplemented by visits to the mines during vacation, and civil engineers are drilled in the use of their special instruments. Thus, each department vies with the other in the effort to make the instruction as practical as possible, and to fit the graduate to do at least one thing well and understandingly. The positions held by the graduates speak well for the success of the system.

The collection of chemicals and the cabinets of minerals and fossils are very large and valuable, and as soon as they are arranged in the large building just erected for their accommodation, on Fourth Avenue, will well repay a visit.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

This institution is situated in Hoboken, N. J., north of the ferry and near the river, on a plot of high ground which was given for the purpose by its founder, the late Edwin A. Stevens. It was opened in 1871, and now has sixteen professors and assistants, and one hundred and fifty-two students. The Faculty embraces many names widely known as experts in their respective profession, as well as by their valuable contributions to science. Among others, we may mention President Henry Morton, and Professors Mayer, Leeds and Thurston.

The leading subject at this school is mechanical engineering, and nearly all of its graduates have taken this degree, and are now engaged in professional work. The full course of study covers four years, and instruction is imparted very largely in the workshops and laboratories. Mathematics and mechanical drawing naturally receive a large share of attention. The institute possesses an excellent mechanical laboratory, in which practical tests are frequently made, not only of materials of construction, but also of steam-engines, boilers, lubricators, etc. The students are given opportunities to take part in these tests, and other commercial operations carried on here, and to witness the construction of machinery and other work done in the workshop. In addition to this experience in the "testing laboratory," they often take part in the trials of steam and gas engines, air-compressing machinery, road-locomotives, steam-pumps, and waterworks machinery.

The workshop presented to the Institute by President Morton, in 1881, consists of a building 80 x 50 ft., with a high roof, and a gallery running round all four sides. It contains a twenty horse-power Buckeye engine, and is provided with lathes, drill-presses, milling-machines, etc. In the basement is a cupola furnace, a brass furnace, and the necessary moulder's tools and benches, with a large collection of carefully selected patterns. Each student is required to make a good mould in sand of each of these, including the making and baking of the requisite cores. The blacksmith shop contains four forges, anvils, and sets of tools, and a steam hammer.

During the freshman year the students practice carpentry, wood-turning, millwrighting and steam-fitting. Machinist work, blacksmithing, moulding and foundring, and pattern-making occupy the sophomore and a portion of the junior year. In the senior year the class go over a series of exercises in experimental mechanics, which include boiler and engine tests, setting slide-valves, measuring the flow of liquids, measuring power and friction, and testing steam-gauges and indicator-springs.

In the department of physics, which is under the direction of Alfred M. Mayer, Ph.D., special attention is given to the use of instruments of precision, and the student learns to make accurate measurements in chemistry, photometry, saccharimetry, etc. He then pursues experimental investigations in some branch of physics, under the direction of the professor, as is done in the best German laboratories. The Institute possesses such an excellent collection of physical apparatus that few other institutions are able to offer equal advantages for the study of physics.

Applied electricity will form a separate department, under the direction of Professor Wm. E. Geyer, Ph.D., the means for its inauguration having been furnished by President Morton. Laboratory instruction will be given in the management and care of batteries, measurement of force and resistance, with special attention to problems in connection with dynamos and electric lighting.

Instruction in chemistry is given by lectures and laboratory practice. Qualitative and quantitative analysis are taught to such an extent as to enable the student to analyze certain salts and common minerals. Organic chemistry receives but slight attention, although Professor Leeds has himself published many valuable papers on this department of chemistry.

A department of Belles-lettres is under the direction of Reverend E. Wall, and the modern languages are taught by Professor C. F. Kroeh.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

There is no institution in the Empire State that offers a wider range of practical instruction than Cornell, nor are history, literature and political science excluded. It was organized, as the Act of Incorporation states, "in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life," especially in such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts.

It was incorporated in 1865, and received the New York State share of the land grant of 1862, amounting to 990,000 acres in land script. To this Mr. Ezra Cornell added $500,000 and a farm of 200 acres, to be used in connection with the department of agriculture. In 1870 Hon. Hiram Sibley provided for the erection of a suitable building for the department of mechanic arts, and gave $10,000 for increasing its equipment of tools, machines, etc. He subsequently made a further gift of $30,000 for the endowment of the professorship of practical mechanics and machine construction. Still later he provided the means for erecting and fitting up a brass and iron foundry and a blacksmith shop. The University has been

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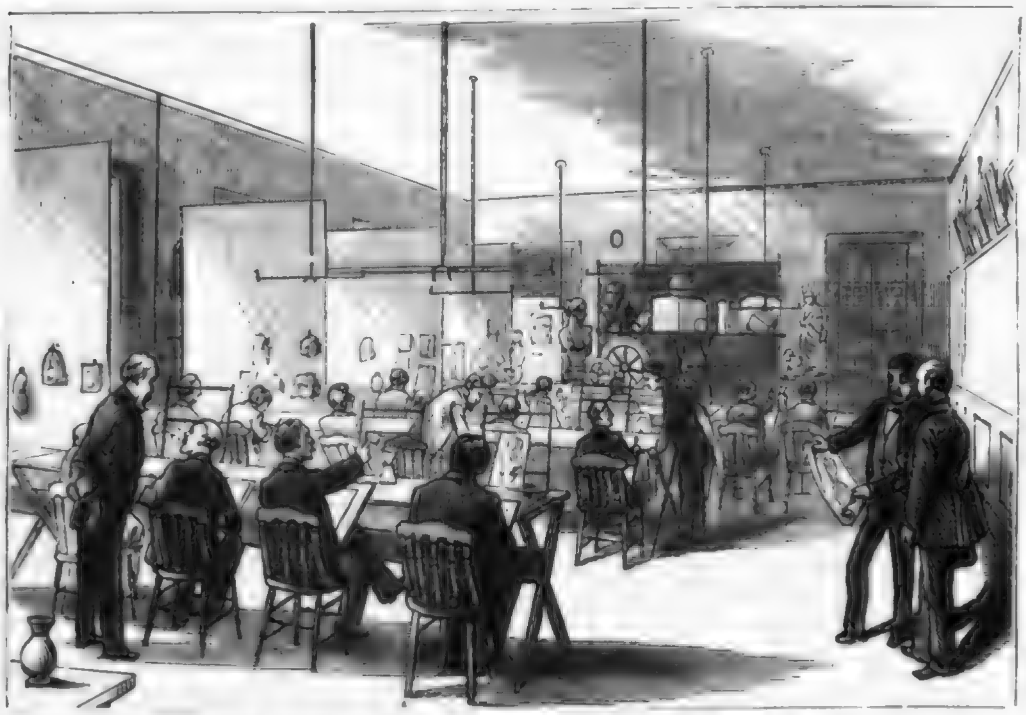
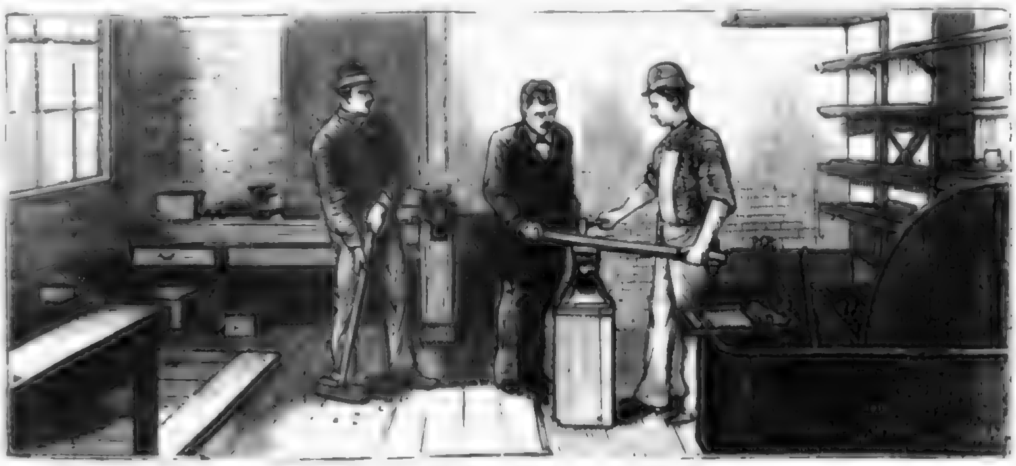


FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.—FREE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE FORGE-SHOP.

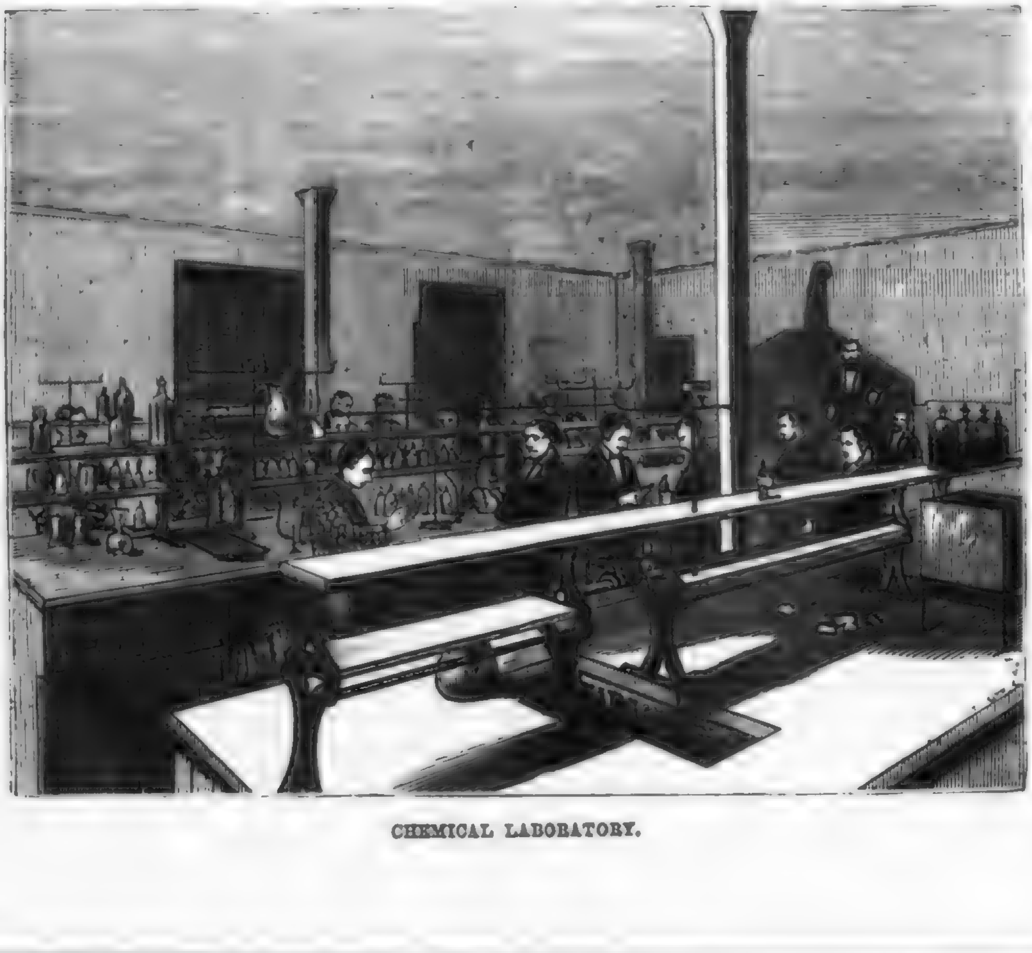
the recipient of other valuable donations, the last of which, that of Mrs Burt G. Wilder, placed the institution in the peculiar and awkward position of having more property than it is allowed by its charter to hold.

The University opened October 7th, 1868, and has at present, in 1884, a Faculty of sixty-four professors, lecturers and instructors. There are 412 undergraduate students, including eleven special students. Since 1872, women, over seventeen years of age, have been admitted on the same terms as men. There are now thirty-eight women on the roll, including three special students. Every Assembly district in the State is entitled to send one free student to Cornell, making the total number of free scholarships 512. They are selected by competitive examinations. Others are expected to pay a fee of $75 a year, in addition to board, fuel, books, etc., making an average expense of about $300 a year.

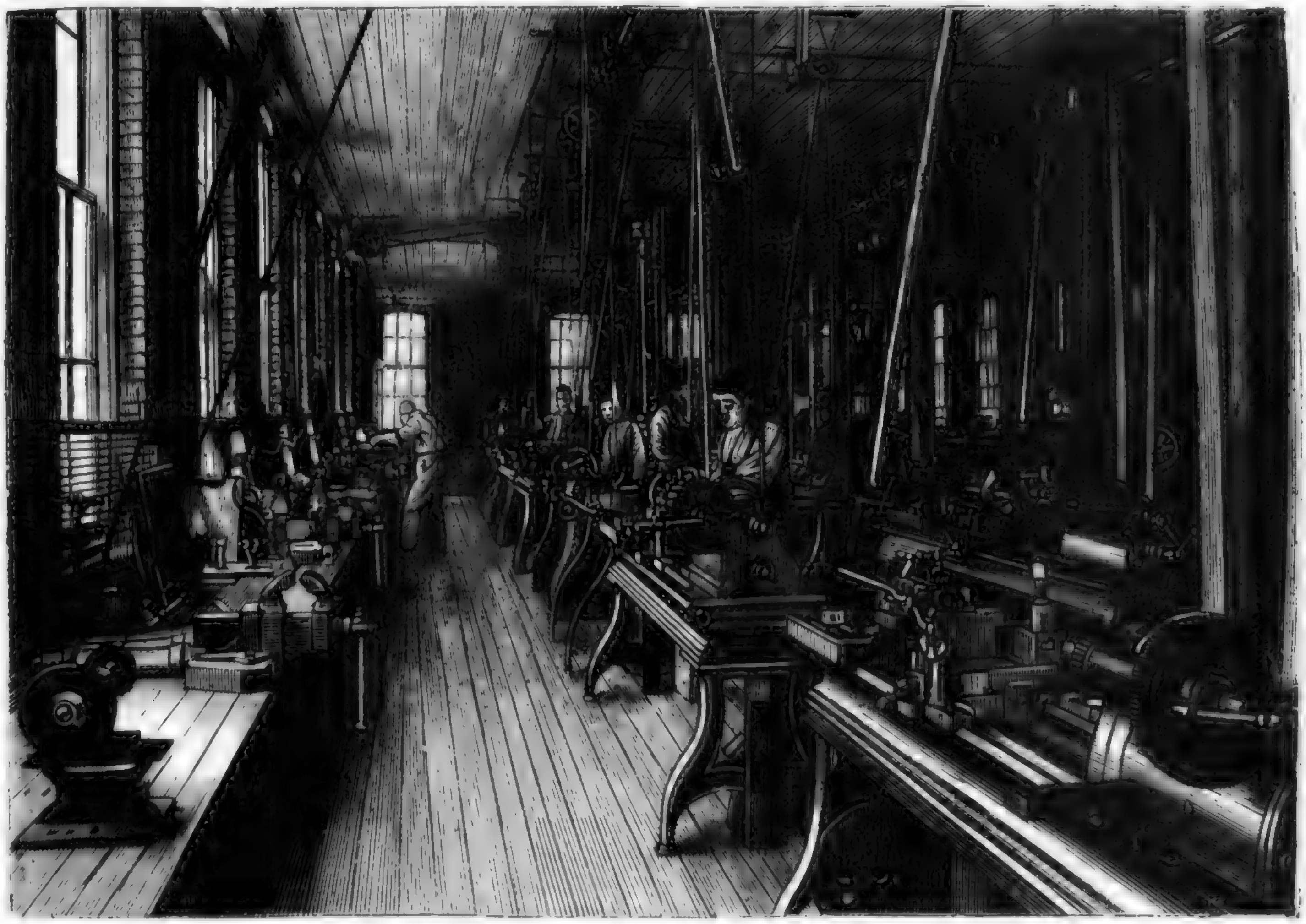
There are in the University five general courses of four years each, as follows: 1. Arts; 2. Literature; 3. Philosophy; 4. Science; 5. Science and Letters. The course in science leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science is made to include two modern languages, mathematics, political economy, military drill, chemistry, physics, botany, geology and zoology.

In addition to the above mentioned courses there are the following special and technical courses: agriculture, architecture, analytical chemistry, chemistry and physics, civil engineering, electrical engineering, natural history, mathematics, mechanic arts, etc.

The chemical course, under Professors G. C. Caldwell, and Spencer B. Newberry, is very full and complete. Laboratory instruction is made a prominent feature of the course, and all students in science are required to devote a



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

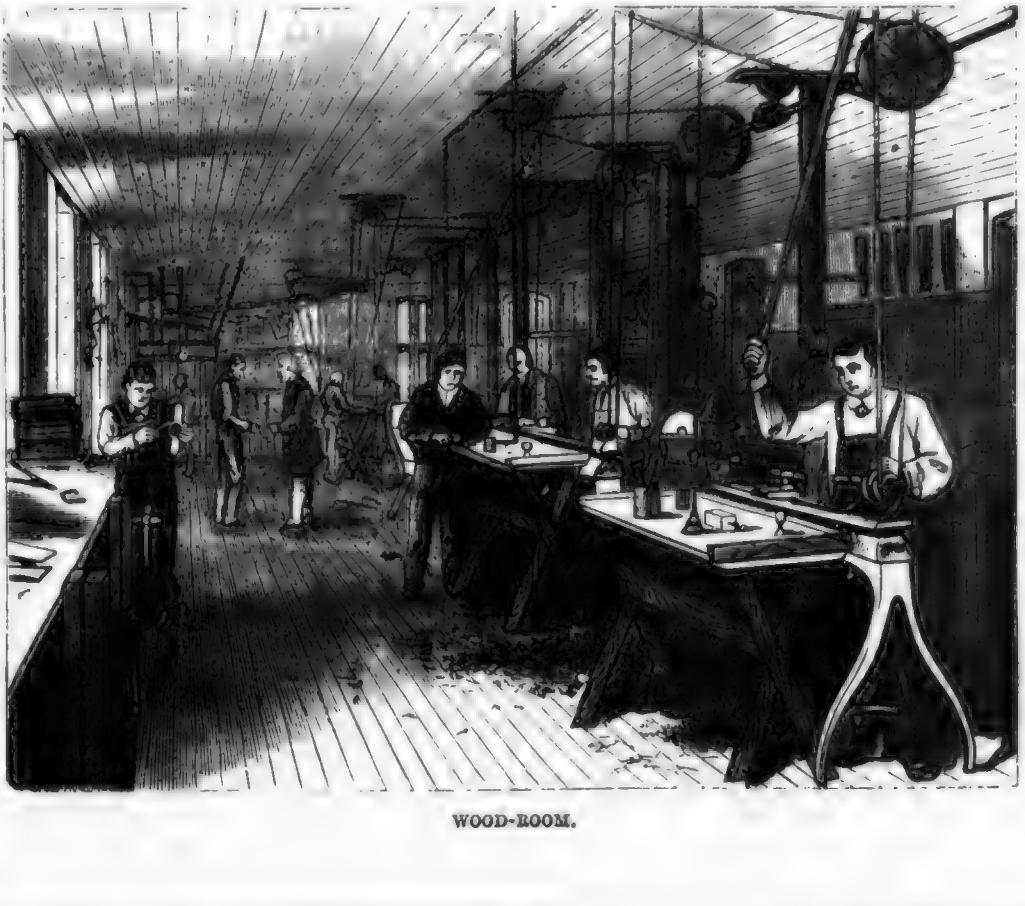


FREE INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.—THE IRON-ROOM.

certain number of hours to introductory laboratory practice, which consists in a series of experiments illustrating the more important general principles of science. Analytical chemistry, blow-piping and assaying are taught in the laboratory.

The department of physics is under the direction of Professors William A. Anthony and G. S. Moler. In this, as well as in chemistry, much of the instruction is of a practical nature, such as can only be obtained in a laboratory.

A new building for the department of chemistry and physics has just been completed. It is 144 feet long and 60 feet deep, three stories in height, beside the basement. The basement contains the assay laboratory; the large physical laboratory; a clock-room, which is kept at constant even tempterature, and several other rooms for special purposes that require very firm foundations. The large physical lecture-room, with its adjoining apparatus-rooms, occupies half of the first floor, the remainder being devoted to work-rooms for practical instruction in physics, including photometric and spectroscopic rooms. Among the instruments of precision is a standard clock that controls clocks in all parts of the building, chronographs, spherometers, spectrometers, galvanometers of high and low resistance, magnetometers, resistance coils and different forms of calorimetric apparatus.



WOOD-ROOM.

The mineralogical and blow-pipe laboratories, with the chemical lecture-room and museum, occupy the second-floor. The third-floor contains the laboratories for qualitative and quantitative analysis, the photographic laboratory, rooms for special work in organic-chemistry and gas analysis, balance-room, etc. All the principal rooms of this building are supplied with water; steam; oxygen, hydrogen and illuminating gases; vacuum and blast. The dynamos supply pure electrolytic gases at the rate of four or five cubic feet per hour. Many modern improvements have been introduced in the fixtures and arrangements of the laboratories and work-tables by Professor Newberry, whose recent travels and study abroad had especially fitted him for this work.

One distinguishing feature of Cornell is the facility offered for instruction in practical mechanics. This department, known as the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts, is under Professor J. L. Morris, and is similar in several respects to the Technological Institutes of Hoboken and Boston. The studies of the regular course embrace German, rhetoric, mathematics (including the calculus), mechanics of engineering, chemistry, physics, free-hand and mechanical drawing, and shop-work. The shop practice embraces work requiring the use of all hand-tools and of the machines ordinarily employed in machine-shops. Two hours daily are devoted to this work. The department occupies a three-story building and basement, 42 x 110 ft., with an engine-house, a brass and iron foundry, and a stereotype foundry, printing office, and pattern shop, connected with it. The cost of the building and equipment was about $42,000. In addition to lathes, planers, shaping-machines, cutters, twist-drills, and the usual hand and lathe tools, the laboratory is supplied with a twenty-ton Riehle testing-machine, Wood's steam-gauge tester, various forms of steam-engine indicators, injectors, inspirators, governors, link and valve motions, and steam-pumps.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

This institution was chartered in 1861, the plan embracing a Society of Arts, a Museum of Arts, and a School of Industrial Science. The school opened in February, 1865, in temporary rooms, in Summer Street, Boston. The first class numbered twenty-seven, of which fourteen graduated in 1868, while the total number of students at present in attendance is 499, including the School of Mechanic Arts. There are twenty-four professors, and twenty-eight assistants and lecturers, making a total corps of fifty-two instructors.

The inception and success of the Institute of Technology are largely due to the energy and perseverance of the late Professor William P. Rogers, who was for many years its president. One-third of Massachusetts' share of the Land Grant Fund, amounting to $120,000, was given to this institution, and private donations have amounted to half a million more. Not having, like the School of Mines, an old and endowed institution behind it, which, although reluctant, has helped to supply some of its more pressing needs, the Institute of Technology has had to fight its own way into public favor, with the old well-rooted Harvard already in the field. But Boston is practical as well as conservative, and the Institute has steadily grown in strength and popularity, so that now its annual income and expenditure are about equal.

In the year 1866 the Rogers Building was erected on a plot of land on Boylston Street, which was conceded by the State. This building, which is three stories, besides the basement, is devoted to the engineering departments, and to instruction in mathematics, mechanics, geology, mineralogy, and physiology. On the second-floor is an audience-room, known as Huntington Hall, capable of seating over 800 people, in which the Lowell Institute lectures are delivered.

A new building has recently been erected on the corner of Boylston and Clarendon Streets, which is mainly devoted to the departments of chemistry, physics and architecture; while a series of laboratories, drawing and recitation-rooms, mainly devoted to work in the mechanic arts, and instruction in the Lowell School, are situated at the foot of Garrison Street. The charter, like that of Cornell, renders instruction in military tactics compulsory, hence a drill-hall and gymnasium have been added.

The course of study in the School of Industrial Science includes modern languages, history, political economy, international and business law, as well as science, so as to offer an education both liberal and practical. There are eleven scientific courses, of four years each, six of which are of a distinctly professional character, and three general or liberal courses, established for such students as do not intend to adopt a distinctly scientific profession. They are as follows: 1. Civil and Topographical Engineering; 2. Mechanical Engineering; 3 (A) Mining Engineering; 3 (B) Geology and Mining; 4. Architecture; 5 (A, B, C) Chemistry; 6. Metallurgy; 7 (A) Natural History; 7 (B) Preparatory to the Professional Study of Medicine; 8 (A) Physics; 8 (B) Electrical Engineering; 9 (A, B, C) General Courses.

Women are admitted to any of the courses of the school, and special laboratories are provided for their use. Students who complete any of the regular courses of study receive the degree of Bachelor of Science; that of Doctor of Science is awarded for proficiency in completing an advanced course of study. Special students are received both in the undergraduate and advanced courses. In all departments special attention is given to practical and laboratory instruction, for which this school offers excellent facilities.

Chemistry is taught by lectures and laboratory work. In general chemistry the student performs a series of experiments designed to illustrate the properties of the more important elements and the laws of chemical action. The instruction in analytical chemistry extends through two or more years. Industrial chemistry is taught by lectures and by work in the laboratory of industrial chemistry. This work, a feature of the school, includes the preparation of pure chemicals, experiments in dyeing and bleaching, tanning, glass-making, distillation, fermentation, the extraction of oils, and the production of dyes, paints and glazes. The instruction in organic chemistry consists of lectures and laboratory work, including original research.

The Kidder laboratories of chemistry occupy the fourth floor of the new building on Boylston Street, and afford accommodations for 450 students. Special laboratories are provided for organic chemistry and volumetric analysis.

Professor William Ripley Nichols, well-known for his valuable work on potable waters, and other hygienic subjects, has the direction of the department of general chemistry; Professor John M. Ordway, that of industrial chemistry and metallurgy; Professor C. H. Wing, of analytical chemistry; Dr. Lewis M. Norton, of organic chemistry. The name of each is a guarantee that good work is done in every department of chemistry.

The instruction in physics is equally thorough and practical. The Institute of Technology was the first in this country to offer its students a laboratory for instruction and research in physics. It was first constructed and fitted up under the supervision of Professor Pickering, but is now in charge of his successor, Professor C. R. Cross. The Rogers Laboratory of Physics now occupies rooms in that building, and offers excellent facilities for obtaining manual skill in physical manipulations, for obtaining knowledge of a direct technical value, especially in electricity, and for original investigation. Advanced instruction will also be given in electrical measurements, including work with dynamo-electric machinery, and in testing telegraph lines.

In addition to the chemical and physical laboratories, laboratories are provided for applied mechanics, metallurgy, geology, mineralogy and biology.

One of the most important features of this Institute is the amount of practical instruction given in the mechanic arts. The laboratories of this department are in the new building on Garrison Street. They include a carpenter-shop, with forty benches, circular, swing and jig saws, buzz-planer, boring-machine, and thirty-six wood-lathes; a foundry, with cupola and brass furnaces, and thirty-two molder's benches; a blacksmith-shop, with thirty-two forges and seven vises; and a machine-shop, with twenty-two engine-lathes, fifteen hand-lathes, thirty-two vise-benches, besides drills, planers, milling and shaping machines, etc.

The school of mechanic arts is a subordinate department, established for those who are unable to take a full regular course, but desire to give special attention to hand-work in connection with high-school studies. The general plan is similar to that of the best technical schools of Europe. It is not intended to fit the pupil for a particular trade, but to give him good judgment, self-reliance and executive power, combined with skill in the use of tools and material. Instruction is also given in mathematics, drawing and physics. The workshops have already been described. The order in which the practical instruction is given is as follows: Carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, foundry-work, iron-forging, vise-work, machine-tool work.

There are now thirty regular and twenty-six special students in this school.

The Worcester Free Institute.

In 1865 John Boynton set apart the sum of $100,000 for the endowment of a free school, in which youth should be instructed in those branches and principles of science not usually taught in the public schools. To this gift Hon. Stephen Salisbury added a further sum of $200,000, and the citizens of Worcester built for it a commodious granite building at a cost of $15,000 more. The school was chartered in 1865, and opened, November 12th, 1868. In 1871 the first class, of thirty-one, was graduated. The present number of students is 136, with a corps of eleven instructors and professors. H. T. Fuller, Ph. D., is the principal and professor of chemistry.

Boynton Hall, built by the citizens of Worcester, is 146 x 61 feet, and contains the chapel, lecture-room, chemical and physical laboratories, and two large drawing-rooms. The physical laboratory is furnished with power from the shop, and contains thermic, optical and electrical apparatus. It is also provided with Fairbanks's testing-machine, a dynamo-electric machine, an electro-motor, electro-dynamometer, and other apparatus for accurate measurements.

The Washburn Machine-shop, so named from its founder, Ichabod Washburn, is a three-story brick building, 100 x 40 feet, with a two-story L, 77 x 40, and two wings, 24x40 feet. It is furnished with engine-room, engine and boilers, blacksmith-shop, tool-room, drawing-rooms and work-rooms, equipped with tools and machinery. Practice is had in wood-turning, machine-sawing, planing and boring, shaping and molding; in the iron-room, bench-work, work with speed and engine lathes, drilling, milling, planing, tool-making, the management of steam, including firing and care of boilers, are practically taught. In the senior year the students design and build one or more complete machines from their own drawings. Previous classes have constructed a 25-horse power Corliss engine, a 10-horse power upright reversible, and a 40-horse power Buckeye engine.

The course of study and practice covers three years, of forty weeks each. Of these, two half-days in each week are spent in the workshops, the hours being from 7 to 12, or from 1 to 5:45 o'clock. Those who desire to take the course in mechanical engineering must have previously spent one-half year in the "apprentice class." In this class the entire time—ten hours a day—is spent in the workshop, with the exception of fifteen hours a week devoted to drawing and recitations.

A peculiar and distinguishing feature of this school is the time given to practice in the mechanical department, with the intention of turning out skilled workmen as well as finished goods. Instruction is combined with construction, and the practice is on commercial goods, which find a ready sale. Among the articles manufactured for sale at the Washburn Machine-shop are engine and speed lathes, machinist's tools, emery-grinding machinery, hydraulic elevators and school apparatus.

Manual Training-school of the Washington University.

This University is situated in St. Louis, Mo., and has six independent departments, viz.: The undergraduate, school of fine arts, law school, Smith Academy, manual training-school and Mary Institute. There are 1,336 pupils in the six departments, and 81 teachers.

The Manual Training-school opened September 6th, 1880, with about fifty pupils. The object of this department is instruction in mathematics, drawing and the English branches of a high-school course, combined with instruction and practice in the use of *tools*. The course of instruction covers three years, and the school-time of the pupil is about equally divided between mental and manual exercises, two hours per day being given to shop-work. In the first year arithmetic is completed, algebra and natural philosophy begun. Physical geography, natural history, and the history of the United States, are studied. The rest of the time is given to drawing, penmanship and working in wood. The second year, mathematics, history, and natural history, are continued. In the shop the students practice forging, soldering, brazing, and the like. In the third year ethics and political economy are added to the course, also book-keeping and the elements of chemistry. In the machine-shop they are taught benchwork, turning, drilling, screw-cutting, etc., and finish up with the study of the steam-engine. Before graduation the student must execute a satisfactory project, consisting of the actual construction of a machine.

The aim and plan of the school resemble somewhat that of the Boston School of Mechanic Arts; special trades are not taught, nor are articles manufactured for sale. All the shopwork is disciplinary, and the scope of a single trade would be too narrow for educational purposes; hence the essential mechanical principles of all trades are taught, not of one alone. It is not an asylum for dull or lazy boys, nor is it assumed that every boy that enters the school will be a mechanic, but one great object of the school is to foster a higher appreciation of

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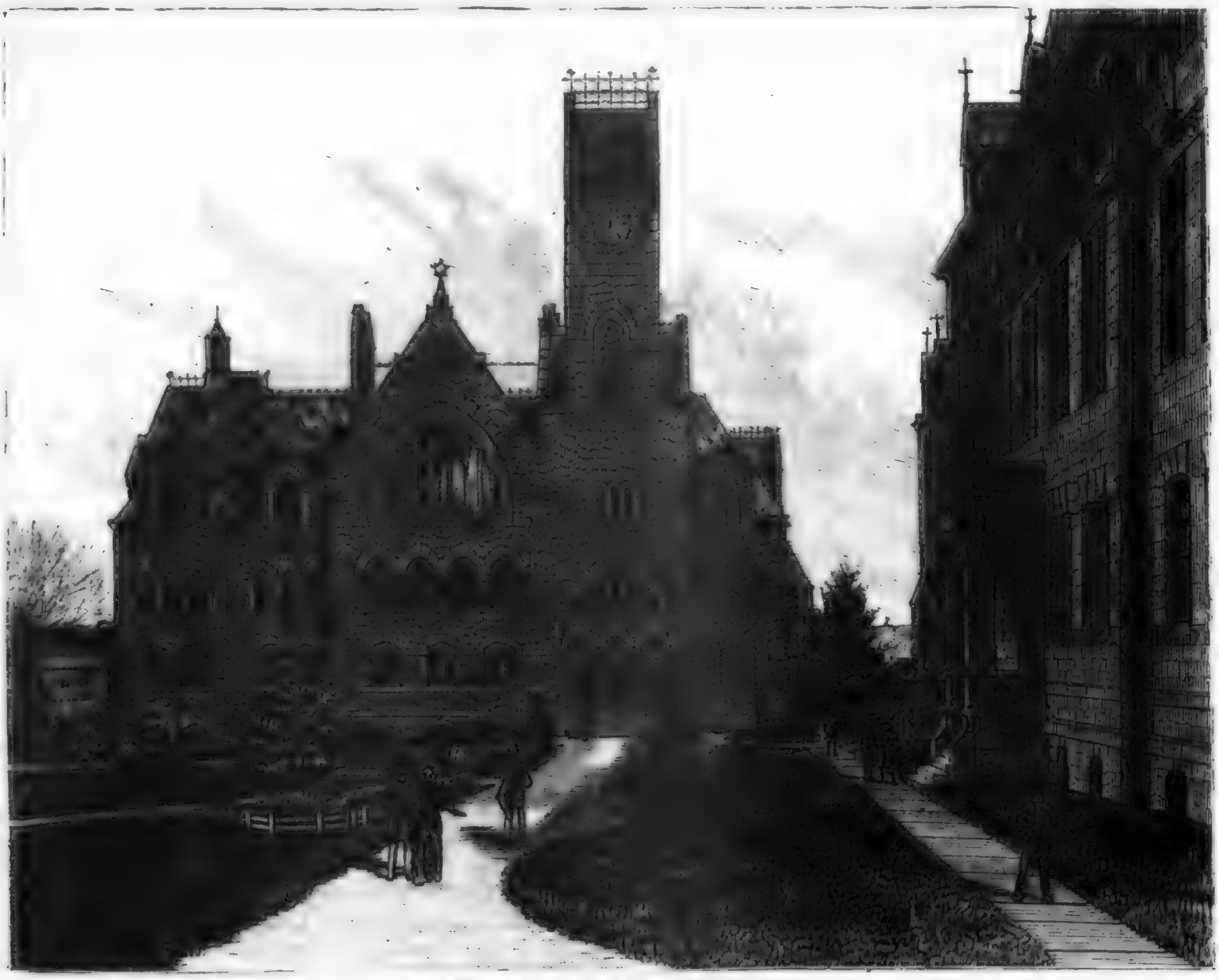


THE GREEN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, PRINCETON.

the value and dignity of intelligent labor. We have too few of this sort of schools, and the success of this new institution is most gratifying.

The school occupies a three-story building, 100 x 106 feet on Washington Avenue and 18th Street, in which are accommodations for 240 pupils, with 194 enrolled for the present year. On the first floor is the blacksmith-shop, 40 x 40 ft., with twenty-two forges, anvils, tubs and hand-tools, and eleven sets of heavy tools. Opposite is the machine-shop, 40 x 50 ft., provided with sixteen lathes, a planer, drill and shaper, and ten vises and benches. The power is furnished by a Corliss engine of 42-inch stroke and 14-inch cylinder, run at a speed of sixty-five revolutions per minute. The schoolrooms are in the other wing. On the second floor are the carpenter and turning-shops, each 40 x 50 ft. In each are twenty-four benches, vises, speed-lathes, etc., with seventy-two sets of edge tools. Also a circular-saw, grindstone, and sets of tools for general use.

In the blacksmith-shop beginners practice on bars of lead, instead of hot iron, until they acquire some knowledge of its behavior under the hammer. They then learn to manage a fire, distinguish the various kinds of heat, and finally proceed to the operation of welding, which can only be practiced on iron.

The school is under the direction of Professor C. M. Woodward, Ph.D., assisted by ten professors and instructors.

THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

Yale and Harvard were far in advance of conservative Columbia in the introduction of scientific instruction. As early as 1843 Professor Benjamin Silliman began to give instruction to pupils in his own laboratory, on the plan of Liebig, and in 1847 the College organized a department devoted to philosophy and the arts, which was known as the "Yale Scientific School." For a time it languished for want of means, until, through the munificence of Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield, it was placed in a comparatively independent position. His united benefactions, extending from 1854 to 1860, amounted to over $100,000, and in 1861 its name was changed to the Sheffield Scientific School in his honor. Various other gifts followed, which, together with the land grant of 1862, have been of great value in carrying out the plans demanded by modern progress.

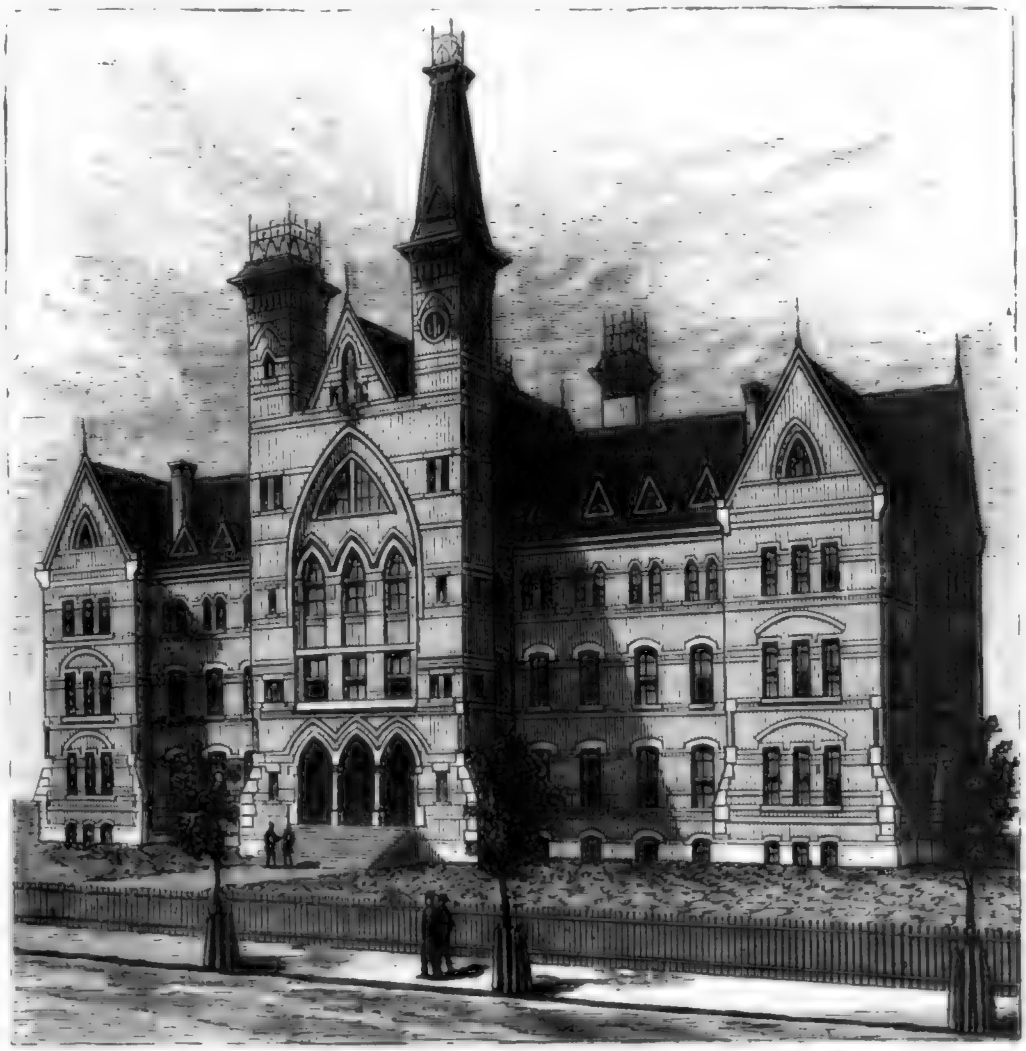
The Faculty of the school embraces a number of names well known to science, among whom we may mention Professor George J. Brush, the distinguished mineralogist; Professor William D. Whitney, Samuel W. Johnson, William A. Norton. William H. Brewer, William G. Mixter, and others.

The course of study embraces three years, and candidates are required to pass an examination in Latin, mathematics, history, geography, and English grammar. During the first year, German, mathematics, physics, chemistry, botany, and drawing, are taught. The studies of the next two years vary with the different courses, of which there are eight, as follows: (*a*) Chemistry; (*b*) Civil Engineering; (*c*) Dynamical (or Mechanical) Engineering; (*d*) Agriculture; (*e*) Natural History; (*f*) Biology preparatory to Medical Studies; (*g*) Studies preparatory to Mining and Metallurgy; (*h*) Select studies preparatory to other higher studies. Chemistry and metallurgy are taught by lectures, laboratory work, which includes qualitative and quantitative analysis, blow-piping, and assaying. Students in the chemical course also perform some experimental work in organic chemistry in the junior year. Physics seem to receive but slight attention, and no laboratory is provided for this purpose.

Instruction in comparative anatomy and histology is given in the biological laboratory, the student dissecting and examining the animal himself. Physiological chemistry is also taught practically in the laboratory. Botany and zoology receive more attention here than in many other schools of this kind. Students are required to collect specimens for their own study.

The school has an astronomical observatory equipped, with an equatorial telescope by Clark, a meridian circle, and other apparatus. The course of study for the degree of civil engineer comprises practical astronomy, with the use of instruments.

This school offers excellent facilities to graduate students for the study of different branches of chemistry, the laboratories of analytical and physiological chemistry being open seven hours daily. After suitable preparation the undertaking of original investigations is encouraged.



ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE AT TERRE HAUTE, OPENED IN MARCH, 1883.

Lawrence Scientific School.

This is one of the departments of Harvard University, and is located at Cambridge, Mass. It is richly endowed, and has a large and able corps of professors and instructors—twenty-seven in all. Among these are many names of world-wide celebrity, among which we may mention Wolcott Gibbs, Josiah P. Cooke, John Trowbridge, Joseph Lovering, Henry B. Hill, and Charles L. Jackson.

There are four separate courses of four years each—viz.: Civil and topographical engineering, chemistry, natural history, and mathematics, physics and astronomy.

The chemical course, under Professors Cooke, Hill and Jackson, and three assistants, consists of lectures and laboratory work. The classes begin with experiments in descriptive chemistry, whereby they become familiar with the laws of chemical combination. Qualitative and quantitative analysis follow; the latter includes assaying, water and gas analyses, and important commercial tests. During the third year eighteen hours a week are devoted to laboratory work in organic chemistry. In the fourth year twenty-three hours a week are devoted to original work as the basis of a graduation thesis. This, too, may be on some branch of organic chemistry. From this it will be seen that organic chemistry receives more attention at Harvard than in any other school in the East. Special students are admitted without examination.

Physics are also taught by means of practical exercises in the laboratory, including the use of instruments of precision in testing the laws of mechanics, acoustics, optics, magnetism and electricity, and an extended course in electrical measurements, under Professor John Trowbridge. Lithology is taught by Professor Whitney, and the class enjoy practical instruction in the laboratory.

Students who complete a full course receive the degree of Bachelor of Science (B. S.) Persons preparing to be teachers are allowed special facilities for qualifying themselves in the modern methods of teaching science by observation and experiment. The instruction is mainly given in the laboratories and museums of the University, and is of a most practical character, every student being taught to make experiments and study specimens. Special courses are also given during vacations, and some excellent chemists have received their first real scientific instruction in these Summer schools.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

This institution was founded in 1824, by the late Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, as a school of theoretical and practical science. In 1849 it was reorganized upon the basis of a general Polytechnic Institute. It has 18 professors and instructors, and 218 students. The only

XUM

regular course is that of civil-engineering; it extends over four years, and is both comprehensive and practical. There is also a Summer course of six weeks in chemistry and assaying.

The Institute is located in Troy, N. Y., and is provided with suitable buildings, laboratories and collections. The main building is 115 x 50 ft., four stories in height. The Winslow laboratory, 60 x 40 ft., and three stories in height, was named in honor of John F. Winslow, a former president. An astronomical observatory was erected for the Institute by the late Ebenezer Proudfit.

The Institute ranks very high in the special line to which it limits its attention, and many of the graduates occupy important positions.

Expenses.

The annual tuition fee is $200 at the School of Mines, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Rensselaer Polytechnic. The Stevens Institute charges students residing in New Jersey $150; those out of the State pay $225. At Yale, Harvard and Worcester the fees are $150, but at the last named students from the County of Worcester receive free tuition. At the School of Mechanic Arts, in Boston, the fees are also $150. Cornell charges but $75, and at the Training-school of Washington University the fees are $60 the first year, $80 the second, and $100 the third year. Nearly all of the above schools have a few free scholarships, or make some provision for free instruction of worthy persons.

The above by no means exhausts the list of scientific and technical schools, but these may be taken as typical of the rest. Nearly all large colleges, and many of the smaller ones, have scientific schools associated with them. Among others we may mention the following as deserving of notice: Rutgers Scientific School, at New Brunswick, N. J., with 189 students, of which 61 are pursuing scientific studies. The John C. Green School of Science, at Princeton, N. J., with about the same number of students. The Towne Scientific School, in the University of Pennsylvania, in West Philadelphia, with about 170 students. The Pardee Scientific Department, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., and many others.

At Wellesley College young women may receive instruction in the natural and physical sciences; also at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. At Swarthmore College, Pa., both sexes have equal opportunities to pursue a scientific course. Industrial drawing and domestic sciences for women are made prominent at Ames, Iowa, Urbana, Ill., Auburndale, Mass., and in a few other places, and there is every indication that like facilities will be offered elsewhere as rapidly as there shall be any demand for them. The schools of domestic science are intended to fill the place in female education that manual training-schools do in that of young men, but as yet they have attracted much less public attention.

As a post-graduate school for pure science, the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, Md., stands without an equal in this country, occupying more nearly the position of a German University, in its facilities for and encouragement of original investigation and scientific research.

The Stevens Institute has a preparatory school connected with it, but most of the scientific high schools are content to obtain their material from other sources—viz., the grammar schools and the academies. Between the Kindergartens at one end and the scientific schools at the other, there is a long interval in which the pupil is taught to close his eyes to Nature and her ways, and to give himself up to books and words. What wonder, then, that he comes out poorly fitted for the school that he is about to enter. While the graduates of such schools as we have been describing are tolerably successful in their respective callings, our system does not seem calculated to produce original investigators of Nature's truths, and few great thinkers have been made. This is largely the fault of the intermediate schools, which, as Dr. Barnard says, invert the natural order of proceedings in the business of mental culture, and fail to stimulate in season the powers of observation. If we would fit a man properly to cultivate Nature, and not leave scientific research to the hazard of chance, we must cultivate her own processes. Our earliest teachings must be things, and not words. The objects first presented to the tender mind must be such as address the senses, and such as it can grasp. Store it first abundantly with the material of thought, and the process of thinking will be spontaneous and easy.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The German specialists who have been investigating cholera in Egypt and India, promise themselves much success. A bacterium has been found, a comma-shaped bacillus, thus far unconnected with any other disease, and one which may easily be recognized. It appears, even in cholera patients, only in connection with disturbances of the small intestine; and as the germs are not tenacious of life, succumbing readily to healthy gastric juice, the maintaining of a sound digestion is an efficient preventive. This bacillus has been found in certain sources of water-supply in India, which may have given origin to local infection. Whether in this disease inoculation will be possible or effective has not been determined. Our household animals are remarkably insusceptible to cholera, and it is not permitted to experiment on the human subject; but the study of this important matter is still going forward with the patient and painstaking completeness at each step which characterizes German students.

Recent observations by Dr. McCook on the carpenter ant (*Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*) throw much light on the obscure subject of the founding of the colony. Briefly stated, it is proved that the females of this ant, when fertilized, go solitary, and after dispossessing themselves of their wings, begin the work of founding a new family, laying eggs which produce, first of all, the "dwarf" caste. This work they carry on until enough workers are reared to attend to the active duties of the formicary, as tending and feeding the young, enlarging the domicile, etc. After that the queens generally limit their duty to the laying of eggs, and, as in many other ants, they are continually guarded and restricted in their movements by a circle of attendant workers, who hold them as royal captives for the good of the community.

Since the colors and duration of twilight, especially at evening, depend upon the amount of condensed vapor which the atmosphere contains, these appearances should afford some indication of the weather which may be expected to succeed. The following are some of the relied upon by seamen, according to the inquiries of the U. S. Signal Service: When, after sunset, the western sky is whitish-yellow, and this tint extends to a great height, it is probable that it will rain during the night or next day. Gaudy or unusual hues, with hard, definitely outlined clouds, foretell rain and probable wind. If the sun, before setting, appears diffuse and of a brilliant white, it foretells storm. If it sets in a sky slightly purple, the atmosphere near the zenith being of a bright blue, we may rely on fine weather.

The discovery of coal in the boothills of the Rocky Mountains, a short distance north of the boundary-line of the United States, is reported by the Canadian Geological Survey. This coal is in great abundance, and is bituminous, coking and anthracitic. Work on mines of the last-named sort has already begun. To geologists this discovery is especially interesting, since these coal-beds belong to the Cretaceous age, and rocks of this age have not been known hitherto as occurring in that region. Now, Cretaceous strata have been found on both sides of the continental watershed. The locality where the coal occurs is in the valley of Cascade River, on the upper Bow River, Northwest Territory.

In the last (1883) report of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, the Bergen Hill and Palisade range of trap is discussed. The view of it maintained is, that this, the Watchung Mountain, and, in fact, all the trappean ranges alike, are of a later age than the red sandstone formation, and were intruded after the beds were raised to their present inclined position. Professor Cook states that the dip of the Triassic sandstone is not everywhere westward, as has often been said, but that over a considerable tract of country in the valley of the Raritan there is eastward dip.

The flora of Spitzbergen is richer than that of any other country in the same latitude. The plants are not arctic, for the most part, but were generally derived from the continent, migrating in post-glacial times over land now submerged, which at that time connected Spitzbergen with Nova Zembla, Scandinavia and Russia.

One of the most common trees in the United States, and about the first to become green in the Spring, is the "weeping" willow. This tree is not indigenous to North America, but a native of the East, as appears in its specific name, *Babylonica*. None of the great numbers of these willows have reproduced themselves by seeds, owing to the fact that only those bearing female flowers are known to exist in the United States. The same fact is true of the silver-leaf poplar (the original of which is said to have been brought by Michaux), the Lombardy poplar, and probably many other importations. The poplars mentioned, however, are sterile, because in each case none but male flowers are borne.

A German botanist, studying the seaweeds, alleges that the presence of light is indispensable to their growth; but entirely ceases only with the absence of the chemical rays, to which the human eye is unsensitive as light. Direct sunlight is more favorable to the growth of green, while shadow has a tendency to produce red or brown algæ. Light has also an influence on the production and movement of zoöspores. This author thinks the colors of seaweeds are probably of physiological importance to them (as also are the pronounced taste and odor of various species) in a manner analogous to land vegetation.

Of the 140 species of fish catalogued from New Zealand, 67 species are considered peculiar to the coasts of that group; 75 are common to the coasts of Australia or Tasmania; while ten species are found in New Zealand and other places, but not in Australian seas. A larger proportion of these are marketable for food than of the fishes of the North Atlantic. In general the fishes of New Zealand resemble those found between Spain and Madeira.

The Weymouth pine suffers from disease in Europe, and it is found that this is owing to the great thickness of its cork layer, which is suitable for the atmosphere of the boggy lowlands of its home in America, but dries excessively under the hot sun of Germany. This renders the tree particularly susceptible to destructive attack by various fungi.

Many rare and novel minerals have recently been collected in Utah. Among these, one of the most interesting is conichalcite, in form similar to that from the only locality known hitherto, in Spain; while its chemical composition is also very near to that of the original mineral, a small amount of copper being replaced by zinc.

The investigation of *The Talisman* expedition, and other studies, confirm the belief of conchologists, that the range of mollusks in the sea is not determined by the light and other factors, so much as by temperature. Polar species range at greater depths—that is, in colder water—as they advance toward the equator.

The only case known of native iron from the sandstone formation, occurs in the Triassic shale and earth about three miles east of New Brunswick, N.J. An analysis obtained 76.12 per cent. of metallic iron. Native iron had previously been detected in the trap rocks of that State.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the prompt reply.

Lady—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, as I told you, Marion?" *Marion*—"No, ma'am; and why would I? Sure they haven't drunk what they have yet!"

"**Did** you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it. It had all the dust on it that it could easily hold."

"**I say**, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

A popular writer laments the fact that poets are declining. It is different with the poets themselves. They lament the fact that the editors of magazines and newspapers are declining.

"**Shall** I take your love to your mother," said a lady visitor, who was going to see the mother in question, to a little child of three years. "She has my love," was the quaint reply.

"**What** is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants to be master and so do I."

"**Is anybody** waiting on you?" said a polite salesman to a young lady from the country. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel. "That's my young man outside; he wouldn't come into the shop."

His Experience.—Conversation overheard between two children who were playing on the sands together. *Small Boy* (to little girl)—"Do you wish to be my wife?" *Little Girl* (after reflection)—"Yes." *Small Boy*—"Then pull off my boots."

A gentleman walking along the avenue saw approaching him a man in tatters, carrying a tray, on which were some small pies marked one penny each. As he got nearer to him he recognized a brother-officer who had served in the same regiment some years previously. He accosted the poor fellow, and was sympathizing with him on his sad plight and altered circumstances, when the other exclaimed, "Hang your pity! Buy a pie."

"**Were** you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yachtsman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I should rather think so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies."

One of the Oldest Remedies.—*Young man* (to chemist)—"Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" *Chemist* (thoughtfully scratching his bald head)—"Hem! Why don't you get married?"

A little girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When asked why she should care about it she said: "If they discover any more countries they will add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident, and couldn't stop. Finally the doctor was called in, but he couldn't quiet her; and she might have died laughing if a telegram had not arrived just then saying that her husband's mother was coming on a visit.

Overheard Coming out of Church.—*She*—"Next time you want to sleep during the sermon you'd better go and sit with Mr. A., and lay your head on him. You'd be really comfortable then." *He*—"Why? Is Mr. A. nice and—ahem!—soft?" *She*—"No; but he's one of the pillars of the church."

A coal-dealer asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade? One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal-dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little man piped out, "Littleton," whereupon the coal-dealer sat down.

A rich miser has a niece whom he proclaims to be his heiress, but who has never yet seen any of his money. "Your niece is twenty years old," said a friend; "you ought to do something toward getting her settled." "Oh, yes," replied the miser, after reflection, "perhaps I'd better pretend to be ill!"

Human Wisdom.—Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: "From sixteen to twenty they knew more than I did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think, when they get to be forty, they will acknowledge that the old man does know something."

Harry and Charlie, aged five and three, respectively, had just been seated at the nursery-table for dinner. Harry saw that there was but one orange on the table, and immediately set up a wailing that brought his mother on the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asked. "Be—because there ain't any orange for Charlie," said the disinterested little fellow.

A tramp once rang the bell of an upper story flat, and the Irish servant responded through the speaking-tube: "Who is it, and phwat d'ye want?" "Will yer plase give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp, pathetically. "Put your mouth to the thrumpet, then," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour you down a drink." The tramp did not reply, but departed apparently in great disgust.

"**I really** don't know what to think," remarked Miss Vassargreen. "When we visited the circus I supposed that Charlie would be able to converse fluently with the aborigines, because he spends almost every evening practicing with the Indian clubs. But he couldn't talk with them at all. Wasn't it funny? However, perhaps they all belong to a different club from those Charlie is acquainted with."

A gentleman, with same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with James Smith. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second, and must abdicate."

A native of whatever country you like, except our own, called upon one of his friends, who had just been made a Cabinet Minister, and squarely asked him for a sinecure. "Look around in my department," replied his excellency, "and when you find one I will think of it." Some days after the applicant called upon the Government officer and told him that he had found a sinecure. "A sinecure?" "Yes." "Ah, so much the better." "You will give it to me?" "No; I will suppress it."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal-card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

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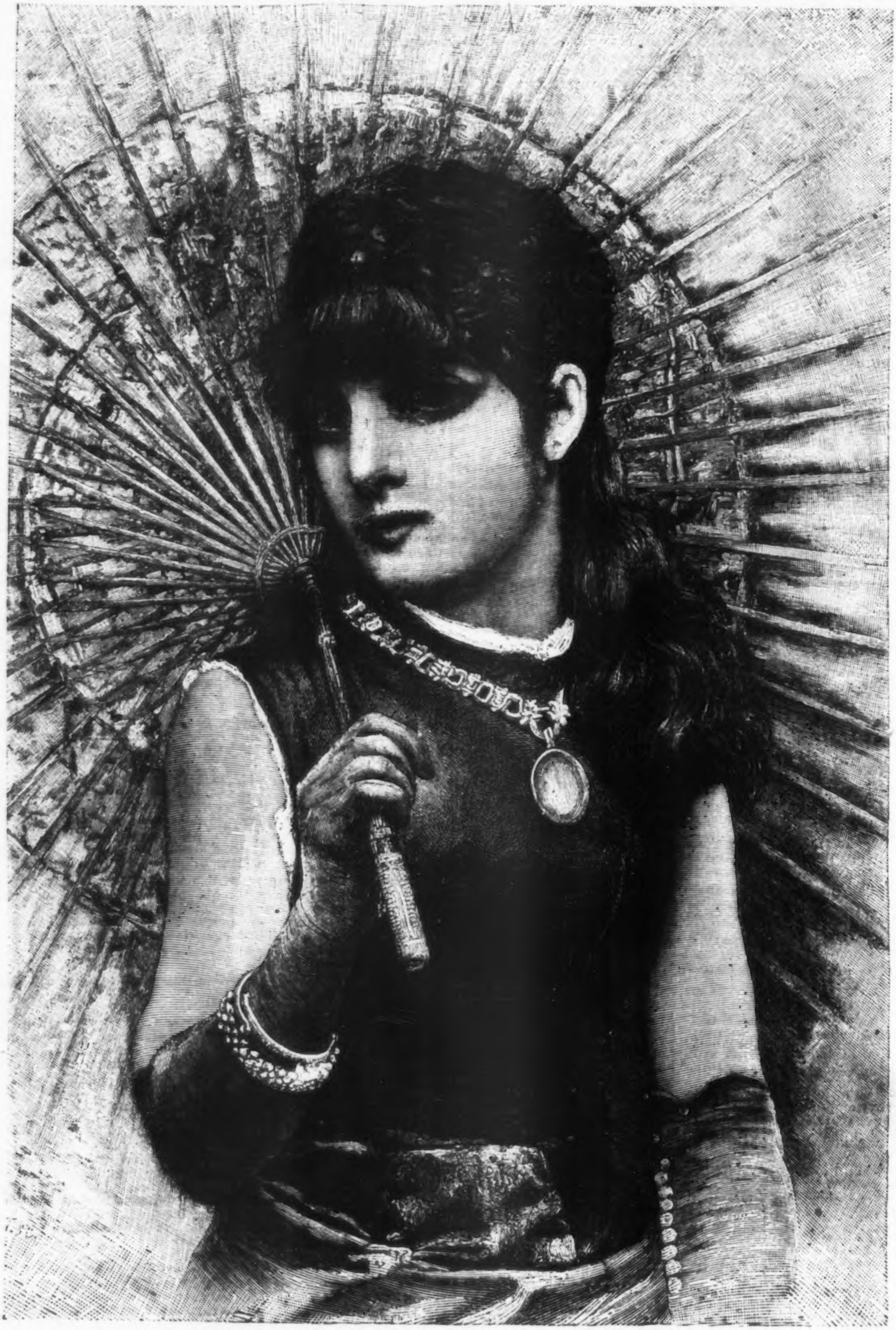

MIDSUMMER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN VAN BEERS.

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